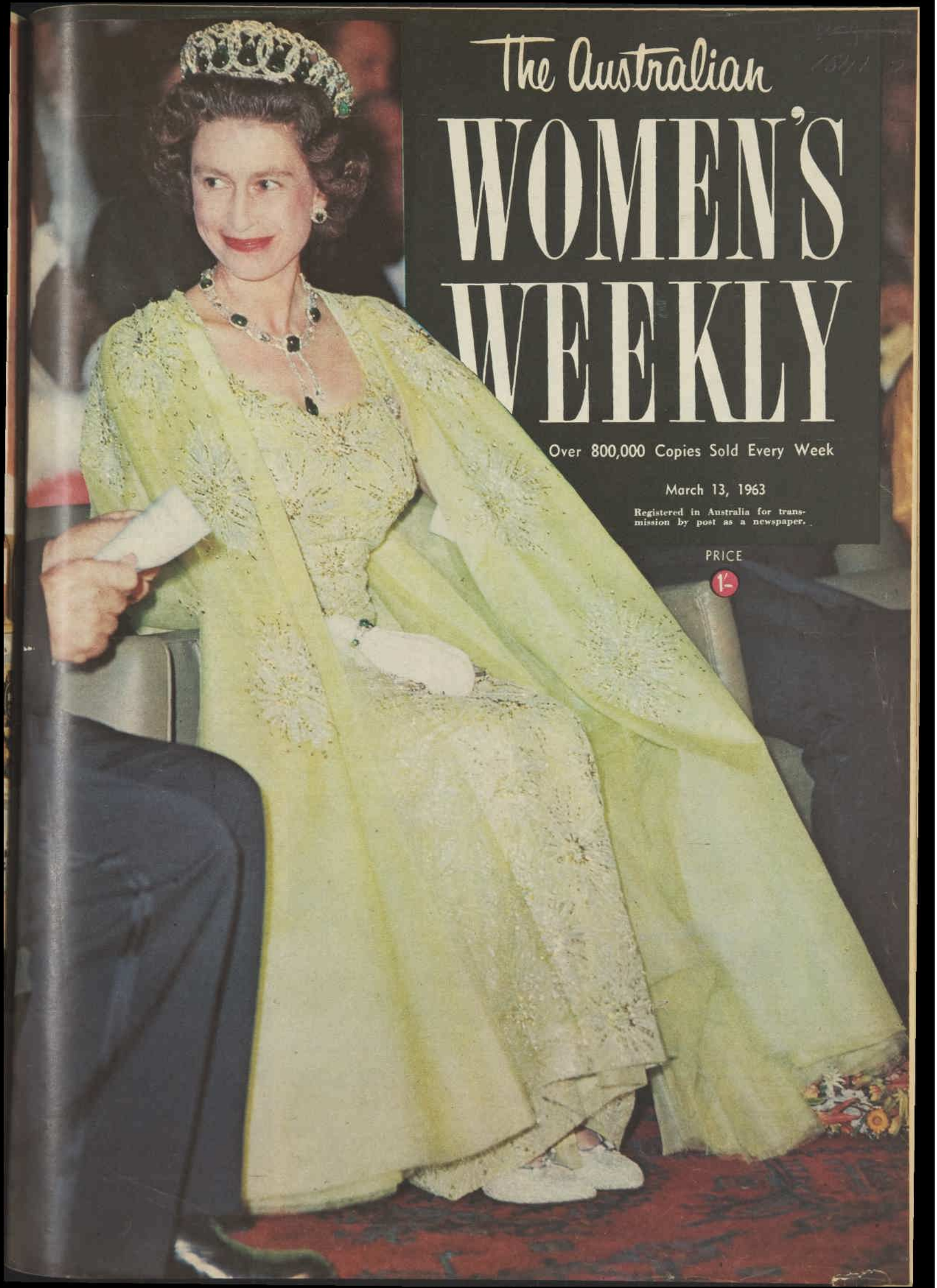

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Margery Allingham, famous English author of our new serial, "The China Governess" (pages 26, 27), bases her success in the mystery-writing field on hard work.

"A LOT of nonsense is talked about inspiration," she said.

"I do my homework, working out the plot and background. It's got to be accurate. There's always an expert ready to catch you out."

Miss Allingham is an avid reader of forensic journals, belongs to the Medico-Legal Society, subscribes to the Interpol house magazine, reads every report of criminal trials, listens to pathologists, and studies detective reminiscences.

So nothing is left to chance!

Alla . . . like Tania?

IN our February 27 issue we reported that Mrs. M. Williams, of Pymble, had a nephew who was a "double" for Princess Margaret's husband, Lord Snowdon.

We published pictures of both men.

Now Christine Smikersts, of St. Albans, Victoria, has sent us a photograph of a friend, Alla Horbatowski, who is said to look like Tania Verstak. (Tania's wedding, page 5.)

★ ★ ★

FROM a Sydney reader came an interesting letter about our £1000 Royal Hat Contest (page 4).

She wrote:

"Looking at the Queen's hats in your paper takes me away back to when I was in Scotland and her mother used to wear nice little hats.

"I was at a party held at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, to enable the then Duchess of York to meet some war widows.

"She had on a lovely little hat and she also stood still to enable me to get a good picture.

"One of the large shops made up hats like the one the Duchess wore and sold them quite cheaply, so we all had a hat like hers."

Below is the snapshot the reader took of the Queen Mother.

★ ★ ★

SHORT stories by A. E. Adams, who wrote "The Enthusiast" (page 29), usually arrive in envelopes with foreign postmarks.

Andrew Adams has been at sea since 1940. He is now a radio officer on the Empire Star, and writes his stories between watches.

He also paints in his leisure time, but does not, like the hero of his story, have a sea-going garden.

Mr. Adams is from County Tyrone, Northern Ireland. "The Enthusiast" is the first story of his we have published.

ROYAL HATS . . . The Queen Mother, then the Duchess of York, in the hat that set a fashion in Edinburgh.

Our Cover

● For the Pageant of Nationhood at Sydney Showground the Queen wore the most beautiful of all her evening dresses so far seen on the Royal tour. Staff photographer Don Cameron took the cover picture. Ron Berg photographed the quadmeeting Her Majesty and Prince Philip (opposite), Keith Barlow the Garden Party scene (page 11) and the Civic Welcome (page 13). Adelie Hurley the guests at the Garden Party (page 10).

★ ★ ★

THE luncheon party the Queen gave on board the Britannia during her Melbourne visit was a typical Sunday lunch of roast lamb, "the kind most families enjoy," a member of the Royal household told our correspondent Anne Matheson.

The table was decorated with enormous bowls of fruit sent by Victorian growers.

Like all other gifts sent to the Britannia, the fruit had been checked by security officials.

Hugh Morrison, who did the special floral decorations in the Queen's sitting-room, said: "My heart was in my mouth as security men searched through the flowers before they could go on board.

"But I need not have worried. They didn't disturb a petal."

The enormous bowl of gladioli, liliums, and carnations that was centrepiece of the arrangement was the gift of the National Council of Women.

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"We've all met before," said the Queen

7 MAR 1963

And so they had—nine years ago, at Lismore, N.S.W., when the Sara quads were only aged 3½

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

"DIDN'T I meet you all before, in Lismore, when I was last in Australia?" the Queen asked Mrs. Percy Sara, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., mother of the Sara quads, when the children were presented as the Royal couple returned to Britannia from the garden party in Sydney.

"You did; nine years ago, Your Majesty," replied Mrs. Sara. "And they cried all the time. This time they are very thrilled indeed."

The children were lined up in order of height beside their mother near the gangway of the yacht at Sydney Cove.

The Queen smiled at Mrs. Sara, turned to Alison, shook hands with her, and said: "Hullo, how old are you?"

"Twelve," replied Alison, eldest of the foursome, as she curtsied.

The Duke said, "You're all twelve? But you're different sizes!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sara, "and the two bigger ones always beat the two smaller ones to meals."

When the Queen came to Mark, shortest of the four, she asked: "Are you the one always left behind for meals?"

The Prince asked Phillip: "Do you all go to the same school and are you all in the same class?"

Phillip said they went to the same school but were all in individual classes and explained which classes they were in. The Duke listened till the end, then confessed: "I won't try to sort that lot out."

The Queen joined in the burst of laughter.

Both the Queen and Prince Philip shook hands with the children in turn. Mark and Phillip gave a polite bow — very properly from the waist — and Judy and Alison curtsied, remembering to put the right foot behind them in the way they'd practised for days.

As the Royal couple turned to go up the gangway they waved to the children and called: "Goodbye."

The children gazed mute, still, and starry-eyed after them. When the Royal couple were out of sight, the quads suddenly came to life again in a burst of chatter.

"I'm never going to let Mummy wash my white glove again," said Judy excitedly. "It's been shaken by the Queen and Prince Philip. I'm going to keep it always."

Alison, who, amid all the excitement, had noticed a television camera trained on them, asked her mother breathlessly: "Do you think Grandfather (Mrs. Sara's father) in England will see us on television talking to the Queen?"

Judith chimed in again: "Isn't the Queen lovely? And didn't you love her lovely blue hat, and didn't you notice, Mummy, that her coat had the same blue lining?"

Alison, too, vowed she'd never have her gloves washed.

Phillip laughed and said, "And I'll never wash this hand again," waving the hand the Queen and the Prince had shaken.

Ever since the quads learned they might meet the Queen on this tour, they were feverish with excitement.

They were aged only 3½ when they met the Queen during her previous visit, and none has any recollection of the meeting.

But they know every detail from the Press cuttings their mother has kept of the big occasion nine years ago.

This time, waiting on the wharf for the Queen's arrival, the quads were dancing with excitement, and looked anxiously at the threatening rain.

"If it rains when the Queen comes she won't stop and speak to us," wailed Alison.

During the presentation all the children showed perfect composure.

Mark, the shyest, wondered afterwards: "Do you think the Queen minded, Mum, that I didn't say much?"

Betty Sara reassured him.

"I'm sure she understands, dear," she said, "that sometimes people she meets are rather nervous when speaking to her."

THE QUEEN and Prince Philip laugh with Mrs. Percy Sara, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., and the quads, Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark, near the Britannia at Sydney Cove. Inset is the tearful presentation of the quads nine years ago, when Mr. Sara (left, with the boys) was an ambulance officer at Bellingen, N.S.W.

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NEXT WEEK:

● *Attractive top in tapestry knit, one of 12 patterns in our next issue.*

12 AMERICAN AND ITALIAN HANDKNITS

Twelve of the newest high-fashion designs from America and Italy are in a glamor knitting section in our next issue.

Very new from America are tapestry knits, for which fruit and flower motifs can be knitted in or embroidered after the knitting is completed.

We have patterns for three tops—strawberry design on white (illustrated above), marigolds on beige, roses on white, and a straight-knitted skirt to wear with any of the three. There's also a coat in paisley design.

Other designs are:

- **Italian-style red jacket.**
- **Two sweaters, both with huge collars, one with a matching cap.**
- **Long-line suit in wool, mohair, and angora.**

● Meatless meals

Tuna puff pie, cheese-way bake, and golden seafood roll are among appetising recipes in a special section on meatless meals to help housewives make menus more interesting during Lent.

With many of the recipes are rich, nourishing sauces to add variety and appetite appeal.

● "Bandstand '63"

In color, compere Brian Henderson, singer Pam Liversidge, and "The Delltones," of "Bandstand '63," which has grown out of its Saturday afternoon teenage format into a sophisticated evening show.

● Young party look

In Teenagers' Weekly, two pages of color pictures show the party look from Italy—chiffons, voiles, and feather-light cottons in checks, prints, and bold clear colors.

Nicest moments of the tour

By ANNE MATHESON

IT is obvious that the Queen's own spontaneous reactions of delight and pleasure to people and places have been some of her nicest moments on the tour.

The squalls and downpours of rain which greeted her in Sydney, although not perhaps one of the nicest moments, didn't worry her.

She reassured Mrs. H. F. Jensen, wife of Sydney's Lord Mayor, who showed anxiety when the canopy of the dais in Hyde Park leaked directly on to the Queen.

She wore her "wet weather" coat of jade-green silk, which is proofed against rain. So is the matching hat, but both showed damp patches.

"It has stood up to worse weather than this," the Queen reassured Mrs. Jensen.

"Impressed"

Watching the crowds standing out in the drizzle, the Queen turned to Mr. Jensen and said, "We were so impressed that people should come out in such weather."

One night in Melbourne, as she drove back to Britannia from an evening reception, she saw children in pyjamas and dressing-gowns rubbing sleep from their eyes and peering through the darkness.

Touched that they should have been awakened to see her pass, the Queen immediately turned on the lights inside her car.

Another night she passed a group of children, fresh from their bath and again in pyjamas and dressing-gowns, hanging over their front gate.

"The best-scrubbed children I've ever seen," she said. "I do hope it won't be hard to get them into bed," she added, knowing that a child will make almost any excuse to stay up late.

All my English colleagues say they have never seen the Queen look happier than at the moment when Mr. Menzies took her by the arm and led her into the reception at Parliament House, Canberra.

THE QUEEN has revealed a warm understanding of children, caught the happy mood of holiday crowds, and put at ease a shy and tongue-tied mayor.

"I know she is always relaxed with your Prime Minister," said one of the senior reporters. "He seems to make her feel absolutely at home."

On one occasion she said to a local mayor, "You are very quiet."

When he replied that he was waiting for her to speak first, the Queen laughed and said, "Oh, how ridiculous!" From then on the conversation was animated and interesting.

One of the Queen's nicest moments was when she found herself in the bush.

From the lookout at the top of Mount Wellington she looked down on nearly 30 miles of bushland and rocky outcrops as the sounds and smells of the bush rose up through the icy breeze.

She turned to her guide, Dr. W. Bryden, secretary of the Royal Society of Tasmania, and said, "There is nothing quite like the Australian bush. It really grips one."

She caught the holiday mood on the day of Hobart's Royal Regatta when small ships and pleasure boats with sirens tooting set up a dawn chorus around the Britannia.

The Queen was soon dressed and up on her own sundeck to watch the scene.

Above the noise and excitement she could hear clearly across the Derwent from Jack Barnett's Diving Academy the shout of "Righto, feller, blast off!" as a diver stood on the high tower poised for a "twister" into the water.

The regatta had something for everyone. There was yachting, swimming exhibitions of diving and boatmanship, and behind it all the travelling circus with elephants, camels, and a giant ferris wheel filled with squealing holidaymakers.

Sweet look

Later, in a speech at an official luncheon, the Queen said, "There is nothing more exhilarating than being with people who are having a wonderful time."

Sometimes, even on her hardest working days, her face lights with tenderness and solicitude.

"If only they could see how sweetly she looks at them," said a photographer who watched the Queen greeting blind workmen at the General Motors-Holden's plant in Elizabeth, S.A.

On an unexpected visit to a hospital the Queen stopped to peek into a cot.

"She admired my Ronald, who was only 12 hours old," said Mrs. Margaret Daehler, 22, of Queenstown, S.A.

"She asked with such concern and genuine affection, 'Are they looking after you well?' "

The Queen sometimes tiptoed as she passed sleeping babies.

"No pictures could do justice to her expression," said Mrs. Joy Miller, mother of a premature baby. "It was so moving and loving."

"She told me, 'I hope you'll have your baby home soon.' "

In Melbourne, at Flemington racecourse, the Queen discussed the form and talked horsebreeding with Victoria's top racing men.

"Best tiara"

Racing is one of her favorite interests, and she was animated and happy.

Long before, when her planned Melbourne itinerary was shown for her approval, she said:

"Oh, how marvellous, we're going straight to the races."

And in Adelaide, while dressing for the Royal Musical Festival held on the banks of the Torrens, the Queen discarded the jewellery she had planned to wear in favor of her most brilliant pieces.

"Pass me my best tiara," she said to her personal maid, Miss Margaret ("Bobo") Macdonald.

It was a happy decision, for the floodlights picked up the sparkle of her diamond fringe tiara and it blazed with fire as the Royal barge took her across Torrens Lake.

£1000 Royal Hat Contest

REMEMBER to keep our color pictures of the Queen's hats. They're important for your entry in our £1000 Royal Hat Contest.

This is the third week of the contest—a simple but challenging test of your taste in judging millinery.

Just collect all the COLOR pictures in the paper that show the Queen wearing a hat. Add to your collection each week till we announce the contest closing date.

Then, all you have to do is decide which 10 hats you think are the most becoming. Place your "top 10" in order of preference (from one to 10) on the entry coupon we will publish at the end of the contest.

The coupon will be accompanied by sepia "reminder" pictures of the Royal hats you will be judging. It will also include space for you to tell us, in not more than 30 words, why you chose Hat No. 1.

Then send us your completed coupon enclosing YOUR COLOR PICTURES OF THE HATS.

You may send as many entries as you like. But each must be on a separate coupon, with its own color-picture set of the chosen hats.

The reader whose selection of Royal millinery is closest to the 10 hats listed by our panel of judges will win £1000.

If there is a tie, the prize will be awarded to the entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.

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Tania's marriage plans

PETER AND TANIA IN HONG KONG

● "Tania will be a bride without a glory box," smiled Mrs. Valentina Verstak, mother of Australia's Miss International Beauty 1962. "That is typical of Tania. She is not the glory-box type.

I WANT to give her something beautiful for her trousseau and wedding, but she says, 'Mummy, I don't want anything except an electric blender machine for the kitchen.'"

In the Verstaks' flat at Manly, N.S.W., Tania's mother thought back to the few days before Tania's departure for her Hong Kong assignment with Qantas, and her marriage to 27-year-old Perth businessman Peter Young.

"Peter and Tania came to ask me if they should get married in Hong Kong," said Mrs. Verstak. "For the first time I refused to advise Tania. 'This time,' I told them, 'you must decide for yourself. You are both old enough.'

"Tania wanted to fulfil her year's contract with Qantas. But after the Christmas holiday with Peter and her younger sister Helen in Queensland, Tania was so deeply in love that separation was just impossible. I could see that.

"Tania has never been so happy with anyone, and Peter is the man for her."

Since Tania has been in Hong Kong she has kept in touch with her family by telephone, dwelling mostly on her shopping problems.

"As far as I can see, Tania has bought nothing for her future home in Perth — shopping is better in Sydney," said Mrs. Verstak.

"Peter and Tania will live in an apartment in Perth for a while, and I have offered Tania anything she likes from our household, but she will take only her smiling Buddha, from Singapore, which, for her, is lucky."

Tania, according to her mother, is very superstitious. Even the wedding date, the 13th of the month, has lucky significance for her family.

"My husband proposed to me on the 13th," said Mrs. Verstak. "It is a good date for us."

And at her wedding Tania will wear her "lucky" ring, which she has worn in all beauty contests. It is a small diamond - and - gold ring, which was given by her father to her mother, bought with the first money he earned after their marriage.

"Tania has no engagement ring," said Mrs. Verstak. "It is not the custom for our people, and I have given Tania many rings.

"'Why should Peter waste money on another one?' Tania asks."

Another lucky charm Tania took to Hong Kong is her favorite koala, the first one her parents gave her when they arrived in Australia. Tania has clutched it through exams and moments of trial from the age of 12 and, though it is now bald, she still takes it everywhere.

An ex-tomboy

"The role of bride and housewife has always been far from Tania's mind," said Mrs. Verstak. "She was always such a tomboy as a child and would never play 'house' or 'brides.'

"Until very recently she always said she wouldn't marry till she was 30 and that the thought of having children appalled her.

"Since meeting Peter she has completely changed and become more peaceful. She is longing for domestic life."

In the past few years, Tania has not had time to learn much about running a home, and, also, Mrs. Verstak has not wanted Tania to have to work in the house.

"You can learn all that when you are married," said Mrs. Verstak.

She is proud, though, of Tania's talent for making cakes, and knows that her beautiful daughter will be able to cope with domestic routine.

"Tania had to help me a lot with the house when we first arrived in Australia," said Mrs. Verstak.

"I had to work for three years doing sewing and embroidery from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. Tania, who was only 12, used to look after Helen, who was almost a baby, and take her to school, and do some shopping on the way home from school.

"When I arrived home, all the dishes would be done, and Tania would have made the flat neat and clean.

"Because she had to work hard when she was so young, I have never wanted her to work in the house since."

The Verstak family—and especially Tania—are sad but philosophic about not being together for the wedding.

"My husband said I could go," said Mrs. Verstak. "But I said, we all go — Helen, Vladimir and I — or none go.

"We will have our celebration here and have a glass of champagne at the moment of the marriage.

"Tania will wear a veil and white. She said that if her father and I would go to Hong Kong she would wear a long dress for us. But if we didn't it would be a cocktail dress."

With all the excitement of the wedding, though, Mrs. Verstak's main concern is for her daughter's inflamed wisdom tooth.

"But I know Peter will look after her," she said.

In Perth, a color picture of Tania, newly framed in cream calfskin, is on the mantelshelf of the big reception room in the beautiful riverside home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Young, at Dalkeith.

Tania gave it to Mrs. Young during her recent fortnight's stay in Perth. Mr. and Mrs. Young are very proud of their son's bride and were pleased, too, to see a picture of Tania's parents in the daily papers.

"They look very nice," was Mrs. Young's comment.

Mr. and Mrs. Young have a wide circle of friends and over the years their annual Christmas party was always a grand affair with printed invitations for up to 200.

But for the past two years, because of Mrs. Young's delicate health, they have lived quietly.

Mrs. Young was not well enough to travel to Hong Kong with her husband for the wedding.

She will, however, be ready and waiting for the young couple to return.

No accommodation awaits Peter and Tania when they return to Perth because, as Mr. Young says: "They will only be here until July and then they'll be off to America, where Tania will crown the next Miss International Beauty.

"They will probably stay here with us at first and then take a flat until they leave for the States."

Peter looked at a block of land in Perth's exclusive suburb Peppermint Grove about six months ago, but he did not buy it.

He owns an ocean view block now, but will probably not be building on it.

Mrs. Young said that Tania and Peter knew what sort of home they wanted and it would probably be by the river.

No wedding presents will be sent by the Young family to Hong Kong, though Mr. Young gave them "a something just for the moment."

"But we will be attending to all that in proper style when they come back," said Mrs. Young.

Mr. Young and Peter are both directors of several companies and Peter is manager of three branches of his father's motor - distribution firm.

SHOPPING for a trousseau in Hong Kong. Peter Young looks on admiringly while a Chinese tailor discusses a dress with Tania.

TANIA'S MOTHER, Mrs. V. Verstak, holds a good-luck Buddha Tania will take to Perth.

PETER'S PARENTS, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Young, at their riverside home in Perth.

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REUNION FOR SISTERS

TREVARTHEN SISTERS (from left) Rose Collins, Mary and Betty Trevarthen, Thelma Jentsch, Gladys Durham, Edith Ricketts, Jenifer Adams, Adeline Sowdon, and Nella Gayler.

● Mrs. Rose Collins, aged 69, beamed at the decorated "Bon Voyage" cake in the middle of the table laden with party "goodies," then beamed up at her eight sisters. "This is only the fourth time in our lives we've all been together," she said.

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

THEN she cut the cake made by sister Mrs. Gladys Durham to celebrate Mrs. Collins' departure with her husband, Wal, on a ten-month trip round the world.

The celebration was taking place at the home of the ninth sister, Mrs. Edith Ricketts, of Campsie, N.S.W.

The last time the nine Trevarthen sisters were all together was three years ago. The previous get-together was 25 years earlier.

This time 25 members of the family — the sisters, their husbands, sons, daughters, and grandchildren—were present. It was the largest family gathering they had ever had.

Seven of the sisters—the two unmarried ones, Mary and Betty Trevarthen, and the married ones, Rose Collins, Thelma Jentsch, Gladys Durham, Edith Ricketts, and Adeline Sowdon — live in Sydney and meet once a month for tea and gossip.

But for this special farewell they were joined by the remaining two sisters, Nella Gayler, from Brisbane, and Jenifer Adams, from Melbourne.

Rose told me: "We think it's quite unusual to have an unbroken family of nine girls at our ages. So often in big families someone dies young. But in our case our parents had nine girls — no boys — and we're all still alive."

The girls were born in groups of three, with four-year gaps between the groups. Rose is 69, Mary, 66, and Betty, 64. Then come Thelma, 60, Gradys, 59, and Edith, 56. In the youngest group are Jenifer, 52, Adeline, 50, and Nella, 48.

"Because of this grouping we were never all at home together," explained Rose, "and as we married it's been increasingly difficult for us all to get together."

The recent Sunday afternoon party before Rose and Wal Collins set off on their world tour culminated a week of surprise parties for all the sisters.

"Originally we hadn't planned this full-scale reunion for Rose's departure," Mrs. Ricketts said. "But at the beginning of the week Jenifer just walked in unannounced from Brisbane.

"We decided then that it was a pity Nella was the only one missing, so we chipped in and sent for her to join us from Melbourne. When you get to our ages you never know how much longer you'll all be here."

All the sisters look alike. All were born in North Queensland — the first four at Charters Towers, the next three at Kingsborough (near Dimbulah), and the two youngest at Mareeba.

The sisters haven't followed their parents' example with large families.

"We girls have only six children between us—four boys and two girls," said Rose.

"Father, who died two years ago, aged 90, always said his daughters went in for quality, not quantity."

Only one of the sisters, Mrs. Sowdon, has been overseas before. She and her husband were in London for two years during which Mrs. Sowdon went to Camborne, in Cornwall, to see the birthplace of her father, and to look up distant relatives.

Rose will follow in her sister's footsteps, and make the journey to Camborne. She will also meet friends when she is in America, made through her hobby of stamp collecting.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of Abbotsford, N.S.W., meet the youngest of the family, five-week-old Scott Dillon, nursed by Mrs. Adeline Sowdon. Looking on is the baby's mother, Fay Dillon, Mrs. Jentsch's daughter.

She told me she will cut down on letter writing by sending one letter to the six sisters living in Sydney. The others will get carbon copies.

While Rose is away the sisters will plan their next get-together. They hope it will be a big Christmas party when Rose returns home on December 22.

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Worth Reporting.

A shy aboriginal girl in a smart pink linen dress with white accessories sat proudly among the official guests at Sydney Cove to see the Royal couple's arrival.

This was the moment 18-year-old Sue Davis had waited for since last September, when she was crowned "Fiesta Queen" at Casino, N.S.W.

"I won because I raised the most money for charity," said Sue.

"After my 'coronation,' I was promised that every effort would be made to enable me to see Queen Elizabeth.

"I kept thinking and dreaming about the promise, but it seemed too good to be true. I could hardly believe my eyes when the invitation arrived."

Sue had been hopeful, though. She had saved her prize air trip "just in case" and had bought the "special - occasion" pink dress.

The Sydney flight, Sue's first, added to her general excitement, which was so infectious that her boss, a Casino solicitor, gave her a week off from her stenographer's job so that she could really enjoy her trip.

Sue's only disappointment was that her parents and seven younger brothers and sisters couldn't share her big day.

"Mum says that's just her luck, though," said Sue. "Nearly all the family saw my crowning as Fiesta Queen, but Mum had gone to hospital just a couple of hours earlier to have my baby brother, John."

SUE DAVIS.

AN 18-year-old Sydney secretary wants to learn to throw a boomerang before she flies to Cuernavaca, Mexico, for the Girl Guide-Girl Scout International Conference in July.

She is Kay Patterson, who with Margaret Knapp, of Woodville Gardens, S.A., will spend three weeks at the conference, then three weeks in the U.S. as guests of the Girl Scout Hostess Council.

"Most girls from nearly 30 other countries represented at the Council will have native crafts to demonstrate, but Australia really doesn't have anything except boomerangs," she said.

Kay was nominated by the "crew" of the S.R.S. (Sea Rangers' Ship) Vendetta.

"Nine girls were nominated from N.S.W., and we were interviewed by a committee of senior Guiders," said Kay. "I had to give an impromptu talk on Australia and converse in Spanish (I'd had just three lessons, but I'd studied like mad and managed to muddle through) and teach the group a campfire song."

Bees in the belfry

RESEARCHERS were amused by many details when compiling the map, "Sydney and Environs," to commemorate the 175th anniversary of the founding of Australia.

The map, which is colored, shows the location of more than 200 places of historical interest, and has illustrations of many buildings.

Historical authorities assisted the firms (Tucker and Co. Pty. Ltd. and H. E. C. Robinson Pty. Ltd.) in getting together the reference index on the reverse of the map.

Among the fascinating details of early N.S.W. were that St. Peter's Church at Richmond had a beehive in its tower for more than 80 years; and people attending St. Anne's Church at Ryde had to bring their own seats.

Figtree House, Hunter's Hill, is said to have got its name from a figtree that grew through the bathroom. Residents used to hang their towels on nails in the tree trunk.

Another story concerns Samuel Marsden's old home, "Mamre," at St. Marys.

This fine house came into the possession of Richard Rouse, whose three daughters all wanted to own it. To be fair, he put three pieces of paper in a straw hat, two of them blank, and one bearing the name "Mamre."

His youngest daughter, Henrietta, drew the lucky piece and got the house.

Life in the U.S.A.

BACK from 18 months in America, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Lovejoy have returned with lots of theatre experience and a high regard for the American people.

Artistic director of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, Mr. Lovejoy travelled America on a Harkness General Fellowship Scholarship, lecturing and producing several plays.

The Lovejoys' children, Amanda, 3, and Kate, nearly 5, went with them.

"The Americans are incredibly kind," they said.

"They are a far greater, more wonderful people than their 'image' out here shows."

The Lovejoys found American children extremely polite — even Amanda and Kate began to copy the respectful "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am."

"They do rather rule the roost — but this is the parents' fault. They put a lot of pressure on their children to be successful.

"Early dating and petting is quite a problem. It's so bad now that 12-year-olds must have a steady," Mr. Lovejoy said.

He found that Australian theatre is not behind that of America, except Broadway.

"And what I learnt on Broadway is what to avoid," he said. "There is a dreadful lack of experiment there. Provincial theatre is much more exciting.

"They have localised their plays, which are presented to appeal to the particular region they are played in.

"This should be applied in Australia. A play that is a success in Perth need not be termed a failure because it doesn't hit in Sydney."

MR. AND MRS. ROBIN LOVEJOY with daughters Amanda and Kate.

Results of "Baby Talk"

• First prize of £20 in our "Baby Talk" Contest No. 2 was won by Mrs. W. D. Davies, Box 616, Post Office, Port Lincoln, S.A.

MRS. Davies' amusing caption was:

"Gee, Mum, slow down. There's a police car following us."

Here are the other award-winning entries:

£10 prize to Miss M. Fox, 22 Bute Street, Sherwood, Qld.

"I never look my best in the morning."

Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. W. F. Pope, 892 Sandy Bay Road, Hobart, Tas.:

"I'm not like either of them, really."

Mrs. M. Allan, 1 Seaview Crescent, Black Rock, Vic.

"Well, actually I wanted more of a bouffant look!"

Prizes of £2 each:

Mrs. M. Suthers, 7 McLean Street, North Ipswich, Qld.

"Mink eyebrows! I wonder . . ."

Mrs. J. Colledge, Lonsdale Street, Gulliver, Townsville, Nth. Qld.

"Goodness, someone at the front door and I look a mess."

Mrs. Patricia Abberdan, 11 Mortlock Street, Lynton, S.A.

"Crusts! Crusts! And STILL straight."

Miss G. Weatherly, 2/16 St. Neot Avenue, Potts Point, N.S.W.

"Of course all our family are prematurely grey."

P. M. van Amstel, 20 Haig Street, Ashfield, W.A.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"

"What's she (Elizabeth Taylor, Jackie Kennedy, Tania Verstak) got that I haven't got?" were thoughts frequently attributed to Baby No. 2.

Other popular entries were "The eyes have it," "Haven't I seen you somewhere?", and variations on "Not another grey hair."

Quite a few entrants — most of them men—saw the baby as a boy.

"Hello, dere" was popular. So were captions about late nights, wigs, cosmetics, and hair rinses.

Next in popularity were entries along the lines of "Come out and play," family resemblances, and twins.

Most people found the baby pleased with her reflection. Many made her critical of her nose.

Results of "Baby Talk" No. 3 will appear next week.

"Actil-comfort helps keep baby happy!"

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NURSERY SQUARES
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ROYAL HATS

FLOWER BERET — for anniversary service at Scots Church, Melbourne.

FLATTERING and frothy toque—at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Elizabeth, S.A.

SWATHED turban — on arrival in Adelaide for the visit to South Australia.

THREE ROSES trim an organza helmet — at the Royal garden party in Adelaide.

At the Royal garden party

COUNTRY visitors at the Royal garden party included Mrs. Mitt Loneragan and her daughter, Miss Jan Loneragan, of "Putta Bucca," Mudgee, with (at right) Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Urquhart, of Collaroy.

ABOVE: Mrs. Philip Hearn, of Vaucluse (left), and Mrs. Clive Carney, of Bellevue Hill, topped their elegant ensembles with spectacular hats. Massed silk petals made Mrs. Carney's soft cartwheel; Mrs. Hearn wore a breton made of ostrich feathers.

VIVID silk shantung coat was worn by attractive Miss Kay Vernon, who attended the party with her father, Dr. James Vernon, of Double Bay.

ABOVE: From left, Commander Tim Hall, R.N., and his wife with Captain J. R. McMurray, R.A.N., and Mrs. McMurray. Commander Hall was in charge of the berthing of the Royal yacht earlier in the day.

RIGHT: Chaplain-General Hugh Cunningham and his wife. Mrs. Cunningham's striking hat was of bright dahlia "petals."

RIGHT: Brilliantly dressed women guests and colorful flowerbeds at Government House brightened the grey and showery day Sydney turned on for the Royal visitors. More than 2000 guests attended the garden party.

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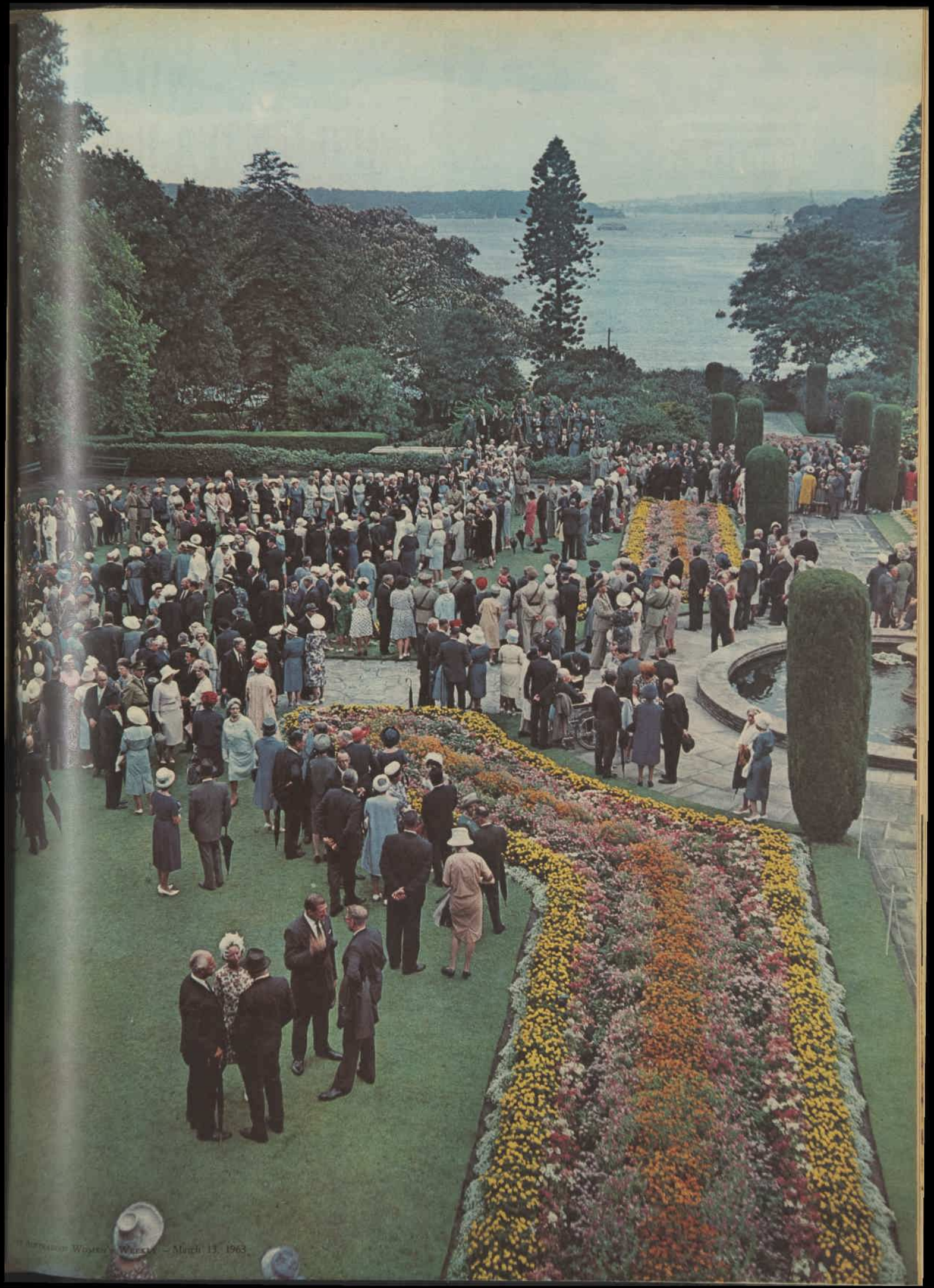

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Mary Coles' SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

CANBERRA'S gayest week ever will begin when the Queen and Prince Philip arrive there on March 11 to join in the Federal Capital's Golden Jubilee celebrations.

On March 12 it will be just fifty years to the day since in 1913 the Governor-General of the time, Lord Denman, and famous political personalities — Prime Minister Andrew Fisher and the Minister for Home Affairs, King O'Malley—laid the three foundation stones of the "Commencement Column" on a hillside overlooking the site where Parliament was to be built.

* * *

BESIDES the marathon round of Royal functions, one of the most brilliant parties during Jubilee Week will be the Air Force Women's Association Ball at the Hotel Canberra on March 12. The garage of Mr. and Mrs. John Howse's home at Forrest has been turned into a "little factory" for the making of thousands of Queen Elizabeth paper roses (in the most heavenly shade of pink) and glittering golden decorations for the ball. The paper roses will augment masses of fresh-from-the-garden Queen Elizabeth roses. Dancing will be under a marquee of parachutes in the garden of the hotel—and I hear the five hundred guests will include a number of the Royal staff. The Queen and Prince Philip will be attending a dinner party being given in their honor that evening by the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies at "The Lodge."

* * *

AND just so many cocktail parties have been arranged before the ball. Hostesses will include Lady Hancock, the chairman of the Air Force Women's Association, and the president, Mrs. W. L. Hely. Funds from the ball will help to support and educate children of deceased and incapacitated members of the Royal Australian Air Force. One of the very busiest members of the ball committee, incidentally, is Mrs. Gordon Steege—putting finishing touches to her packing for East Africa. She's leaving on March 20 to visit her daughter, Diana, and son-in-law, Anthony Dingle, who is First Secretary at the Australian High Commission in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika. It is going to be quite a safari. She will board the Straat-Cumberland in Perth for Mauritius, where she'll change to a French ship to complete the journey.

BELOW: Mr. Tom Yabsley, of "Sandilands," Tabulam, and Miss Lindsay Moxham, who have just announced their engagement. They were pictured in the garden of her home, "Murrawombie," Girilambone, with her dog Barnacle Bill and her horse Cessna.

SYDNEY visitors to Canberra for the Royal visit will include Mr. and Mrs. Marc Dekyvere. They'll stay with Commander and Mrs. Laurence Merson, who will add to the week's gaieties with a cocktail party at their home at Red Hill on March 14. Commander and Mrs. Merson, who have been living in Canberra since January, will make their headquarters in Sydney again in April.

* * *

THE Canberra picnics on March 15 and the A.C.T. Jockey Club's Gold Cup meeting on March 16 will be highlights of the gala week. At the Canberra Picnic Race Club's meeting the president, Mr. Ken Anderson, and Mrs. Anderson, of "Pine Ridge," Weetangerra, will entertain at a large luncheon in a marquee on the new course. And later there'll be merry-making at an after-the-races dinner-dance at the Hotel Canberra.

* * *

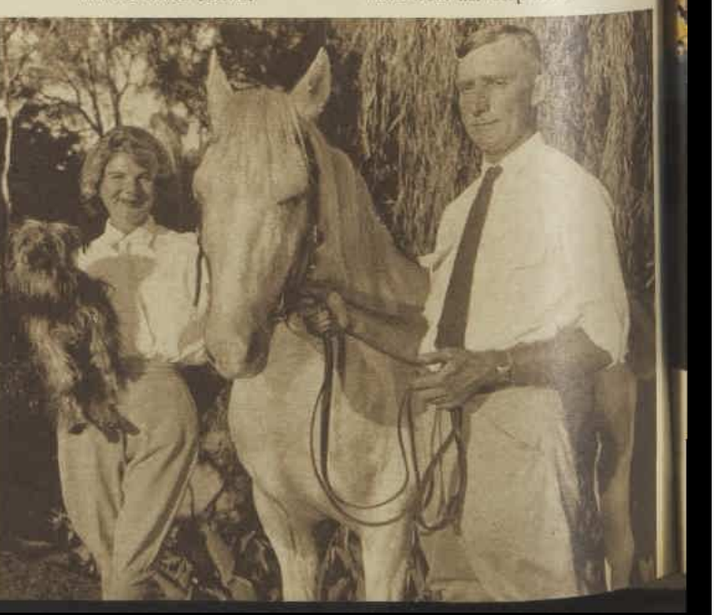
RAINA CAMPBELL, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell, of "Palings," Bungendore, will make a dash for the Canberra-bound plane the moment she reaches Melbourne in the Himalaya, on March 15—so that she can join racegoers at the Canberra picnics. Raina, who has a flair for dress-designing, has been doing a fascinating job sketching model clothes at the House of Worth in London.

* * *

DELIGHTFUL finale to Canberra's "golden" week will be the luncheon the president of the A.C.T. Jockey Club, Mr. Sim Bennet, and his attractive wife are giving at their home, "Kambah," on Sunday, March 17. Their lovely garden will be gay with umbrellas shading tables and chairs if the weather favors an al fresco setting for the party. Sydney friends among the fifty guests they will entertain include Dr. and Mrs. Ian Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fearon, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haege, and Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley.

* * *

THE Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies will be guests of honor at a dinner the New Zealand High Commissioner, Mr. S. C. Johnston, and his wife are giving at their residence in Musgrave Way on March 8—as a curtain-raiser to the Royal visit and Golden Jubilee festivities in Canberra. Mrs. Johnston has chosen a distinctively "New Zealand" menu featuring toheroa soup (made from a very special recipe), and genuine Canterbury lamb from her deep freeze.



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CIVIC WELCOME

LEAVING the dais in Hyde Park, Sydney, after the official welcome, the Queen is followed by the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. F. Jensen, Prince Philip, and Mrs. Jensen. The Queen's Private Secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, is in the background. Earlier, both Mrs. Jensen and the Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Rose Baring, had offered umbrellas to protect the Queen from rain dripping through a leak in the canopy, but seeing the hundreds of people standing out in the drizzling rain she smilingly waved the umbrellas away.

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Hat case — £8.14.6 . . . Blouse case 24" — £9.15.9 . . . Frock case £16.9.6. Sydney retail prices quoted. Slightly higher interstate.

LOOK FOR THE AUSTRALIAN MADE LABEL

LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

No resting place

WHERE are the chairs for customers in the stores nowadays? Recovering from a recent bout of illness, I did some minor shopping and looked in vain for a store in which I could rest while collecting my purchases. You would think that today's streamlined ultra-efficient department stores would place a simple chair or two for the comfort and convenience of customers.

£1/1/- to "R.C." (name supplied), Banksia, Sydney.

Down the drain

MY children and I have recently come down from life in Papua. A couple of weeks ago I took them through a subway crossing and ever since they have been asking, "Mummy, let's go down the drain again!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. A. King, Yallourn, Vic.

Teacher objected to mun-muu

DURING a hot stretch of Queensland summer, with a forecast temperature of 92 degrees, I sent my little eight-year-old girl to school dressed in a neat spotted and fringed muu-muu. Her teacher, in front of a class of 57, quickly took her to task, saying that a Grade 5 girl should have more sense than to wear a muu-muu to school. But isn't it a more sensible type of clothing for the climate?

£1/1/- to "Par-Boiled" (name supplied), Buderim, Qld.

Life has no fragrance

HAVING practically no sense of smell, I am constantly tantalised by descriptions of the aroma of bacon frying, smoke from a wood fire, roses, and similar delights. There are glasses to help those with weak eyesight, hearing aids for the deaf, but it seems that NOTHING can be done to cure a deficiency like mine.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Cartledge, Cheltenham, Qld.

His endearing letters

WHEN my husband is away, he always changes the approach of each letter he writes to me. Instead of starting, "Dear A—," his first letter may start, "My most wonderful wife" and the second, "My darling You," etc. I always feel this adds something to the letter. Most men skip the endearments at the start of a letter and, almost as an afterthought, try to make up at the end of it.

£1/1/- to "Romantic" (name supplied), Waiouru M.C., N.Z.

Rearing baby

THE problem of "I Keep Trying" (S.A.)—how to cope with too much advice from relatives and "in-laws" on how to raise baby—can be solved sensibly. Firstly, the young husband should recognise his wife's distress and stand by her. He should, politely but firmly, tell his relatives that they must not interfere and give unwanted advice. Secondly, the wife should take the baby regularly to the local infant health centre and discuss her problems with the clinic sister. From these visits to the clinic she should gain enough confidence to be able to cope with her own relatives. As it becomes obvious to them all that she is coping sensibly, so, no doubt, the well-meant advice and criticism will cease and all the family will unite to love and enjoy their precious little possession.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Browning, Gibson, W.A.

★ ★ ★

DON'T create a rift with either mother. It will make you all unhappy. Tell them, plainly and quietly, you are quite capable of at least TRYING to rear your own baby. They will understand.

£1/1/- to "Happy Grandma" (name supplied), Marrickville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY Mum lives across the street. My husband's Mum lives two doors away, so I feel in the position to offer an opinion on the problem. As each Mum offers her gem of advice, thank her and agree to act upon it at a later date. Never criticise EITHER Mum to your husband. Take free professional advice from the local welfare sister. This solution has proved successful during my 15 years of marriage and bringing up three not-very-angelic children, who adore their doting grandparents.

£1/1/- to "Trial and Error" (name supplied), Numurkah, Vic.

★ ★ ★

THE best thing for "I Keep Trying" to do would be to show both sets of parents the replies to her letter, printed in this column in The Australian Women's Weekly. After all, it is *they* who really need the advice.

£1/1/- to "Happy in-Laws" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

IT takes practice to learn how to write a thank-you letter.

I was discussing this lately with a lady who will be referred to here as Auntie Phyl. She had received letters from two nieces and a nephew to whom she had sent Christmas presents.

The first letter was from a girl of eight. It said:

Dear Auntie Phyl,

I hope you had a nice Christmas. Thank you for my beaut paints. Please excuse the writing. Love from Rowena

XOXOXOX

"It's an interesting letter, but perhaps a little short," said Auntie Phyl.

Rowena believes that any shortcomings in a letter can be made up by extra crosses and circles, signifying hugs and kisses. This theory only works when the writer is young.

The next letter Auntie Phyl showed me came from Rowena's 12-year-old brother:

Dear Auntie Phyl,

Thank you very much for the bonoculars. So far they have been a success.

The main presents I got for Christmas were the Big World Atlas and some electric train signals.

I hope you are well. I suppose I had better stop now,

Yours sincerely, Arthur.

THANKING YOU

This letter was more informative than Rowena's, but it still seemed to me rather on the brief side.

"Arthur is improving as a letter-writer," said Auntie Phyl. "He just needs to loosen up a bit. He could learn a few points from his elder sister, Susan."

Susan is a teenager. Her letter began:

Dear Auntie Phyl,

I am writing to thank you for that lovely brooch. It is absolutely gorgeous. I wear it with my yellow straw top and aqua stretchy slacks and gold sandals, and my friends say it looks simply mighty.

I have been having a terrific time here. Last week Jennifer — she is my best friend — gave a fantastic barbecue, etc., etc.

Susan's letter ran on for five pages. Auntie Phyl liked it, but it seemed a bit longer than was called for.

That is the problem in writing thank-you letters—not to say too little or too much.

I have to write to Mr. Jenkins thanking him for sending some rocks from his place to put into a hole at our place.

I don't think I should merely say:

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

Thank you for the rocks. Goodbye now

XOXOXOXOX

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to run on for pages like this:

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

I am writing to thank you for those fabulous rocks. Everyone says they look absolutely gorgeous. I must tell you about the fantastic office party we had, etc., etc.

Perhaps I'll just ring him up instead.

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SPACE-AGE HAIRDO

• *It's smart to admit you're out-of-this-world — that's if you are wearing a Telstar hairstyle following the latest lines by top European stylists for 1963.*

These attractive versions of the Telstar, just released in Australia, are for day and evening.

EVENING version of the Telstar, the latest continental hairdo for summer-autumn. Very feminine in effect, it is shaped for maximum width at the temples and unrestrained fullness on top of head.

SOFT, flowing curves (above) in a shape that's bouffant but not too big. The ears covered with brushed-forward hair is an integral part of Telstar.

MEDIUM-SHORT, feminine, and with casual wisps (Europe has discarded the fringe for the bared forehead) to frame the face prettily. Note the lock drawn slightly to one side.

"I think I'll put in carrots, tomatoes, green peppers, radishes, and cabbage, and if there's any room left over I'll plant some beans."

"That's NOT FAIR! If I'm sick enough for medicine I'm too sick to do homework!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

I SELDOM go shopping. Oh, I buy things. But that is not going shopping.

Mostly I make desperate lunch-hour sorties in search of necessities—say, shoes, if I have noticed, or someone has mentioned, that the current pair is about to fall off my feet.

"Going shopping" is that leisurely progress through various departments, turning over objects and examining the price, which can be expensive or economical according to temperament. When I do go on one of these excursions, as I did the other Saturday, I see all kinds of interesting developments.

For instance, the names for stocking colors have soared to new heights. They used to be words like "Opal" and "Mink," and "Fair Lady," but they are now more aggressive. I bought a shade called "Fury," having considered another called "Rebel." Couldn't see any "Terrorist" or "Psychopath," but the namers are welcome to the suggestions.

★ ★ ★

THE novelty departments get more astonishing every year, confirming the belief that the mid-twentieth century has far eclipsed the Victorian era in clutter.

There was a time when Victoriana was despised. Then decorators found it amusing, and a few people began to collect it.

But, for sheer quantity of household objects that need dusting, the current period leaves the Victorian standing.

On my shopping excursion I stood transfixed before a display shelf of driftwood (11/9 a piece).

I don't care to be too rude about driftwood. Some of my best friends aren't averse to it. On a beach I'm all for it. It makes the most beautiful blue flames and explosions when you boil the billy.

In the house, however, I think driftwood is like a moose's or stag's head—tolerable if collected by the owner.

★ ★ ★

GOING down an escalator I heard a father saying to his small daughter, "You're more interested in your stomach than you are in your shopping, that's what I think."

She was about six, and I went away shaking my head. Imagine a father being surprised at this simple fact of life! Could he have been an uncle? Whichever, he must have a bad memory.

Between the ages of six and 12 my entire interest in going "to town" centred on the ice-cream-soda which, with luck, would punctuate the morning. On rare occasions the visit to the Greek cafe turned into lunch. Then a hot pie was added to the drink, and the cafe became paradise.

YOU don't necessarily expect humor from an economist, not when he's discussing his own subject, anyway, but Britain's Mr. Geoffrey Browne is an exception.

He is managing director of the Economist Intelligence Unit, an international research and consultant organisation which advises businessmen on market problems. Interviewed on Sydney's "Meet The Press," he injected a mild, dry wit into a serious discussion.

I specially liked his description of Great Britain—"a lump of coal with a lot of fish round it."

★ ★ ★

THE P.M.G. has said he will withdraw from sale in N.S.W. books of stamps carrying an advertisement for a Melbourne "consultation."

The fact that it was a journalist who drew attention to the illegality of the ad. makes me somewhat shifty about complaining, but it is ridiculous to think that a State which runs lotteries and condones poker machines can ban advertisements from other States for similar enterprises.

★ ★ ★

RELATIONS between France and Brazil are strained because of an argument over rights to fish for lobsters off the Brazilian coast. In support of its claim Brazil cites a 1958 Geneva Convention ruling that non-walking creatures on a continental shelf belong to coastal countries. France says that lobsters swim freely in international waters.

A thorny point, as you'll agree,
Whether a lobster's fixed or free.
You cannot either side dismiss
And legal brains could brood on this
From now for years till kingdom come;
And when you think of it, it's rum—
The same applies to humans, too.
We're free to move. How many do?
We walk about, we go on trips,
Use legs or cars or planes or ships
But most return to native shores.
For one who wanders there are scores
Who live their lives from home to job.
We like our own familiar mob
We cannot face the fearful wrench
Of breaking chains to desk or bench,
We share with lobsters in the sea
The same dilemma—fixed or free?

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"My wash needs good rich suds– and Rinso has them!"

"For a wash you can be proud of, my Mother swears by Rinso's richer suds. And they work for me too. I've tried everything, but Rinso's best for getting things wonderfully clean and white in no time at all!"

"A busy family means heaps and heaps of dirty clothes on washday. But Rinso copes with the lot — from Phil's white shirts to the littlest pyjamas and underwear. Rinso suds are mildness itself. Clothes dry soft as the day they were new."

"You know what kids are like — clean one minute, grubby the next. And what grubbiness — bicycle smears, mud pie stains, cubby-house dust! But I don't worry because I know that no grime can hold out against Rinso suds. I really *would* be lost without Rinso."

RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL WASHING MACHINES

...Rinso has the richest suds of all!

The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash

For extra whiteness, extra brightness in your wash, you need plenty of good rich suds. The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash . . . and Rinso has the richest suds of all. They work harder, last longer . . . So take a tip from Mrs. Leslie and most other Australian women — next washday get that extra whiteness, extra brightness with Rinso's suds . . . the richest suds of all.

2390.WWRC

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CONCLUDING THE STORY OF . . .

Joan Sutherland

• Guided by her husband and driven by her own magnificent courage and love of singing, the girl from Sydney had now conquered three of the world's most famous opera houses, in London, Paris, and Milan. Ahead still lay the "fourth citadel," New York's Metropolitan Opera House, which only three years previously had auditioned and rejected her as a member of its permanent company.

By RUSSELL BRADDON

THE Joan Sutherland of 1961 was a handsome, big-boned woman with a wide smile, ready laugh, unassuming nature and intellect, a bad memory, a good skin, striking eyes, and a glorious line from neck to shoulders. She was careful, with her make-up, to enhance her elaborate coiffure and those striking eyes, because once she had felt herself ugly; she was rather indifferent about street clothes, because even now she knew nothing of vanity.

There were still no exotic mannerisms, none of the arrogant demands for sycophantic respect that are so often the attributes of a great prima donna: nor, however, was there any longer the old self-conscious lack of confidence.

The world now knew that Sutherland would, if necessary, fight for her rights. She had clashed angrily with a conductor, Nello Santi, in rehearsals in Venice and finally walked out before a one-night engagement at the Fenice Theatre. She and her husband flew back to London.

Later the Fenice Theatre stated publicly that there had been a misunderstanding and that it looked forward to Madame Sutherland's early return to Venice. In the meantime it sent her a gift, a make-up box, as a mark of its continued esteem. A nine-day wonder had ended. As if to emphasise the point, in the Birthday Honors list Sutherland was awarded the C.B.E.

In her there was still no temperament, no tantrums. Her gaze was direct when she was questioned — so direct that it amounted almost to a child's prolonged stare as she assessed all the implications of what had been asked and how she should answer — and her posture, in spite of the habitually straight back and beautifully held head, was one of relaxation. An athletic capacity to relax completely.

She remained indifferent to flattery and incapable of compliments. She took people as she found them and expected people to take her as they found her. She worked very hard; she had practically no time for self-indulgence; and when she did have time, she used it solely for one of two purposes — complete rest or being with her son.

On the other hand, such faults as she had were simple ones. She lacked ambition; she did not particularly like hard work; and she sometimes grew impatient of the hot-house atmosphere of Press photographers begging her for just one more shot or of socialites telling her how marvellous she was, when all she wanted to do was get out of her corsets or go somewhere for a large meal.

Thus Richard had to drive her to want more success and to work for it. Thus more and more engagements were accepted.

That she was running risks of a professional failure because of pressure of work, she knew well. It did not matter that she had signed contracts only to perform operas she had sung before; with her memory, she was still perfectly capable of forgetting all of them except the endlessly repeated "Lucia"—and even in that she still erred if over-tired.

Having forgotten the words of operas, her problem, in an itinerary that had her constantly either singing or travelling, was where and when to find the time to relearn each one before she had to sing it again. And not just to relearn the words, but also to rethink the thousand subtleties of style, nuance, diction, emphasis, and breathing with which Richard had interpreted the composer's notes and libretto.

Such a person was the Sutherland of mid-1961 — a fine-looking unexceptional woman off-stage; a star on it; a star whose every success merely made doubly appalling the constant risk of failure.

"THESE past two years," she told her friends, "have been too much. Soon we're going to have a fortnight's holiday at the villa."

Ever since they had acquired the lease of their Swiss lakeside villa months before, both Richard and his wife had been saying, "You must come and stay with us." Now, as they moved there in July, all their friends came and stayed! Not yet fully furnished, the villa groaned under the strain of housing all its visitors.

Now, too, the Sutherland retinue was increased by the arrival of Weenie Roughly —Richard Bonynge's aunt who, on his marriage to Joan, had cabled from Australia saying she would have preferred a contralto.

Weenie was well equipped to help the Bonynges. She had been a nurse after the war; she was musically well-informed without being pretentious; she was afraid of no one, and had the mordant humor of the Australian.

During that "holiday" for Joan there were long days of work with her husband, practising for recordings.

They left the villa, and the year wore on with operas, concerts, and recording sessions. Later they flew to San Francisco to begin at once a long and exhausting tour which would culminate in Sutherland's assault on the Metropolitan in New York.

From San Francisco to Chicago to New York to Los Angeles to Dallas, with many a recital between stops, she repeatedly and unfailingly transported her audiences.

She worked too hard and grew too tired, but still she enjoyed tremendous success. Her Mad Scene from "Hamlet" became more liable to lapses than ever, but still Richard, at the piano, skipped gallantly with her, and still she sang gloriously.

Richard Bonynge had often been offered work as a conductor. About now he decided to accept engagements to conduct at a number of concerts and operas in both Europe and America, beginning in Rome in January of the coming year.

Terence McEwen, a close friend who worked with the Decca Recording Company, asked him: "How will that affect your work with Joan?"

"But I'll often be conducting for Joan."

"I know. But you'll need to study your part of the thing. Where are you going to find time to prepare Joan for hers?"

"I'll make the time," Richard promised.

"Look," McEwen explained, "for years now you've stood back while Joan got all the applause . . ."

"I don't mind that."

"Everyone minds that! You're an artist yourself; and you need applause."

"I get it through her."

"How do I know you won't work so hard on your conducting that there'll be no time left to help Joan?"

"Because," Richard replied, "her voice is the most beautiful thing in the world and nothing is more important to me than that."

Meanwhile, Sutherland continued her American tour until, on Sunday, November 19, 1961, a few hours before her little son Adam and her husband's Aunty Weenie flew in from London, she arrived in New York. In exactly seven days she and Richard must prepare every detail of her final assault against the only remaining barrier between her 20 years of gruelling work and total triumph.

TODAY'S JOAN SUTHERLAND with husband Richard Bonynge.

AS she entered the Met on a crisply cold morning, scenery for "Lucia di Lammermoor" was being delivered by truck just round the corner. It came from a storehouse in 169th Street and it was nineteen years old. Every great Lucia since 1942, from Lily Pons to Maria Callas, had sung of ghosts and been bullied and coerced into marriage and bloody madness on these same sets—and they looked like it.

From sheer senility, a black balustrade disintegrated as it was being lifted from the truck on to the sidewalk.

"Ah," one of the scene-shifters scolded his colleague in mock severity, "you stoopid, careless man, you broke it! You broke dat cute, little old balustrade. Mr. Bing won't like you!" His voice sang with the accents of Brooklyn and there was much merriment in them at the idea of the Administrator's displeasure.

Inside the opera house another part of the set was being placed in position — a large and viciously precipitous staircase, perhaps fifteen feet high. Though solidly built, it looked treacherous and each of its steps was unnaturally deep. Of it, after her last performance as Lucia at the Met, Callas had vowed that she would never descend it again without a rope round her waist.

Sutherland was armed only with determination and a sense of excitement. Here she must suceeed. Here in New York, though last year the critics had praised her, there was yet a rumor that her voice was cold. Some had even been ungracious enough to seize upon the fact that she sang publicly in New York the night after her mother's death to substantiate the accusation that she was cold. Here she must destroy those rumors, both as to her voice and as to her nature.

She greeted the young conductor Silvio Varviso, examining him at arm's length.

"You're still not eating enough," she chided. "You'd better have dinner with us"; and then was introduced to her colleagues.

Continental singers she greeted in the lingua franca of grand opera Italian, with cordial "*buon giorno's.*" To the Americans she said simply, "hallo." The tenor Richard Tucker she acknowledged as an old sparring partner. The atmosphere was one of tennis-club players being introduced to a new member who thought little of her own tennis but enjoyed the cups of tea that followed a strenuous if inexpert set. The Met company had never before encountered a prima donna quite like this.

For the next three hours the company ran through the opera, to the accompaniment of a piano, and then broke up until 11.30 the following morning.

Next day the producer began to move his company round the stage in the pattern of what would become the performance. He worked on the same principle as had La Scala: get them on, let them sing, then get them off.

This policy his rather anxious-looking male chorus seemed only too happy to accept. Most of them were middle-aged gentlemen, grey-haired or bald, neatly suited; and all of them obviously felt ridiculous, standing round brandishing such un-American weapons as pikes and swords.

"And what," Richard demanded, "about that staircase?"

Sutherland, though, was used to difficult staircases. Moving steadily downwards, toes reaching for the treads, head high, she sang softly through the first section of the Mad Scene.

Into the stalls rushed all the dancers who had previously performed Scottish reels in the Wedding Scene. They whispered excitedly together as her extraordinarily limpid voice floated gently over them. As at Covent Garden, in 1959, Sutherland was infecting her colleagues with an electric and contagious excitement — and already, on the posters outside the theatre, someone had pencilled boldly, opposite her name, the words *La Stupenda.*

When the rehearsal ended, though she had deliberately refrained from using any of her high notes in order to spare her

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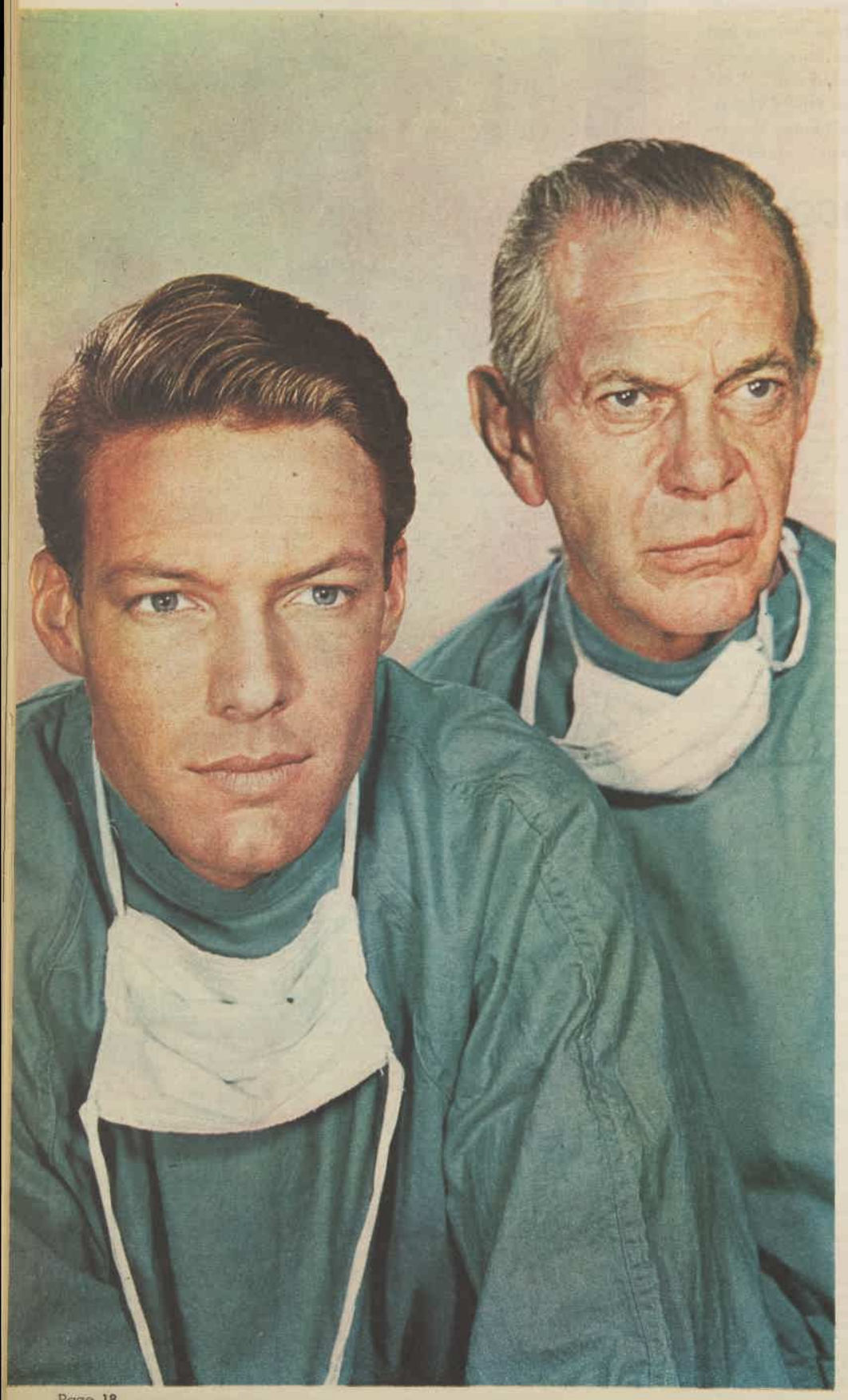
Television



HOSPITAL HEROES

● Television' 1962 was undoubtedly the Year of the Doctor. Doctors came to TV in all shapes and sizes.

THEY came smiling, sympathetic, and surly, and they stayed for 1963 — the undoubted glamor boys of the TV screen.

Western heroes can gallop away to cut the villains off at the pass, guns can bark in crime shows, but most viewers cannot bear to be separated from their new heroes in TV hospitals.

Two of the most sighed over are young Dr. Kildare (Dick Chamberlain) and Dr. Gillespie (Raymond Massey), seen above on hospital rounds and, at left, in their operating-theatre "greens."

(Today doctors all over the world generally wear green or some other pastel shade in operating theatres. Pastels are said to be less glary, more restful than white.)

Surprisingly, Dr. Gillespie, with that lined, interesting face and steel-lined kindliness, gathers in sighs from all ages.

His young protege, handsome blond Dick Chamberlain, 26, 6ft. 1in., is not only a top-rated romantic hero, he's a doctor's doctor, too.

Doctors like Kildare; they say the show is good, that inexperienced Kildare has many of the problems young doctors meet in their early hospital service.

Chamberlain had only been in a hospital once, as a visitor, before he got the Dr. Kildare role.

As soon as he got the role he spent some days in Los Angeles' County Hospital with Dr. George Andros, who was then an intern, and the original technical consultant on the Dr. Kildare series.

Chamberlain was tied into a gown and taken on rounds.

"The nurses called me doctor and so did the kids," he said. "They probably thought I was a most important doctor because I just stood to one side and tried to look wise.

"I had lunch at the hospital commissary. The place was full of doctors, all young, all casually talking with words 4000 miles long, and joking, too, but with the focus almost always on things medical.

"I also spent a day in the operating theatre. I saw an ulcer operation, an appendectomy, and a stitch job on a knife wound.

"How these doctors can carry on, hunched over in surgery, I don't know. After four hours my back ached, my feet hurt, and my eyes felt like fireballs."

Dr. Kildare doesn't star much in the surgical side of Blair Hospital. He delves more into the emotional and medical problems of patients.

He leaves the drama of the operating theatre generally to his colleague and popular rival, surly Dr. Ben Casey, who this year, I notice, is beginning to cultivate a most attractive smile.

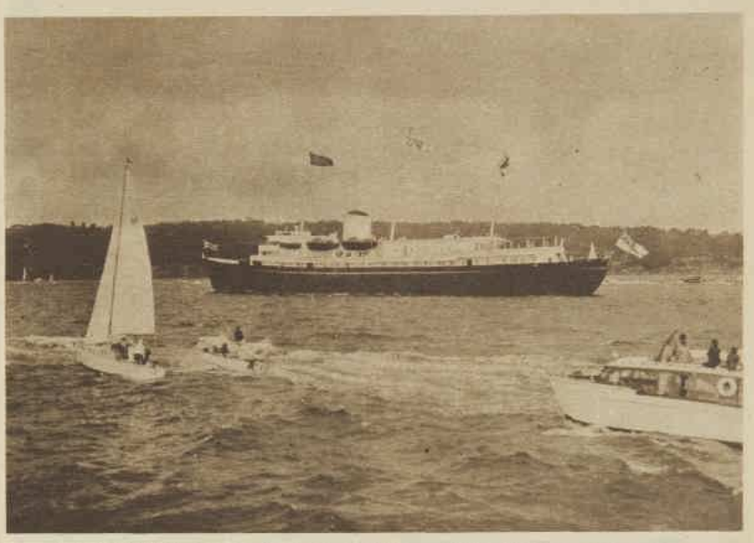
— *Nan Musgrove*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4903832

TV cameras wore raincoats

By NAN MUSGROVE

● All I could think of when I went to South Head with Channel 9's floating TV station for the arrival of the Royal yacht Britannia was a story by the famous American humorist James Thurber called "The Day the Dam Burst."



BRITANNIA enters Sydney Harbor. This picture shows the Australian flag caught in the rigging. Soon afterwards the crew ran up another Australian flag in its place.

IN the Thurber story, a rumor that a dam had burst and someone shouting "Go east!" had set the population of a whole town off at a hard gallop.

On Saturday morning the whole of aquatic Sydney had the same idea. There was a "Go east!" urgency about the Harbor from 6 a.m. when I boarded the ferry Prolong at Greenwich Wharf.

There was a kind of quiet frenzy as liners, motor vessels, and sail pushed east to get out of the prohibited area before the Port of Sydney closed at 8 a.m.

From 8 a.m. the Western Channel, marked with black triangular markers and red and yellow flags for the occasion, was proclaimed a prohibited area, to be kept clear for Britannia and her escort.

On the roof

Prolong is a little ferry, formed to carry 300 passengers. On Saturday it had a crew of TV technicians from Channel 9 and another dozen passengers.

It was a spacious, comfortable voyage with Skipper John McGrath.

Prolong bore a bright legend on each side, "Channel 9, Marine Television." It was really a three-decker TV studio for the day.

The camera control-room was down in a dark and oily-smelling room forward on the lower deck. Two standby generators were lashed down by the engine-room. Above, on the upper deck, was a kind of conference and common room, glassed-in, weatherproof.

The heart of the business, the TV camera, the microwave link to North Head, where Channel 9's O.B. van was sited, and the antennae for the radio-telephone to the O.B. van and Channel 9, was up on the roof of the second deck, unprotected from the driving rain.

[O.B. stands for Outside Broadcasts, a term TV has taken from radio.]

White cover

The TV camera, mounted on a tripod, was lashed down on to a "flying bridge," erected on top of the wheelhouse. It was surrounded by a rough plank barrier to keep the cameramen from flying over the edge, and the planks were covered with red-and-white bunting.

The first thing cameraman Brian Morelli did after he tested his camera was to tie over it a most efficient heavy white plastic rain cover.

At that stage the weather promised to be fine and I thought he was rather pessimistic. But the morning proved me wrong!

TV cameramen are tough. They just simply lashed down their plastic raincoats, jammed on whatever headgear they could find, and went on with the job as if it were a fine day.

From Prolong, Channel 9's picture was beamed back to the O.B. van on North Head. The van is about as big as a furniture removal van and is a miniature TV-studio control-room on wheels.

Hairdresser

From Channel 9's O.B. van the picture was beamed direct to ABC-TV at Gore Hill. On this occasion, the ABC co-ordinated all the pictures and sent them out to the three channels.

At 8 a.m. we were in our specified position off South Head in a big swell.

Guarding the channel were patrol boats, and just as we arrived so did the king-size Water Police boat, the Colin J. Delaney, on a last-minute tour to see that all was well.

The hour and a half till the Queen arrived didn't seem long at all. Talking to the other women on board, I found out what they most covet among her possessions —her resident hairdresser.

It wasn't the best morning for hair.

As someone said, trying to twist a shape into her wet hair, "I suppose the Queen just had a good comb-up today; she'd have had her hair set yesterday."

I think it's a very feminine feeling. Most women seem to think the Queen's jewels are too grand for them; they'd settle for that resident hairdresser.

Britannia is a Royal Navy ship, said to be the "tiddliest" ship afloat, but even in such high-grade circles they have their troubles.

The Australian flag was the trouble. The other four flags were flying stiff to the breeze, but not the Australian flag. Its end had got caught in the rigging, and it hung like a candled parachute.

Britannia's crew took 15 minutes to fix it. First of all they tried with ropes, then they decided to run another one up on another rope. This went splendidly and the new Australian flag joined the others in its Royal behaviour.

But the old one, enjoying the eye of the TV camera, I'm sure, really played up. It wouldn't come down for quite a time and when it did a great piece of it was torn off and left hanging forlornly in the rope.

Complication

This didn't do for the R.N. Up went a rating in a bosun's chair, removed the offending fragment, and Britannia had her five flags flying beautifully.

Last time the Queen came to Australia there was no TV. This time she had its added complication. I didn't realise just what a complication it can be.

We were quite close to Britannia and there wasn't a sign of either the Queen or Prince Philip until the flag was fixed.

"She's not about," Ray Patterson, engineer-in-charge of O.B.s, told me. "Morelli's been right in on the Britannia on the zoom lens and can't catch a glimpse of her."

Two minutes later the Queen left her quarters and, under the protection of a canvas awning aft, started photographing everything in sight with a movie camera.

She was wearing a blue gabardine raincoat with a hood (that blue that used to be described as "saxe") and seemed excited at her welcome. She was only there a few moments when Prince Philip appeared at her side, protected from the rain in fawn gabardine.

From then on they stayed aft under the awning, waving to the crowds on the foreshores and taking movie pictures. They seemed to take a great number of the big crowd that watched the arrival from Bradley's Head.

Soon after we passed Bradley's Head and approached Garden Island we left Britannia and ABC-TV's camera on the I.C.I. building at the foot of Sydney's Macquarie Street took over.

This camera had rain trouble—rain had got inside it early in the piece—and Prolong was altered to follow Britannia in as far as possible on her camera.

Exciting trip

I thought there might be a good crime story for me when I got ashore. Mr. Patterson rushed up to me and said, "ABC-TV have lost their I.C.I. camera." But he explained quickly, "It's U.S." (unserviceable).

Everyone was worried, but fortunately it was fixed and able to take over for the Overseas Terminal shots.

It was an exciting morning, rain and all. I've never seen anything more spectacular than the rather angry-looking harbor, a green color shot with charcoal-grey, the Britannia cutting through to Sydney Cove, entirely surrounded by hundreds of small craft.

And you know those people who so determinedly went east in the morning? They had just as determinedly forged west to escort Britannia in colorful procession right up to her mooring.

Reviews of New Films

With KIRSTEN WARD

★★★ LA NOTTE (THE NIGHT)

A strange, meandering film, heavy with symbolism, tells of an afternoon and night in the life of a dispirited husband, Marcello Mastroianni, and his equally bored wife, Jeanne Moreau. Outwardly they are young and successful, but their lives are empty and they are losing interest in each other. The camera follows them to a hospital to visit a sick friend, to a party launching the husband's latest book, and as they while away the long afternoon. The night is spent at the extravagant party of rich friends, where both are tempted to be unfaithful. The film is long but fascinating. — **Lido, Sydney.**

In a word . . . INTENSE.

★★★ REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

Everyone connected with this film is to be congratulated. The acting, direction, and photography are excellent, but as well they have skilfully avoided melodramatics — an easy trap with this type of film. Anthony Quinn is the big, ugly, almost - punchy prizefighter who, after 17 years in the ring, has only his scars and his pride left. Spinster social worker Julie Harris tries to help him but cannot compete with his promoter (Jackie Gleason), who has interests other than his fighter's happiness. Mickey Rooney is superb as "Mountain's" friend and trainer.— **Lyceum, Sydney.**

In a word . . . MOVING.

★★ SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS

The story is of young people (Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty) who become all bitter and twisted because they can't indulge their passions, and of their parents who just don't understand. It all seems rather much ado about nothing. The film's main fault is that it paints the parents as well-meaning baddies, and sympathises with the children, who mainly need a good spanking.

But there are many fine points to the film, which is beautifully produced, well acted, and well worth seeing. — **Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . AMERICAN.

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Television

DID YOU KNOW?

● *The international best-seller of television is "Perry Mason." The courtroom series appears in 43 countries in addition to its U.S. home base.*

COMEDIAN Jackie Gleason has joined the ranks of top stars taking a holiday from the television scene next season. Perry Como wants to drop his regular weekly show in favor of periodic specials.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Sid James and Tony Hancock parted company they both started their own programmes. Now Citizen James is following in Hancock's footsteps again, in a way, with a new type of show. The new James programmes, opening in Britain in April, will be a series of 45-minute plays with different actors in each one, and Sid James playing a "straight" role.

★ ★ ★

ALLAN SHERMAN, who became a celebrity after his best-selling record album, "My Son, the Folksinger," is being considered as an off-season replacement for Jack Benny. If the job materialises it will mean heading a variety-type show — the kind of show Sherman used to write for before he started speaking his own lines.

★ ★ ★

INGER STEVENS stars in a new pilot film based on "The Farmer's Daughter," the film that won Loretta Young an Academy Award.

★ ★ ★

FROM TV back to a spell in sound radio: in London, Australian disc-jockey Tony Withers has taken over as compere of the B.B.C.'s popular weekly radio show "Go Man, Go!" Almost as soon as he had settled in, he was introducing on the show another Australian TV star, Patsy Ann Noble, who is making a big name for herself in Britain.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH TV crime squads have a hard life even in their spare time. In the worst winter for nearly a century, a car rally was organised for showbiz people across 60 miles of snow and ice in southern England. The "No Hiding Place" team was beaten in a fighting finish by (naturally enough) "Z-Cars" — and world racing champion Graham Hill presented the trophy to Stratford John (Inspector Barlow), Joe Brady (Jock Weir), and James Ellis (P.C. Lynch).

Jackie Gleason . . . TV holiday.

VINCE EDWARDS, who gets to see a lot of prop blood in his "Ben Casey" series, has been named National Campaign Chairman in the U.S. for the National Hoomophilia Foundation, which raises money for research into blood defects.

"Variety" magazine reports that Vince Edwards is cooking a deal to make a picture in Japan. If the project comes off, the film would be in Japanese with Edwards' dialogue dubbed in.

★ ★ ★

HEAD-NURSE FAIN, of "Dr. Kildare," played by Jean Inness, shows up in "The Eleventh Hour," a pyschiatric series, as a frumpish aunt.

★ ★ ★

ANGELA LANSBURY has been signed for her first TV dramatic series in three years for a role in "Something Crazy's Going on in the Closet," in the "Eleventh Hour" series, which stars Wendell Corey.

★ ★ ★

A TRICKY translation problem faces the producers of "The Beverly Hillbillies," America's number one TV series. Since the series was recently sold to Japan, the problem is to translate hillbilly expressions from the Ozark Mountains into Japanese.

★ ★ ★

FRENCH pantomimist Marcel Marceau has been signed to appear on a Victor Borge ABC-TV spectacular. Frank Sinatra and Robert Goulet will appear on the next "Bob Hope Special," to be shown in the U.S. this month.

★ ★ ★

TV licence-dodgers in Britain have a new kind of Z-Car squad on their tracks. Post office authorities are sending out cars fitted with special new electronic equipment that tours each area with lists of licence-holders, and can locate any working TV set within a flat or room, irrespective of shared aerials.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said: I consider myself to be a very normal person. I don't get angry too often. I try to think like the other person and put myself in his shoes. But the one thing that seems to drive me up the wall is on Sunday, my one day of rest, when I can loll around in bed and not have to get up so early and get breakfast; the one day I don't feel guilty about turning over and getting another hour or two of sleep. Invariably, at the stroke of eight, one of the next-door neighbors starts up his new power lawnmower, and starts mowing his lawn. Well, you can forget about that extra hour or two of sleep. Who can sleep with all that racket? Has this happened to you? If it has I think we should all get together and have a new law passed. And this is the law —

Momma's Moral: Anyone who runs a power lawnmower before noon on Sunday should have to shave with it.

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TROY DONAHUE, or Sandy Winfield II, looks pensively out of this garden of pretty girls, a fair sample of the ones who strew his path.

FAIRYTALE PRIVATE EYES

• "Surfside Six," one of television's most popular crime shows, is a kind of TV fairytale, as unlike real life and a serious investigation of crime as is a fairytale.

IT has a happy-ever-after atmosphere that glosses over the seamy side of private investigating and leaves viewers happy and relaxed.

If there is such a thing as "escapist crime," "Surfside Six" is it.

"Surfside Six" is, as well as the title, an address of a houseboat where the three heroes of the series, Van Williams (Ken Madison), Lee Patterson (Dave Thorne), and Troy Donahue (Sandy Winfield II) live.

The houseboat, one of the most amazing craft ever seen, is moored alongside a quay in Miami Bay.

Its rooms — living-room and "galley"—are luxurious, spacious, suitable for cocktail parties and business headquarters. The living-room even has a large stone fireplace.

The houseboat is part of the fairytale atmosphere. So, too, is the motor-cruiser moored alongside, where one of the trio's permanent girl-friends, Diane McBain, lives.

Her bedroom on the cruiser looks about as big as the master bedroom in a luxury house, with acres of filmy white curtains from floor to ceiling.

Chief of the private eyes, or the one who seems to do most of the work, is Lee Patterson as Dave Thorne. His partner is Van Williams as Ken Madison. Both these gentlemen are darkly handsome, a wonderful foil for cherubic blond Troy Donahue as Sandy Winfield II.

Sandy is actually a millionaire playboy. His big ambition is to be a big-time private eye. He is always round "Surfside Six" and every so often the partners keep him happy by giving him an assignment.

His life whether he is investigating or just hanging round is one long round of girls, girls, girls. They can't resist him, either, and he loves it.

Viewers love him, too. Troy is 26, 6ft. 3in., single, and has a penchant for clothes that are definitely in now with the young playboy about town. There is nothing conservative about his dressing.

Film start

Troy's real name is Merle Johnson. Merle as a christian name for a man sounds strange to Australian ears, but it is common in the United States. Troy's father, who died when Troy was 14, was Merle, too.

When young Merle got his film chance in 1956, a big chance that led to TV stardom, it was through an agent named Henry Willson.

Willson is famous in Hollywood for successful name changes.

He insisted that young Arthur Gelien become Tab Hunter, that Roy Fitzgerald change his name to Rock Hudson, and the moment he met Merle Johnson as a film prospect he started working on a new name for him.

Troy Donahue was his choice, and Troy is now a familiar name to millions of viewers.

Although Troy has a theatrical background, he started his life wanting to be a soldier. He was a star school athlete, shining at football, basketball, and athletics at the New York Military Academy.

He tried to enter the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, but a serious leg injury during an athletics meeting made him physically unfit.

There is even more, too, to "Surfside Six." As well as the glamor, handsome men, beauty, the houseboat, and the cruiser, there is the Boom-Boom Room and that intriguing nightclub entertainer Cha Cha O'Brien (Margarita Sierra).

Life is just a fairytale in "Surfside Six," but real or unreal it makes relaxing, unproblematic TV entertainment.

—NAN MUSGROVE

TROY DONAHUE, Merle Johnson that was, poses in his favorite shirt of the moment. Troy is a great man for the Hawaiian shirt. He generally chooses one in which red or a fierce bright blue color predominates.

WHEN a situation like this occurs in "Surfside Six," with Troy and Van Williams (right) competing for favors of a Miami Beach type of doll, Troy always wins.

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● **Chosen here for the home dressmaker are seven smart autumn-winter fashions. The designs incorporate the newest trends and colors for 1963. Each pattern includes detailed step-by-step instructions. Send orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.**

7811. — Simple treatment is seen in this two-piece late-day suit. The suit is shown in sapphire-blue silk, but would look equally chic in wool. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material or 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7810. — New formula for day wear (left), a belted one-piece in scarlet, with short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material for short-sleeved design and 2⅝yds. 54in. material for three-quarter sleeves. Price 4/6.

7817. — Body-skimming lines are seen in the one-piece dress, right. The uncluttered silhouette is an ideal "basic" to be dressed up or down with a variety of accessories. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

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AUTUMN-WINTER SEWING

7812.—Glamorous theatre coat (left), chosen here in rose-pink satin. Talking points: graceful back fullness, one-button fastening, and wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

7816. — Special two-way pattern (above) features a hooded dress and double-breasted jacket. The color team — red and black — is autumn news. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: dress, 3yds. 54in. material; jacket, 1¾yds. 54in. material. Price 5/-.

7809.—Smart little go-everywhere suit (above). The easy-fit collarless jacket has a self-material knot trim. The skirt has a slight flare. The color, wattle-yellow, is new again in fashion. The pattern is available in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

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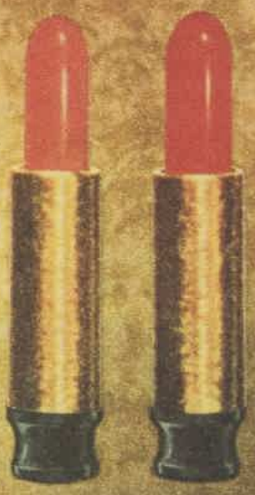

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THE CHINA GOVERNESS

The old secret of Turk Street threatens the young lovers . . . beginning our serial, the latest novel

By MARGERY ALLINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"IT was called the wickedest street in London and the entrance was just here. I imagine the mouth of the road lay between this lamp standard and the second from the next down there."

In the cold darkness of the early spring night the Chief Detective-Inspector of the area was talking like a guide-book with sly, proprietorial satisfaction. His companion, who had followed him out of the black, chauffeur-driven police car drawn up against the kerb, straightened himself and stood looking at the shadowy scene before him without speaking.

They were standing in the midst of the East End on a new pavement flanking a low wall beyond which, apart from a single vast building, there appeared to be a great deal of nothing at all in a half circle perhaps a quarter of a mile across. The great fleece which is London, clotted and matted and black with time and smoke, possesses here and there many similar bald spots. They are cleared war-damaged scars in various stages of reclamation. Around the edges of this particular site the network of small streets was bright and the arterial road by which they stood was a gleaming way bathed in orange light, but inside the half circle, despite the lighted windows of the building, it was sufficiently dark for the red glow which always hangs over the city at night to appear very deep in color.

"The Turk Street Mile has gone now, anyway," Munday went on. "A serious trouble spot for three hundred years, wiped out utterly and for ever in a single night by four landmines and a sprinkling of incendiaries in the first raid on London twenty years ago."

The other man was still silent. Superintendent Charles Luke was not as a rule at a loss for words. He was very tall, but his back and shoulder muscles were so heavy that he appeared shorter and there was a hint of the traditional gangster in his appearance, especially now as he stood with his hands in his trousers pockets, the skirt of his light tweed overcoat bunched behind him, and his soft hat pulled down over his dark face. The legacy of the past few years, which included promotion, marriage, fatherhood, widowerhood, and the Police Medal, had had remarkably little outward effect upon him.

"I understand that the district was considered a sort of sanctuary," the Chief was saying. "An Alsatia like the ancient one behind the Strand or Saffron Hill before World War I. They tell me there was a recognised swag-market down here."

Luke drew a long hand out of his pocket and pointed to a thin spire far away in the rusty sky. "That's St. Botolph's," he said. "Take a line from there to the old gasometer on the canal at the back of the cinema over there and you won't be far wrong. The Mile was a narrow winding street and in places the top floors of the buildings almost touched. Right in the middle there was a valley with very steep sides. The road dipped like a wall and went up again. That's why there was no through traffic to clear it. The surface hadn't been altered for generations; round cobbles. It was like walking over cannonballs.

"When you turned into The Mile from this end the first thing you saw was the biggest pawnshop you ever clapped eyes on and opposite, all convenient, was the Scimitar. That was a huge gin palace built on what you might call oriental lines. The street stalls ran down both sides of the way to the hill and every other one of them sported a strictly illegal crown-and-anchor board. The locals played all day. Early in the morning and late at night by naptha flares.

"Farther on, round the dip, was the residential quarter. I don't know if that's the term. People lived in caves. There's no other word for them. Have you even seen a beam eaten to a sponge by beetles? Magnify it and dress the beetles in a rag or two and that's about the picture. I went right through it once for a dare when I was about ten. My mother didn't get me completely clean for a month." He laughed. "Oh, The Mile was wicked enough in a way, depending on what you mean." He turned back to the scene before him and the enormous new block of Council dwellings.

"What the devil have you got there?" he inquired.

"It's a remarkable building." Munday was earnest. "In daylight it takes your breath away. It's the reason why I've had to disturb you tonight. Mr. Cornish felt Headquarters must be notified at once."

"Ah, he's the councillor, is he? The one who's going to get the knighthood for this lot?"

"I don't know about that, sir." The Chief was wooden. "I know he's got to raise the money to build five more of these."

Luke sniffed and surveyed the monster, scored with sun balconies and pitted with neat rows of windows, each one shrouded with a different pastel color. A sudden grin spread over his dark cockney face.

"Got the original families in there, Chief Inspector?" he inquired.

"Not exactly, sir. That's some of tonight's story. I'm given to understand that although it's the primary object of all these big improvement schemes to house the portion of the populace which has been rendered homeless by enemy action, twenty years is a very long time.

"The tendency has been to allot these very exceptional people who have proved themselves first-class tenants in the temporary accommodation which was rustled up for them just after the war, prefabs and suchlike."

"You've got a hand-picked lot here, have you? And that's why this present spot of bother which is only 'wilful damage' has so upset the dovecotes? I see. Come on."

They set off together down the partially constructed concrete ramp. "Some of these local government big boys are remarkably like the old-time squires. Someone has got irritated by it, perhaps?"

"I don't know." Munday shrugged his shoulders. "My information is that the couple whose home has been wrecked are a sort of show pair. The old boy is finishing his time at the Alandel branch factory down the road and he's reputed not to have an enemy in the world. The same thing goes for the old lady who is his second wife. I believe there's a temporary lodger, a skilled worker from Alandel's. They got permission to take him in for six weeks' trial and the rent was properly adjusted, so it can't be jealousy on the part of the neighbors. The damage appears to be remarkable, and the feeling is that it may be directed against the building itself, the Council that is, and not the tenants at all."

"Could be. Who have you got out here?"

"A good man, Sergeant Stockwell. He thinks it's the work of a small gang. Possibly juveniles. He doesn't like the look of it, but he doesn't see what can be done before morning. However, Mr. Cornish—"

"He wants the top brass, does he?" Luke was good-tempered but fierce. "Here it is, then. Both of it. We'll go and give him a toot."

His amused, contemptuous mood persisted as they entered the aluminium-lined passenger elevator which carried them up to the top floor.

"It's all very quiet. What's everybody doing behind the fancy drapery?" he muttered.

"The trouble is on the other side of the building, sir. Top floor. All the doors are on that service side." Munday sounded defensive. "It's not quite like a street. A lot can happen without the neighbors knowing."

Luke opened his mouth to say something acid but at that moment they arrived and he stepped out of the silver box to be confronted by a prospect of his beloved city which he had never seen before.

Munday touched his sleeve. "This way, Mr. Luke."

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Julia clung tightly to Timothy as if afraid to let him go — ever.

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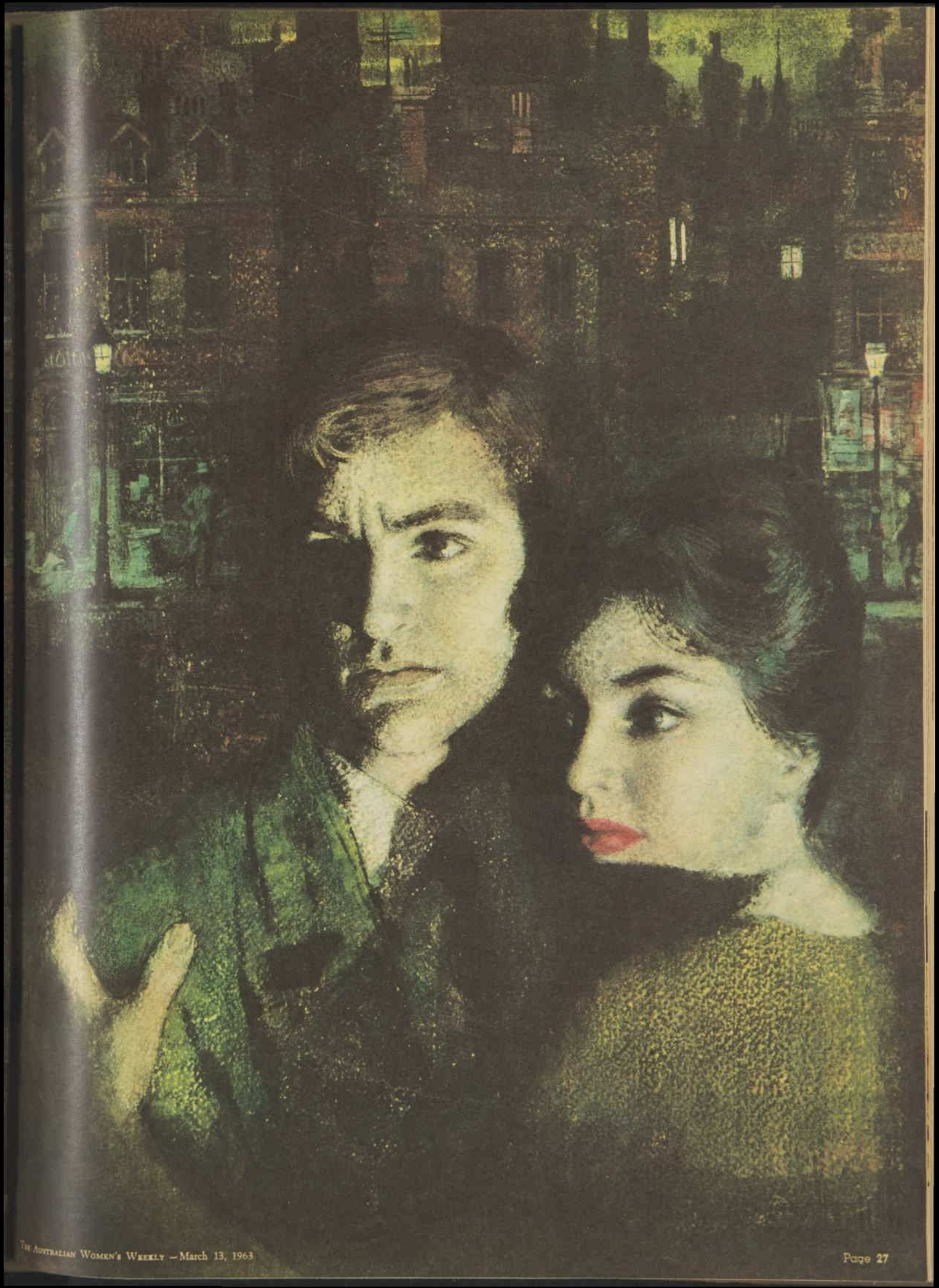

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THE ENTHUSIAST

A gay, romantic short story

By A. E. ADAMS

I'D just finished with Howard Spring and was straightening up Paul Gallico and getting ready to dust him when he walked into the bookshop. A blond giant of a man! He must have been at least six feet four. A big mop of curly hair, a fine tan, and the bluest eyes you've ever seen. And the shoulders!

Well, he grins at me, glances at my books, grins again, and heads up the floor. Long, purposeful strides, his head brushing "Colossal Sales" — "Two For The Price Of One," and goes right over to Henson Horticultural. I just couldn't take my eyes off him and me standing there holding my feather-duster like I'd just seen Adonis and he'd asked me out.

Henson must have been rearranging "Thistles Of The World" at the time, because she drops an armful and gapes up at him like she's been stung. I couldn't hear what he'd asked for, but he must have given her the impression that he intended buying out — lock, stock, and barrel. That flirt. Smiling up at him and nodding and posing and fixing her hair, and it like rats' tails and her reaching across the counter for a book on indoor plants and watching me and Mr. Barker, the floor manager.

I saw him nodding — the big, beautiful wolf — and Henson fixing her earrings and smiling like it wasn't Monday and her having a date with Marlon Brando and it optional. Well, she's wrapping up the book he'd bought, her nattering away and cooing like she'd known him all her life and peeping at Mr. Barker under her mascara to see if he's jealous.

Well, he pays her and the way she took his money you'd have thought it was a sin to charge him anything, and that she'd be only too delighted to pay him for the privilege of serving him! The gall of the girl. Well, she smiles him past "Rural England," "Great Men," and "Greeting Cards," but then loses sight of him at "Potted Plants." And I did as well.

Then it was Bessie Briars' turn — and she could sell ice-cream to the Eskimos — and you should have seen the sparkle in his eyes and the flush in his face when she holds up "Caesar's Rose — Special This Week!" Well, you'd have thought she'd shown him a rare orchid. He's holding up the pot to the light and grinning like a big yellow cat. I'm sure he must have misinterpreted the tag on it. Rose! It was more like a burnt mushroom.

Well, he bought it — together with six of those plants which require no moisture at any time. They were Briars' own specialities.

I was sure I'd lost him when he backed away from "Potted Plants" and bumped into "Racing Cars" and "Motor Bikes." The way those shelves rocked back and forth! I thought there'd be the daddy of a pile-up. But no, once the shelves steadied he turned right round — and his eyes met mine! Well, my heart stopped and I dropped my feather-duster. Then he ambled over, carrying the book and the potted plants and smiling and grinning — and smiling.

I lifted up the duster and Paul Gallico's "Confessions of a Storyteller," and I felt my knees go all wobbly and my mouth go dry and butterflies in my tummy. Well, he just stood there, looking kind of shyly at Paul Gallico; then at me, and then at Paul again. I thought I'd die! You never saw such a man.

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As the handsome customer approached her the pretty assistant smiled brightly.

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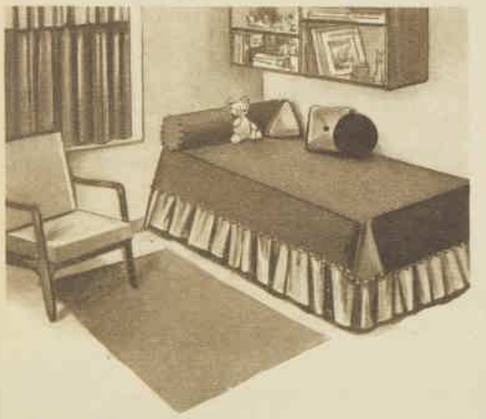

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The doll's house

A short short story

By Enid Ros Graham

Made with loving care, it brought them a chance of unexpected happiness ahead.

ON the point of leaving the flat, Tom Bennett turned back to his wife. "Darling, it's really time you told Kathy we were leaving. Mrs. Burton, too. They've both got to get used to the idea."

Jayne nodded. "I know. I'll tell Kathy today — but I just dread breaking the news to Mrs. Burton. Why, she's so devoted to Kathy she might be her grandmother . . ."

She moved uncertainly into the living-room. Absurd to be scared of telling Kathy that they were moving to the country. Actually, the change would be wonderful. Tom and she were going to run Brookside House, a charming little guest-house owned by Tom's uncle, who wanted to retire.

Kathy had run across the hall to Mrs. Burton's right after breakfast. Really, she treated that flat like a second home. One of the attractions, of course, was the doll's house. Mrs. Burton let Kathy play with it, move the furniture around, do anything she fancied.

Kathy had spotted the doll's house being carried in when Mrs. Burton came to live in the flats, nearly a year ago. "Mummy, look — it's a doll's house!" she had cried, running after the moving men.

"Come back here, Kathy!" Jayne had called, thinking for the hundredth time how impetuous the child was. "Kathy—"

"She can come and look at the doll's house all she wants, once the moving men have gone." Mrs. Burton, a sweet-faced elderly woman, brought Kathy back to her mother. "I'm building the doll's house myself — for my little granddaughter. They live in England now, but some day they'll be back—" Her voice trailed off, and Jayne noticed how tired she looked.

Jayne held out her hand. "I'm Jayne Bennett—we live across the hall. Look, why don't you come in and have a cup of coffee? We can leave the door open, so the moving men can call you if they need you."

As they had coffee and cake, Mrs. Burton told them about the doll's house. "I've been working on it for two years," she explained. "Carving the little beds and sofas and chairs." She explained that she used a drill for some of the work, but used a carving knife for most of it.

That was the beginning of a great friendship between Mrs. Burton and Kathy. From then on, the Bennetts had no need for a baby-sitter. Mrs. Burton was always happy to have Kathy. "You run off to your shopping; Kathy can stay with me," she would tell Jayne. Or suggest, "Why don't you and your husband go see the show at the Regal? I'll put Kathy to bed and I can carve just as well in your kitchen as mine."

The truth was, of course, that Mrs. Burton was lonely. Apparently she had few relatives and only the one son, Ralph, in England. "Perhaps some day I'll do something," she would say to Jayne. "Take a job, if I can get one at my age. I'm quite a good cook."

Now, closing the door behind her, Jayne went slowly across the hall to Mrs. Burton's flat. She hated having to tell her that they were leaving. Mrs. Burton would miss Kathy so much. Perhaps she would come and see them in the summer — spend a week or so with them.

Opening the door, Mrs. Burton beamed at her. "Kathy's very busy," she said. "She's in the kitchen, cutting out paper napkins for the doll's house. I suppose you want her—"

"Not yet," Jayne said quickly. "There's something I've got to tell you. Kathy doesn't know yet. We—we're leaving here next week."

She had been right about Mrs. Burton's reaction to the news. The older woman's face fell as she listened, and her eyes were bleak. But, as Jayne ended, she tried to smile. "I'll miss you," she said. "I'll miss little Kathy terribly! But I'm glad for you all. Imagine having a lovely guest-house to run—and the country for Kathy! I'm sure you'll all be happy there—"

"Kathy will miss you, you've been so good to her," Jayne said. She felt her own voice tremble, and strove for lightness. "And of course she'll miss that wonderful doll's house. There never was such a doll's house . . ."

There was a silence after that. Long, deep-felt. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Burton smiled. "Kathy needn't miss the doll's house," she said. "It's hers. I shall give it to her as a good-bye gift!" As Jayne started to expostulate, she went on quickly. "I want her to have it. I can easily start another one — it will be something to do—"

"But your little granddaughter!" Jayne said. "You made it for her!"

Mrs. Burton shook her head. "There isn't any granddaughter," she said. "And I don't suppose there ever will be. Neither Ralph nor his wife is very fond of children." She managed to smile. "I guess I just invented a granddaughter because — well, it seemed rather silly making a doll's house for myself at my age. But I've always wanted one — I enjoy the carving and making tiny accessories. I suppose I would have given it to some charity in the end—"

Jayne did not answer. She was thinking hard. There was no little granddaughter. And no one apparently who cared very much what Mrs. Burton did with herself.

"Listen!" Jayne said, her face flushing. "Why don't you come with us to the guest-house? There's a million things you could do. Give me a hand with the cooking, maybe, or help at the reception desk. Or just keep an eye on Kathy—Tom and I will be so terribly busy and Kathy won't go to school for another year!" She added quickly, as Mrs. Burton stared, incredulous, "We may not be able to afford much of a salary at first—but you could have a nice, big, sunny room—and board, of course!"

Mrs. Burton smiled at her. "You're almost as impetuous as Kathy—and I love you for it," she said. "I—I'd like to think about it. But you'd better talk to your husband first."

"Tom'll be delighted," Jayne said. "I know. He was only saying the other day what a shame it was that Kathy has no grandmother. And we've both been worried about Kathy missing you—"

She stopped as Kathy herself ran in from the kitchen. "I've cut out plenty of napkins for a dolls' party," she said happily. "Now what shall I do?"

"Now suppose you put the scissors down and go home with mummy for a while," Mrs. Burton said to her. "Mummy has a big surprise for you." She looked at Jayne, and her smile flashed out. "Every bit as big as the surprise your mummy has just given me!"

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ONE PINK CARNATION

Letitia walked past the heavily bandaged patient and he lifted a hand in cheerful greeting.

LETITIA CRANSTON pushed the flower-shop door shut against the cold wind and stood looking around at the blaze of fragrant spring flowers. She tried to decide what would appeal to Professor Mortimer. But all she could think of was that she could have been at a house party in Carmel with Bob Landon, her boy-friend, if she hadn't been so "sentimental, half-witted, unrealistic!"

Those were her room-mate Kitty's words. She had added: "You've been thinking Bob was on the verge of proposing to you. He's the salt of the earth, and you pass up an opportunity like this just because it's your boss' birthday and you promised to visit him in hospital. You ought to have your head examined, Letty!"

Feeling something touch her coat, Letitia turned to see the assistant pinning a pink carnation in her buttonhole.

Flushing with pleasure, she said, "Why, thank you so much, it's lovely!"

"Touch of spring. What can I do for you?"

"I want something for an elderly man recovering from a heart attack."

He pointed out pots of sunny daffodils, rosy azaleas, fruit blossoms, but she kept looking down at the flower on her coat. "I guess there's nothing prettier than the pink carnations," she said. "I think I'll have a dozen of them."

"What do you do?" he asked.

"I'm a secretary for a history professor."

"Sounds tough," he said.

As she went outside, the scent of the flower on her coat seemed to envelop her, and she felt suddenly warmed and glad to be alive. She almost enjoyed the buffeting wind as she walked the few blocks to the hospital.

On the third floor she stopped as usual, to look through the nursery windows at the new babies. Finally tearing herself away, she hurried down the corridor, remembering with a lash-like sting another of Kitty's pronouncements: "If you don't quit mooning over old gentlemen and babies," she'd said, "you'll never get a man!"

She hesitated at the open door of the two-bed room and saw that the professor's room-mate, whose head was swathed with bandages, was awake. During all the weeks she had been coming here, she had never seen a flower or a visitor at his bedside.

When she walked past his bed, he lifted a hand in greeting and she smiled and said, "I hope you're feeling better."

He nodded, and she went on to Professor Mortimer.

"Happy birthday!" she said, giving him the flowers.

His eyes looked misty for a moment, and he said, "You're the only one who remembered." He admired the carnations and said, "My wife used to love these. You couldn't have pleased me more."

On her way out she saw that the other patient was asleep, and he looked so lonely and somehow abandoned, with the thick head bandages, that she tip-toed to his bedside, removed the carnation from her lapel, took one last whiff of it, and laid it on his pillow.

That evening trying not to think of Bob and the house party, Letitia made cookies and was filling two boxes with them when Kitty appeared, dressed to go out.

"I thought I smelled cookies," she said, helping herself.

"I'm going to take some to Professor Mortimer."

"Why two boxes?"

"I'll give some to that poor man in the room with him. He looks so forlorn and nobody ever comes to see him."

"Oh, for heaven's sakes, Letty, you and your lame ducks!"

At the hospital the next afternoon, Letitia found the bandaged man sitting up. He pointed to the flower in a glass of water on his bedside table.

"Thank you," he said, "it's a spot of cheer. Like you."

She gave him the cookies. "I made these last night, maybe you can nibble them in your spare time."

"I have plenty of that," he said, and it seemed strange to her, and somehow gallant, to see his eyes twinkling in the sea of bandages. They talked for a minute, and then she heard the professor calling her querulously beyond the curtain.

From then on she always stopped to chat with the bandaged man. From the way his eyes lighted up when she appeared, she was sure he looked forward to her visits.

Finally, the professor's doctor let him go home, and before he left Letitia said goodbye to his room-mate, gave him some fudge and wished him a speedy recovery.

She still visited Professor Mortimer at his house every day until he could go back to work. And one afternoon she came home and found a telegram from Bob Landon. He was flying into town that night, and would be at her apartment at nine o'clock to ask her an important question. She could leave a message at his hotel if she couldn't see him.

Going up to the apartment in a starry-eyed daze, she found Kitty entertaining a stranger, a man with blue eyes and a humorous, rough-hewn face. On the table was a long florist's box and several other packages.

"Where in the world have you been keeping this beguiling creature, Letty?" Kitty asked, sparkling roguishly.

The man rose, took Letty's hand and said, "I've missed you, Letitia."

She felt her face grow hot. This must be one of Kitty's jokes.

"I have to get dressed for a dinner date, so I'll leave you two alone," Kitty said, and hurried into her room.

He said, "Kitty's been telling me how you've spent so much time visiting some old codgers in the hospital, and she's glad you've found me."

Letitia felt as if her heart were bobbing up and down like a yo-yo. "Your voice sounds familiar," she said, "but I haven't an idea who you are. Should I know you?"

"Of course you should, but I suppose I do look different without my bandages. I'm Adam Wallace."

"I didn't even know your name!"

He laughed and his blue eyes were teasing. "I had to do a bit of sleuthing to find out your last one. The professor flatly refused to tell me. Said you were the best secretary he'd ever had and he wasn't going to give you up. I finally got it through the University."

He handed her the florist's box and she lifted the cover and saw dozens of ruffled pink carnations. Then he unwrapped a bottle of pink champagne, a two-inch thick steak, and a basket of mushrooms.

"I came out from New York for a month's vacation," he said, "and got knocked over by a taxi. I didn't know a soul in town, and your visits were the highlight of my days. And now, if you urge me, I could stay for dinner."

She glanced down at the telegram she was still holding.

"Another date?" he said, his face falling. "Is it important?"

"Yes, I have a date to tell a man I'll marry him."

"Oh. I suppose you're very much in love with him?"

"Why, of course I—" Her words slowed and stopped as his blue eyes looked deeply into hers. She felt as if she were soaring on an escalator, and as she soared Bob's handsome, arrogant face receded and disappeared.

"You were saying?" Adam said.

"I was saying," she said, throwing the telegram into the fireplace and reaching for the phone, "that of course I don't love him! I'll leave a message at his hotel and then we'll have dinner."

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A short short story By ALICE MEANS REEVE

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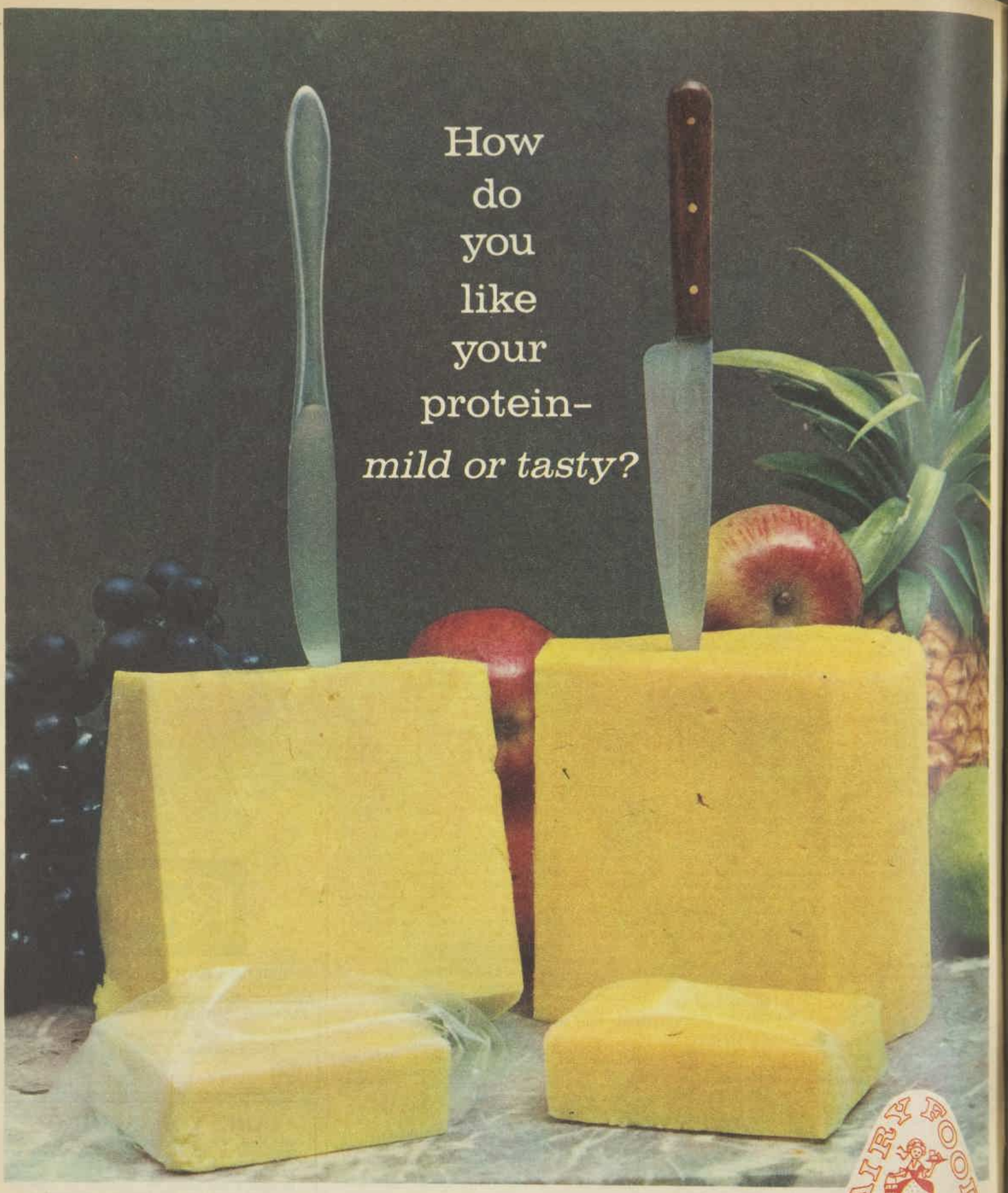

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Blue ribbon CAKES AND BISCUITS

● In this four-page feature are recipes for a variety of cakes and biscuits — each worthy of a blue ribbon award for perfection and popularity.

Small cakes

ON this page are recipes for small cakes suitable to serve at afternoon teas, for lunchbox specials, and as after-school snacks.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes. Plain flour is used unless otherwise stated.

BUTTERNUT SQUARES

Half cup butter or substitute, 1½ cups brown sugar (firmly packed), 1½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 4oz. flaked coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with ½ cup of the sugar until light and fluffy. Mix in 1 cup of sifted flour and salt. Spread over base of greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Mix remaining sugar and flour together, mix in vanilla, eggs, walnuts, coconut. When cake has baked the 15 minutes, remove from oven, quickly spread over prepared nut mixture. Return to oven, continue baking further 30 minutes or until topping has set and browned. Cool in tin then cut into squares to serve.

CHOCOLATE SUNBUDS

Half cup butter or substitute, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1oz. chocolate (melted), 1 cup flour, 1 egg-white, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts, jam of your choice such as apricot, raspberry, strawberry.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, salt, and egg-yolk. Blend in melted chocolate, fold in flour. Chill at least 30 minutes in refrigerator to firm. Shape into 2in. balls with lightly floured hands, dip in slightly beaten egg-white. Roll in chopped walnuts, place in greased patty-tins. Make slight indentation in top of each with thumb. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Remove, press centres again, loosen and cool in tins. Just before serving spoon little jam into centre of each.

HONEY SPUN CAKE

Eight ounces clear honey, 4oz. castor-sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, ¼ pint water, 2 eggs, 10oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. ground almonds, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, lemon icing, almonds for decoration.

Put honey, sugar, butter or substitute, and water in saucepan. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves and butter melts; cool slightly. Sift dry ingredients into bowl, make well in centre, gradually pour in beaten eggs and liquid mixture. Lastly fold in ground almonds, stir lightly until mixed. Turn into lightly greased and paper-lined shallow square tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to cool in tin, then turn out carefully. Top cake with lemon icing, decorate with almonds. Cut into squares to serve.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT GEMS

One-third cup finely chopped walnuts, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ¼ cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 egg, vanilla, 1½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup cornflour, pinch salt, 4oz. chocolate, 1oz. solid white shortening, coconut, chopped walnuts or almonds for decorating.

Place walnuts, 1-3rd cup sugar, evaporated milk in small saucepan; stir over medium heat until thickened (about 8 minutes), add vanilla and cool thoroughly. Cream butter, icing-sugar, and brown sugar, beat well. Add beaten egg and vanilla, beat until smooth. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, cornflour, and salt; mix to stiff dough. Shape into about 3 dozen small balls. Make deep indentation in each with thumb, fill with walnut mixture, mould over to cover filling. Put in heated greased gem-irons, bake in hot oven until cooked (about 15 minutes); cool. Place chocolate and shortening in small bowl over hot water. Heat gently until melted. Dip cakes in, drain, then dip in any one of the decoration ingredients listed above. Allow to set.

COCONUT FAIRY CAKES

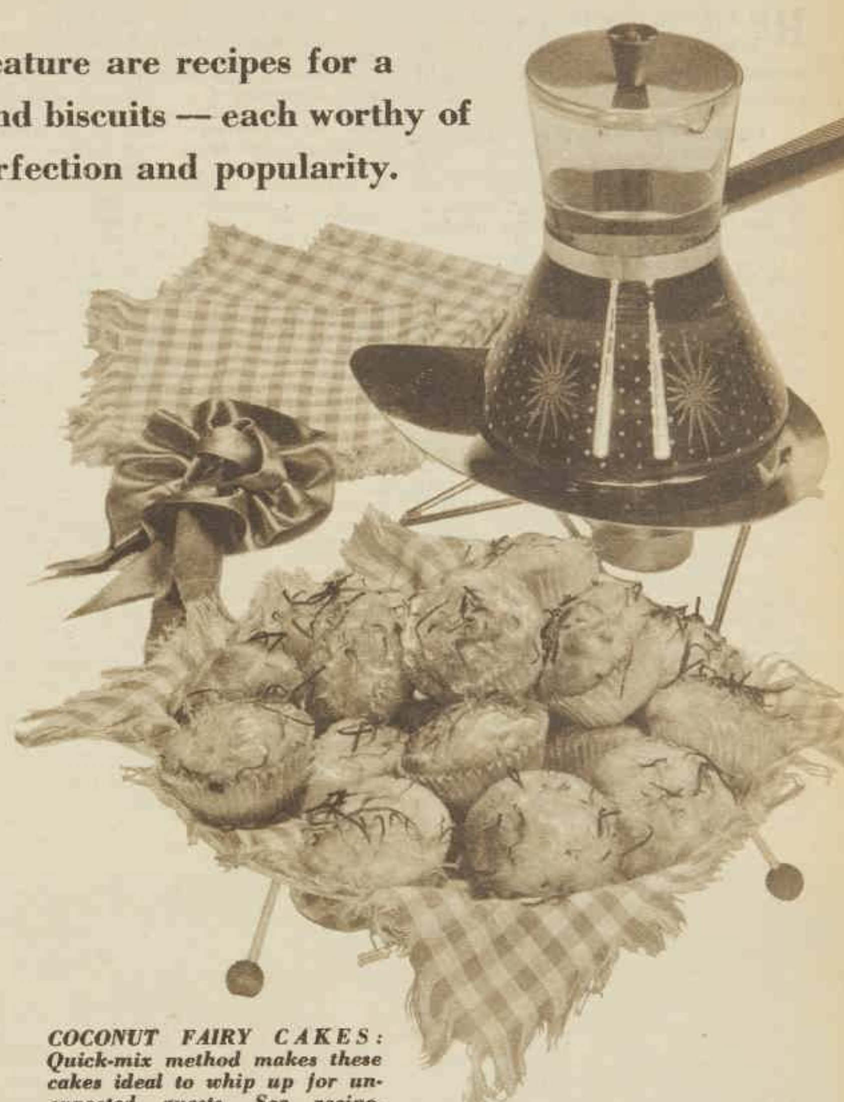
Two and a quarter cups sifted flour, ¾ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup salad oil, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs (separated), extra ¼ cup sugar, shredded or flaked coconut.

Sift together into bowl the flour, ¾ cup sugar, baking-powder, salt. Make well in centre of ingredients, add salad oil, half the milk and vanilla. Beat 1 minute by hand or electric mixer. Add remaining milk and egg-yolks, beat 1 minute longer. Stiffly beat egg-whites, add extra sugar gradually; fold into cake mixture. Spoon into paper patty-containers and sprinkle over coconut. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

PERTHSHIRE TEA BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ cup each of chopped candied cherries, candied pineapple, peel and raisins, ½ cup icing-sugar, lemon juice.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light, beat in vanilla and eggs. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, salt, and nutmeg alternately with chopped fruits. Fill into greased and lined 8in. square sandwich-tin, spread out evenly with knife. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes; cool. Add enough lemon juice to icing-sugar to make smooth paste. Spread over cake, cut into squares.



COCONUT FAIRY CAKES: Quick-mix method makes these cakes ideal to whip up for unexpected guests. See recipe.

SNOWFLAKE MERINGUES

Two egg-whites, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup flaked coconut, 2 cups corn cereal, 6oz. chocolate bits or chopped chocolate, ½ teaspoon vanilla, glace cherries (cut in halves).

Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually add sugar, beat until stiff and satiny. Add salt, fold in remaining ingredients, except cherries. Drop in teaspoonfuls on greased oven-slides, place cherry half on each. Bake in slow oven 25 to 30 minutes. Loosen and cool on trays.

DOVER ROCK CAKES

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup brown sugar (packed), 2 small eggs, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each ground cloves and allspice, ½ cup buttermilk, 1½ cups chopped walnuts or other nuts, 4oz. glace cherries, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup currants, 3 slices crystallised pineapple (diced), 1 cup coarsely diced, pitted dates, ½ cup sultanas, wine or brandy.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs, beat well. Sift together flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk; mix well. Combine all nuts and fruits in large bowl, add first mixture. Mix all well together. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased oven-slides, bake in moderate oven about 15 to 20 minutes. Loosen, cool on trays. While still warm, sprinkle over wine.

FUDGE BROWNIES

Six ounces semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 2-3rd cup sweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, salt, 1 cup chopped nuts.

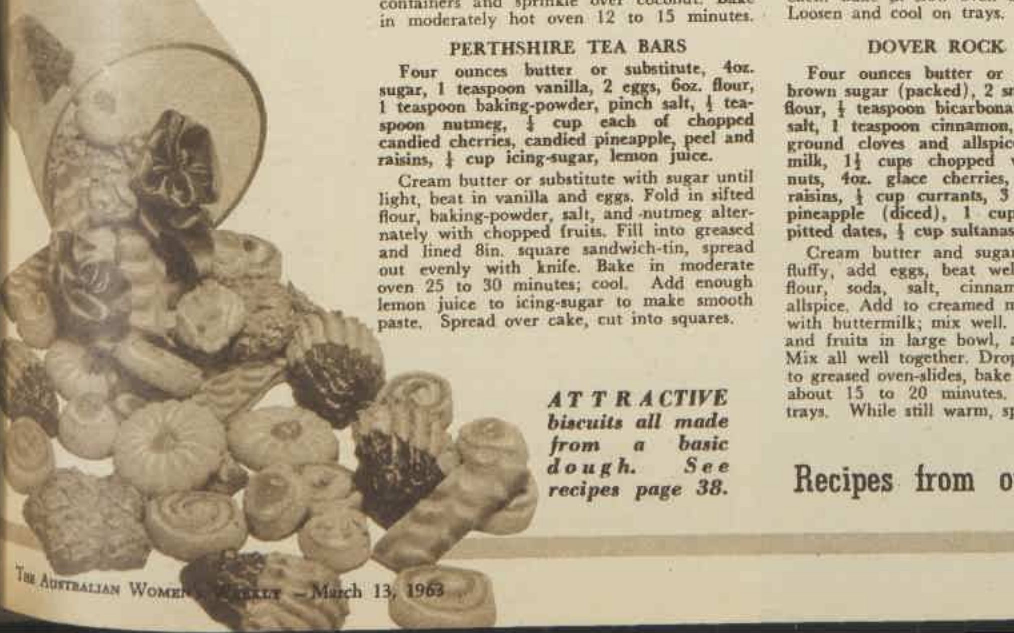
Melt chocolate in top half of double boiler over hot water. Remove from heat, beat in condensed milk, vanilla, salt, nuts. Spread into greased 8in. square sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool, cut into small squares.

BANANA CREAM WINNERS

Half cup butter or substitute, 2 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup mashed bananas (about 3 medium sized), ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts, ½ cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, chopped walnuts.

Cream butter or substitute until softened, sift in flour, sugar, baking-powder, soda, salt, nutmeg. Add banana, milk, vanilla; mix until all flour is dampened, then beat vigorously 2 minutes. Add eggs, beat 2 minutes longer; stir in nuts. Fill into shallow greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until done. Combine sour cream with brown sugar. When cake is baked, spread this mixture over it. Sprinkle with extra nuts, return to oven until frosting is set. Cut into squares.

Continued overleaf



ATTRACTIVE biscuits all made from a basic dough. See recipes page 38.

Recipes from our LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

RECIPES on these two pages include cakes for every occasion, with some unusual fillings and frostings that add glamor and flavor.

CHOCOLATE MIDNIGHT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 dessertpoon rum, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons drinking chocolate, good ¾ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar with boiling water until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time and beat well, then add rum. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into greased bar-tin or two 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake bar-tin 45 to 50 minutes or sandwich-tins 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, top with the following:

Fluffy Frosting: Two ounces butter, 1½ cups sifted icing-sugar, 2oz. drinking chocolate, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 egg-white, shredded coconut.

Cream butter, gradually adding 1 cup of icing-sugar, drinking chocolate, and rum. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add remaining icing-sugar, fold into chocolate mixture. Spread over top of cake, decorate with shredded coconut.

FRUITED APPLE RING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon each of salt, nutmeg, and spice, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1½ cups unsweetened apple pulp, 1 cup raisins, extra ½ cup flour, icing-sugar.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with apple pulp, and lastly add raisins which have been mixed with extra flour and walnuts. Bake in greased 8in. ring-tin in moderate oven 1 hour. Cool slightly, turn on to cake-cooler, dust lightly with icing-sugar.

GINGERBREAD PRINCESS

Fourteen ounces wholemeal plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 4oz. finely chopped mixed peel, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1¼ cups milk, 6oz. brown sugar, 10oz. golden syrup, 2 eggs, preserved ginger for decoration.

Sift together all dry ingredients, rub in butter or substitute. Add brown sugar and chopped mixed peel. Measure syrup into saucepan, allow to warm, mix with beaten eggs and milk. Pour into centre of dry ingredients and mix in (consistency will be very wet). Pour into lamington-tin or shallow square tin which has been lined with paper and greased. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Carefully remove from tin when cooked, allow to cool. Cut into even-sized squares, top each with piece of preserved ginger. Or if desired coat with thin layer of lemon-flavored warm icing and sprinkle with chopped ginger.

COCONUT PINE CAKE

One cup crushed canned pineapple, ½ cup pineapple syrup, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg, 1¼ cups flour, 1¼ teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup flaked or shredded coconut, ¼ cup each brown sugar and walnuts (chopped), extra 2oz. butter (melted).

Drain pineapple well and measure syrup. Thoroughly cream together butter or substitute, sugar, and vanilla. Add egg and beat well. Sift together flour, baking-powder, and salt; fold into creamed mixture alternately with pineapple syrup. Spread half the batter in greased and lined 8in. sandwich-tin; spoon pineapple on top. Cover with remaining batter. Combine coconut with brown sugar and nuts, sprinkle all over batter. Drizzle over melted butter; bake cake in moderate oven about 45 to 50 minutes. Serve warm topped with extra pineapple and accompanied by whipped sweetened cream.

BRAZILIAN JEWEL CAKE

Twelve ounces brazil nuts, 12oz. dates, 3oz. cherries (halved), 6oz. flour, pinch salt, ¾ teaspoon baking-powder, 8oz. sugar, 4 large eggs, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry.

Roughly chop nuts and dates, leaving some whole for the top. Place fruit and nuts in bowl, add sifted flour, salt, baking-powder; mix in sugar. Separate eggs, whisk egg-whites until stiff, fold in egg-yolks, then mix into nuts and fruit with the sherry. Fill into large loaf-tin or square or round 7in. cake-tin lined with layer of white paper. Arrange reserved whole nuts and dates on top. Bake in moderately slow oven about 1½ hours.

SUGAR-PLUM COFFEE CAKE

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup salad oil, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rd cup milk, 1 can strained prunes (use baby food pack or prepare your own), ¼ cup brown sugar, extra 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ¼ cup chopped walnuts.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together. In basin combine salad oil, sugar, and egg; beat until well mixed. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and milk alternately. Pour batter into square 8in. shallow cake-tin, spread strained prunes on top. Combine the sugar, extra flour, cinnamon, and melted butter in separate basin, mix in walnuts. Sprinkle over top of prunes evenly. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Serve warm, in squares.

SUMMER GOSSAMER CAKE

One cup plus 2 tablespoons flour (sifted twice before measuring), ¾ cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup oil, 2 unbeaten egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons pineapple juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 egg-whites, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Mix together the flour (sifted again with baking-powder and salt) and the sugar. Make well in centre of ingredients, add oil, egg-yolks, pineapple juice, and lemon rind. Beat with wooden spoon until smooth. In separate basin whip egg-whites and cream of tartar until very stiff, fold into egg-yolk mixture. Fill into large ungreased tube-pan or 2 smaller tube-pans. Bake 50 to 55 minutes in moderately slow oven. (Avoid piercing with skewer to test.) When cooked, turn upside down to cool with tube part of pan resting on cake-cooler. When cold, loosen sides with knife, turn out.

Gossamer Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons pineapple juice, 1¾ cups sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, pink food coloring, small flowers for decoration such as cornflowers.

Place egg-whites, lemon juice, and pineapple juice with sugar in large heatproof basin. Beat over saucepan of hot water 14 minutes or until mixture is smooth, shiny, and will hold its shape. Beat in cream of tartar and coloring. Quickly spread over cake, rough up with fork if desired. Just before serving decorate with small flowers.

CHOC-ORANGE LAYER CAKE

One cup grated chocolate or ½ cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee powder, 2-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup milk, extra 1 cup sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, extra 1 scant cup milk, 8oz. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking-powder.

Place chocolate, coffee powder, sugar, vanilla, and milk in saucepan; stir over low heat until sugar dissolves (do not allow to boil). Remove from heat, allow to cool. Cream butter with extra sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in extra milk, beat until smooth; then add cooled chocolate mixture. Lastly fold in sifted dry ingredients. Pour mixture into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Split each cake in half, join layers with orange filling, cover with frosting.

Orange Filling: Three tablespoons butter, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, orange juice.

Beat butter until soft, gradually add icing-sugar and sufficient orange juice to make smooth spreading consistency.

Frosting: One and a half cups sifted icing-sugar, 3oz. chocolate (chopped), 1 egg, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon coffee powder, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Melt chocolate in basin over boiling water, remove from heat. Add icing-sugar, coffee powder, hot water, vanilla. Gradually add beaten egg and butter. Stand basin in pan of iced water, beat until thickened.

SATIN FUDGE CAKE and Cherry Cream Ring: Two cakes that will always be popular for serving at formal afternoon-tea gatherings. Recipes given on these pages.

RIPPLE RING

Half cup butter or substitute, ¾ cup su[gar], 2 eggs, 1½ cups sifted flour, pinch sal[t], [2] teaspoons baking-powder, 2-3rds cup [milk], 1-3rd cup instant drinking chocolate, 1-3rd [cup] chopped walnuts, extra 2 tablespoons bu[tter].

Cream together the butter, sugar, and [eggs] until light and fluffy. Sift together the fl[our], salt, and baking-powder, add to creamed [mix]ture alternately with milk, beating well a[fter] each addition. Spoon 1-3rd of batter [into] greased 8in. ring-tin. Sprinkle over half [the] drinking chocolate and walnuts, dot with [half] the butter. Repeat layers, ending with ba[tter]. Bake in moderate oven about 45 t[o] ... minutes. Stand 5 minutes, turn out, serve wa[rm].

CHERRY CREAM RING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 5oz. su[gar], 1 teaspoon lemon rind (finely grated), [2] eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, ... cup chopped cherries.

Cream butter and sugar with the lem[on] rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating [well] after each addition. Fold in sifted flour al[ter]nately with milk and lastly fold in chop[ped] cherries. Fill into greased ring-tin (8in.) [and] bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minu[tes]. Allow to cool in tin about 10 minutes [then] carefully turn on to cake-cooler.

Cherry Cream: Four ounces butter, ... cream cheese, 3 cups sifted icing-sugar, ... or 2 tablespoons maraschino cherry syr[up], little pink coloring (if required), few d[rops] cherry or grenadine essence, ½ cup chop[ped] maraschino cherries.

Beat butter and cream cheese until smo[oth]. Gradually add icing-sugar and cherry sy[rup], beat until smooth. Color as desired, fl[avor] with essence. Lastly fold in chopped cher[ries]. Spread over top and sides of cooled c[ake], cake, using flat-bladed knife.

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SUMMER GOSSAMER CAKE is enhanced with frosting and fresh flowers. The biscuits are Daisy Buds, Pretty Poppies, Popcorn Pirates, Brazilian Dreams. See overleaf for biscuit recipes.

SATIN FUDGE CAKE

Two-thirds cup soft butter or substitute, 1 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ounces chocolate (chopped), 2¼ cups flour ifted twice before measuring), 1¼ teaspoons carbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup water.

Cream butter and sugar together and add one at a time, beating well after each; vanilla. Melt chocolate in small basin over water, allow to cool. Blend cooled choco- into butter mixture, fold in sifted flour, and salt alternately with iced water. into two 6in. sandwich-tins (greased and ined on base). Bake in moderate oven to 35 minutes or until cooked through. ove from tins when cooked, cool on cake- er. Prepare frosting.

Satin Frosting: Two and a half ounces un- ened chocolate, 2¼ cups sifted icing-sugar, tablespoons hot water, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup ter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream, ts for decoration.

Melt chocolate in mixing-bowl over hot er; remove from heat. Blend in icing-sugar water, beat in egg, then softened butter vanilla. Beat mixture well over iced water thickened. Spread over top of cakes which been sandwiched together with whipped m. Decorate with walnuts.

Continued overleaf

GINGERBREAD PRINCESS: These gingerbread squares can be topped with lemon glaze instead of preserved ginger if preferred.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCHIES: These crunchy biscuit layers sandwiched together with rich chocolate cream should be a blue-ribbon prizewinner. See the recipe overleaf.

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BISCUITS

BASIC BUTTER BISCUITS

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 12oz. flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar together with vanilla until white and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Sift dry ingredients together, gradually work into mixture; chill.

Variations: Use any of the following variations and bake all biscuits on greased oven-slides in moderately hot oven about 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen, allow to cool on trays.

Almond Nut: Blend together in small basin 1 cup finely chopped almonds, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1oz. melted chocolate, ½ cup sugar, 1 small beaten egg. Roll half basic dough out thinly on floured board, spread mixture over evenly. Sprinkle 2 cups crushed corn cereal over, press in with rolling-pin. Cut into fancy shapes; bake.

Glace Balls: Roll basic dough into small balls, bake as directed. When cool, ice with little glace icing flavored with lemon and colored as desired. Top with cherry pieces, chopped nuts, or nonpareils.

Coffee Mallows: Roll out basic dough thinly, cut into finger lengths; bake as directed. When cool, cover with thin layer of coffee-flavored glace icing, then quickly pipe strips of white icing across still wet coffee icing. With small skewer draw lines through icing to form pretty marbled effect.

Chocolate Cockles: Pipe basic mixture on to oven-slides through star-tube to form shell shapes; bake as directed. When cool, dip narrow ends in chocolate glaze (made by melting together 3oz. chopped chocolate and 1oz. solid white shortening over hot water).

Nutty Whirls: Blend 1 cup peanut butter with 2oz. to 3oz. grated chocolate. Roll out basic dough thinly, spread over prepared mixture. Roll up into long thin roll. Cut into ¼in.-thick slices; bake as directed.

Surprises: Mould dough round small glace cherries, dates, figs, prunes or nuts and roll in crushed cereal crumbs or coconut and bake as usual.

Citrus Jewels: Add little grated orange and lemon rind to basic mixture before rolling into balls. Coat with sugar, place on oven-slides. Make indentation in each with thumb; bake. Fill centres with lemon butter.

Meringue Crunch: Roll out basic dough thinly, cut into fancy shapes. Beat 2 egg-whites until stiff, gradually add 4 tablespoons sugar. Beat until meringue consistency. Fold in ½ cup coconut and ½ cup chopped almonds or walnuts, ½ teaspoon vanilla or grenadine essence. Spread over biscuits, bake in moderately slow oven until lightly browned.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCHIES

One cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup crushed corn cereal, 1 cup rolled oats, ½ cup coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugars until very light and fluffy. Beat in egg, vanilla essence. Stir in sifted dry ingredients, then corn cereal, rolled oats, coconut. Make half into balls, using teaspoonful of mixture. Flatten on to greased trays with bottom of a glass. Make remaining dough into small balls; flatten. Bake all in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Loosen on trays, allow to cool. Join together with chocolate cream, placing smaller rounds on top.

Chocolate Cream: Four ounces cream cheese, ½ cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 6oz. chocolate.

Beat cream cheese until smooth, add sifted icing-sugar and water. Chop chocolate, place in small heatproof basin, allow to melt over hot water. Beat into cheese mixture.

POPCORN PIRATES

Three egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 packet popcorn, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon essence (grenadine, vanilla).

Beat egg-whites until stiff in heatproof basin, gradually add sugar. Fold in coconut, popcorn, cornflour, and flavoring. Stir over saucepan of hot water 2 or 3 minutes or until mixture begins to harden round sides of bowl. Spoon into small colored paper cups or on to greased and cornfloured oven-slides. Bake in moderately slow oven about 30 minutes or until dried out.

PEANUT DROPS

Quarter cup butter or substitute, ½ cup peanut butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup water, ½ cup rolled oats, 6oz. chopped chocolate.

Cream butter or substitute and peanut butter with sugar. Beat in egg. Add sifted flour, soda, salt, and spices alternately with water; fold in oats and chocolate. Drop in teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-slides, bake in moderate oven about 12 to 15 minutes.

PRETTY POPPIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon grenadine essence, 4oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. flour, 1oz. coconut, 1 egg, pink coloring, extra coconut and sugar.

Cream butter with sugar and essence until smooth and creamy. Add egg, mix well. Sift flours together, add to creamed mixture with coconut and enough coloring to make a pretty pink. Work mixture together and if necessary add little milk. With floured hands, roll mixture into small balls, toss in equal quantities of sugar and coconut (which has had a little pink coloring rubbed in). Place on greased oven-slides, bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

DAISY BUDS

One and three-quarter cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup peanut butter, vanilla, 1 egg, chocolate pieces, extra sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with white and brown sugars, peanut butter, and vanilla. Add egg, beat well. Stir in sifted flour, mix thoroughly. Place in small teaspoonfuls on bed of sugar and roll into balls. Place on greased oven-slides, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven, place chocolate piece on top of each, pressing so outside of biscuits crack. Bake extra 2 to 5 minutes.

BRAZILIAN DREAMS

Two and a half cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 1 cup butter or substitute, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped brazil nuts, ½lb. caramels, ¼ cup water, extra 2 cups chopped brazil nuts.

Melt butter in saucepan, add brown sugar, vanilla, and ½ cup chopped nuts. Add to sifted dry ingredients, mix well. With lightly floured hands, shape into balls, place on ungreased oven-slides. Pinch top of each to form peak. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes; cool on trays. Prepare icing by melting caramels with water in top half of double saucepan. Dip flat end of each biscuit into caramel, then in nuts. Allow to set.

JIFFY FRUITIES

Two cups chopped mixed fruits (such as raisins, currants, sultanas, cherries, peel, crytallised fruits, etc.), 1 can sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup peanut butter, 1 cup roughly chopped walnuts or almonds.

Combine fruits with condensed milk, add peanut butter, mix thoroughly; stir in walnuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls about 1½in. apart on greased oven-slides. Bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes.

THESE biscuits are Choc-macaroon Twins, Peanut Drops, and Jiffy Fruities. See this page.

CHOC-MACAROON TWINS

Meringue Mixture: Two egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar. Fold in flour, coconut, and vanilla.

Chocolate Mixture: Eight ounces chocolate, 2½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ cup white sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Divide chocolate in half, melt one half and chop remainder. To melted chocolate add softened butter, mix until smooth. Fold in flour sifted with salt and baking-powder, sugars, and remaining chopped chocolate, alternately with beaten egg-yolks, vanilla, and milk. Spoon teaspoons of both mixtures on to separate greased oven-slides, top with a small dob of alternate mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

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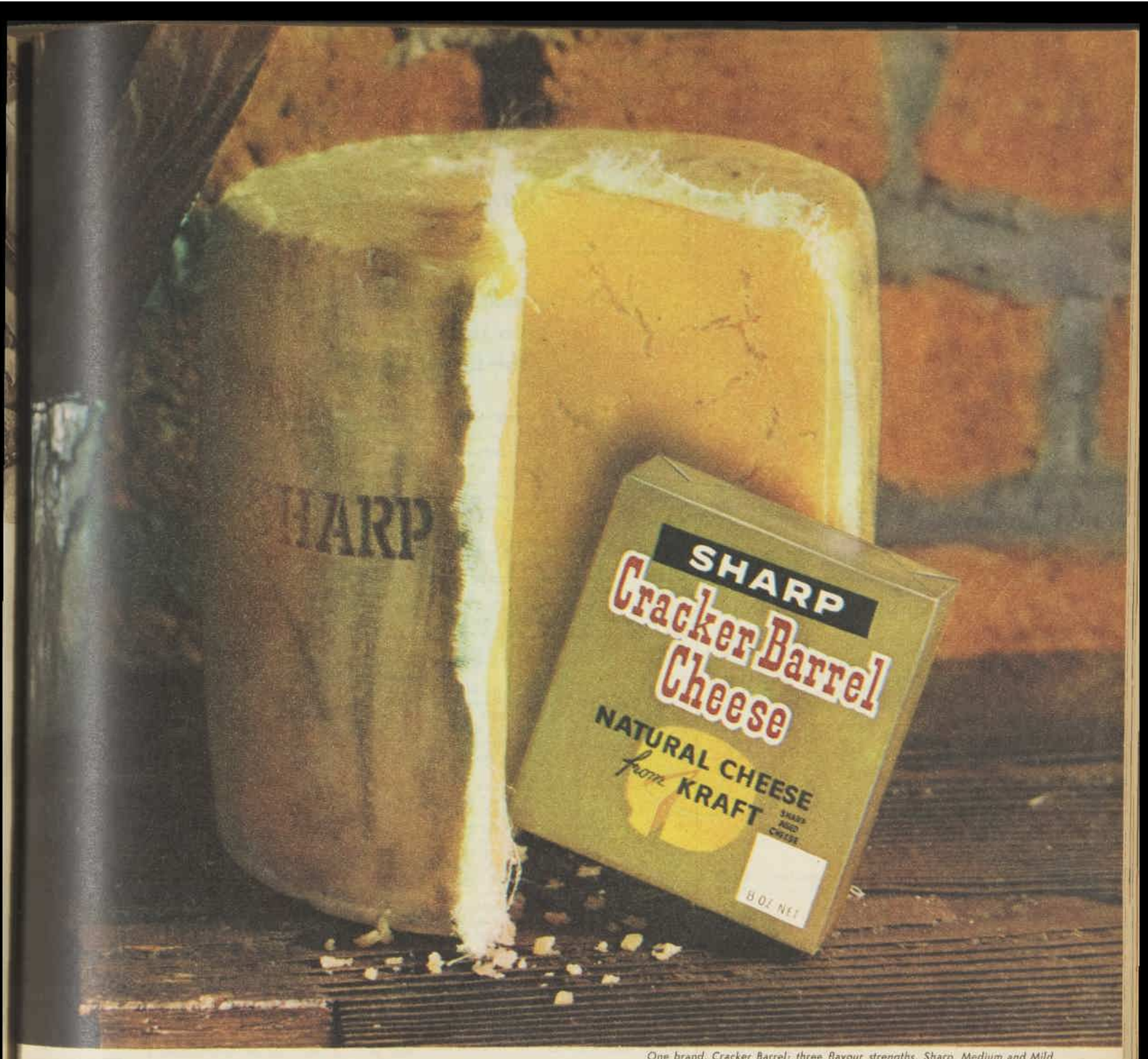

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The Bulletin

THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!

ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● For the past ten days I've had a friend and her twin three-year-olds staying in the house with me.

IT'S been like old times — sitting down only to shoot into the air again because there's a sharp-edged metal truck in the chair; skidding on broken bits of plastic this-and-that; having to pick my way across the kitchen through balls and bits of wood and old tins and saucepan lids and blocks and golliwogs.

It has made me think a bit about toys, and resolve that next Christmas I won't buy anything just because I think it's cute or, worse, send off something I suspect is unsuitable knowing that the child's mother will probably think it's quite adorable.

Our children (like everybody else's) had incorruptible ideas on toys, and no amount of coaxing would persuade them to take any interest in a present just because it had been given to them.

Kay had two loves — an extraordinary-looking person called George who was made of checked cotton and might have been a man and might have been a dog and was carried everywhere by one of his ears, and a bright glass bottle given to her one day by a neighbor.

The bottle lasted her four years — she took it to bed with her, she mixed noxious concoctions of berries and dirt and water in it, she upended it over her peg-truck and used it as a passenger, sometimes she dressed it up and wheeled it in the dolls' pram, she fed dolls from it, and she must have spent hundreds of hours trying to get the dog to drink from it as well.

When she was seven a neighboring child deliberately dropped a brick on it and broke it. I expected a storm of tears and weeks of passionate mourning.

Instead, Kay looked at the smashed bottle for a moment and then she looked at the little boy, and she said, "That was my Everything toy, and now you've broken it," and went on with what she had been doing.

Apparently she discovered at that moment that she had outgrown the need for an Everything toy.

A Dutch doll and an egg-beater

DIANA was a doll-girl. She had a large family, and when the maternal fit was on her, she used to positively wear herself out washing and dressing and potting and feeding and putting down the whole lot.

It seemed to be a point of honor with her that once the job was begun nobody could be neglected and each one had to get the full treatment.

Expensive dolls with ritzy, grown-up clothes didn't interest her.

She was once given a most beautiful Dutch doll in traditional costume, with a cap firmly stitched to its gleaming plaits.

Within five minutes the cap and the plaits had disappeared inside a knitted bonnet, the dress was covered with an old baby dress of her own, the whole thing was wrapped and pinned into a discarded bunny-rug—and the present had become highly acceptable to Di.

Mike liked anything that turned and anything that made a noise. A combination of the two, of course, was irresistible.

His favorite was an old rotary egg-beater, and, believe me, when they've been bent by being used to stir gravel on the path or to chew up leaves and twigs from growing trees, they make plenty of noise!

Here's a toy with a doubtful future

I PREDICT that Christmas 1963 is going to be a most frustrating time for the children of the rich.

The worst new toy I have heard of so far is an American doll whose stomach will contain a tiny battery-powered receiver and loudspeaker which will relay from a small transmitter set 10 or 12ft. from the doll.

The transmitter will include a gramophone and, if the right records are bought with it, the doll will be able to give long recitations, sing-songs, and lecture its owner on the subject of behaviour and good manners.

My second prediction is that many thousands of dollars' worth of this one will be well and truly broken by Boxing Day.

It sounds a dangerous as well as a ridiculous toy.

A doll is much more than a rag and a bone and a hank of hair to a small child—it's often a true object of tenderness and protectiveness with which the child acts out a lot of wishes and hopes and irritations and plans and attitudes which will bear fruit 20 years later when she has children of her own.

If the doll, instead of being a helpless and dependent and lovable object, becomes a boring nag able to say "Don't answer back . . . take your fingers out of your mouth . . . wash your hands before you have your dinner . . . don't interrupt Mummy when she is talking on the telephone," I think there's an even chance that it might color the child's whole attitude to babies, making them seem more a bind than a joy.

And what an opportunity for an unscrupulous mother, who could simply plug in a hand-microphone to the transmitter and make the doll nag away about yesterday's sins and today's promises of reform!

The only comforting thing is that children are more ruthless and more practical than adults; probably any enterprising child would take some more useful present—like a wooden mallet — and fix that schoolmarmish doll in 30 seconds.

And what's for next Christmas?

I WONDER whether it's fair to deduce anything from manufacturers' toy plans in different countries, and, if it is, I wonder what Australian manufacturers are dreaming up for 1963?

A few weeks ago there were strong protests from youth organisations in Germany over the submarines and war-planes with which they felt toy manufacturers were reviving memories of World War II.

The toy factories of France are said to be busy making replicas of the medieval castles of its own countryside, complete with moats, drawbridges, soaring towers, and knights.

And for girls—miniature kitchens with refrigerators that hold inch-high wine bottles and cupboards crammed with plastic replicas of France's special delicacies.

Countries are said to get the Press they want and the politicians they deserve. I wonder about toys.

I guess manufacturers make what they THINK children want, and the grown-ups with the money to spend buy what they think children OUGHT to have, and children the world over go on blithely putting those toys to their own quite different uses.

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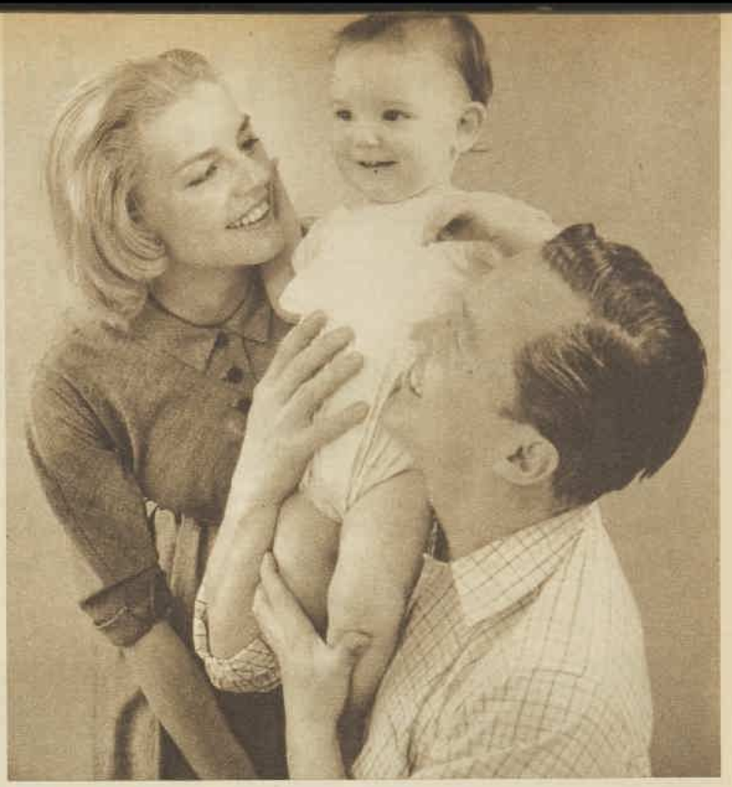
doctor says:

"Old-fashioned" parents are right

By a specialist in children's diseases



● I meet numerous parents in my work, most of them genuinely trying to bring up their children properly. But alas, there are so many theories in "modern" books and talks on quite minor aspects of child-rearing that many parents become side-tracked away from their main objective — building good character in their children.

NOT long ago, a mother complained to me that her three-year-old daughter had "lost her sense of security." Another boasted that her son is not "frustrated or aggressive," but "well-adjusted." (Her son's age: two.)

Over and over, I hear parents talking about frustration, aggressions, over-protection, rejection — all in connection with rearing their children.

Some of them may know what they are saying, but the majority, I think, are going along with what they consider fashionable.

And today, that sometimes seems to mean analysing children's actions, whims, and fancies to the exclusion, or at least the detriment, of something much more important: building character.

"Prized"

Now, this may be an old-fashioned idea — that teaching honesty, generosity, the difference between right and wrong, respect for authority and other character attributes is the most important job of parents.

Yet, old-fashioned or not, character is still the quality we prize most in people.

Not only that. The combined impact of books, articles, and talks, telling parents what to do in superficially scientific terms, has created a situation in which parents themselves grow confused.

Recently, for example, a boy was caught stealing money to buy sweets for other children. It was apparent that he failed to understand the meaning of theft.

Finally, his father turned to him and said gently, "Do you think it's right to steal?"

Notice that the father did not state his own convictions, but invited the boy to express an opinion.

The father did not say flatly, "It's wrong to steal. Don't do it."

If he had it would have simplified the whole matter for the boy.

But this father would not assert himself.

Like too many other parents, he had absorbed the notion that he should not impose his own values on the child, but should invite the child to share in his own upbringing.

This kind of thing is a symptom of a new disease—parental insecurity — which has shaken the faith of parents in their natural ability to raise children and undermined their authority over those children.

Today's young parent, anxious to "follow the book," is unsure of himself. His uncertainty is sensed by the child and produces a like feeling in the child.

Little wonder, then, that many parents are unable to exert the direction and authority children want and need.

Little wonder, either, that the fun and spontaneity of parenthood are on the decline.

Ironically, we hear a mother or a father saying: "My child has no frustrations" or "He is not aggressive."

How naive such statements are.

Life does not exist without frustration, and aggressiveness often is a healthy thing.

Both are responsible in a big way for whatever progress we make.

Up to roughly 30 years ago, attitudes toward raising children were different.

Parents were concerned greatly with disease — pneumonia, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and so on—which might spell life or death to their youngsters.

It was more or less assumed that if a child stayed physically healthy, he would gain a sense of emotional well-being from parental example and instruction.

Shortly after World War I, psychiatric teaching began to influence parents.

Then, a little more than a decade ago, the antibiotics and other so-called "miracle" drugs came along. Promptly parents worried less about infectious disease —and more about "frustrations" and so on.

Among the numerous "up-to-date" theories are three which tend to make parents unsure of themselves. Here they are:

● The theory that parents can "ruin" their children by making even a few "mistakes." (The fact is, children don't set out in life with a critical eye on their parents.)

● The "either-or," "do-it-or-else" quality in many of the theories put forward. Either the parent does such-and-such as regards weaning, toilet-training, nursing, and a host of other activities, or the child will be injured emotionally. (It's just not so.)

● The theory (not based on scientific evidence) that early childhood experiences have a specific, permanent effect on the individual in the years ahead. (Most children grow out of early bereavements or distresses.)

If the mistaken ideas are taken too seriously, parents become unnecessarily absorbed in how to handle each little problem—crying, refusing to eat, sulking, meanness—arising in the home.

The technique of handling the small problems becomes overwhelmingly important.

But it shouldn't. How the child is fed or disciplined is only a minor aspect of the overall picture of the child's true welfare.

What matters most is the parents' love of him.

If he knows he is loved, the technique of handling any problem takes second place.

Carried to an extreme, concern with "handling" children can result in ludicrous situations.

A man I know visited friends who had two sons, aged four and six. When my friend deposited his hat on a hall table, the youngsters promptly took it off the table, jumped on it, turned it inside out, and even spilled water on it.

Far from being appalled, their father did not even express anger.

He explained that he allowed the boys the run of the house so they would not grow up feeling "thwarted."

My friend's feelings are best left undescribed.

This parent and others, devoted to raising their children "the modern way," fail to realise the basic fact that there are other people in the world besides the child.

It is inevitable that parents make minor mistakes in bringing up their children.

But don't worry. Little errors are quickly swallowed up when the overall intention — building good character—is sound.

Finally, there is no magic formula for child-rearing. Experience shows that children thrive if they feel their parents really love them; if they feel they are accepted for what they are without undue pressure, and if discipline is firm, fair and consistent.

I do not mean to imply that we should discard all that child psychiatry offers.

However, it should be properly understood and placed in perspective.

Integrity

I repeat that the parents' job is building character in their children.

How should it be done? Some parents might emphasise integrity of purpose; others, humility; others, kindness; others, generosity.

To put it as simply as I can, parents to whom character development is important can accomplish their aims by doing what comes naturally.

Some will want to bring up their children chiefly by gentle persuasion. Others, with equal love for their youngsters, will want to use stricter measures.

Remember, if children feel they are accepted, reasonable discipline will do no harm.

Bed-time story

● Even when I was a very little girl, sharing a big double bed with my sister—it was 30 years and more ago—it took me ages to settle down at night.

I CAN still hear her voice in the darkness—"Be still, can't you!"

But the pillow was too hard, too soft, or lumpy, the sheet wrinkled, my nightie twisted, there was a draught down my back, and the sheet wouldn't stay turned down over the blanket.

Or, my legs, heels, and arms ached, and I'd squirm about.

I was like the princess in the fairytale. Remember her 27 feather beds, and she couldn't sleep because of a pea between the bottom and second mattresses?

To this day, I'm still plagued.

I make my own nightdresses. The seam is centre-front, so I rarely lie on it, and I wouldn't own a shop-bought one with its accursed two side seams.

Extra pieces sewn on the sides of my sheets allow a generous tuck-in with more hope of a wrinkle-free surface.

I have a tiny pillow to slip under my knees or ankles, whichever it is that I can't get comfy.

And two special pillows—it's taken years to find which two were best!

There now, at least I'm comfortable, um-m-m, lovely bed, I'm drifting now and will soon be asleep.

Bother that light, where is it coming from? The moon . . .

I've got to get up and draw the blind — and start all over again.

—*By Mary Rolfe, Capella, Queensland.*

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F11

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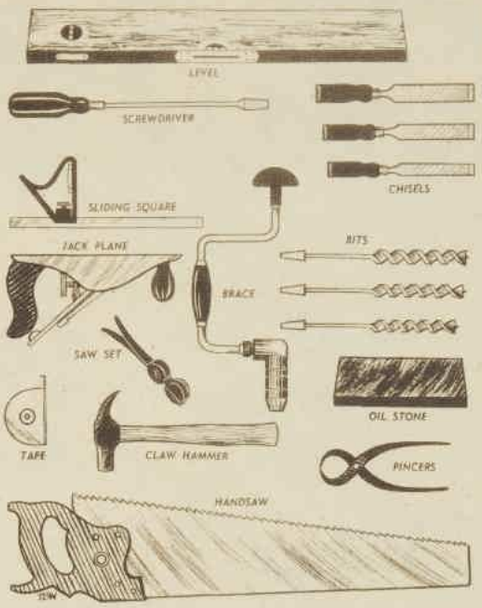
THE IDEAL GIFT!

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

COLLECT A TOOL KIT

● When building up a tool kit it's best to start with the few basic essentials.



TOOL KIT for the home handyman can be acquired piece by piece. Start with the basic tools such as a hammer, a saw, and a plane and build your kit up from there.

THE tools given below are a rough guide, but you may need different items, according to the jobs you intend to undertake in your home.

Never buy the cheapest tools—you will find it difficult to do accurate work and will probably have to replace them, anyway.

The first items to buy are a hammer, a saw, a plane.

A No. 5 claw hammer is a medium size, best suited for all-round work. You can buy others later should you need something smaller or larger for specialised work.

When using the claw of the hammer to remove nails, be sure to place a small block of wood between the tool and the work surface to prevent the metal of the hammer bruising the timber.

Choose a No. 7 saw — with seven teeth to the inch—and 26in. or 28in. long for general work.

The teeth of a saw must be "set" occasionally to keep them in good condition and to ensure that the cut is wider than the actual thickness of the saw blade to prevent it binding and jamming in the cut.

You can set the saw yourself with a tool called, appropriately enough, a saw set. Set the teeth by bending slightly the upper half of each tooth—alternately one to the left, one to the right. Be sure the depth of the set doesn't go below one half of the tooth length.

A 14in. jack plane can be used not only for cabinet work and jointing, but for long, sweeping strokes on heavier work as well.

The plane iron must be kept sharp with an oilstone. Hold the iron upside down with the bevel square on the stone, lift it a little more so just the edge touches, and move it in an oval direction round the stone until a rough burr forms on the upper side. Then reverse the iron and lay it completely flat on the stone. Rub it evenly up and down once or twice on the stone to remove the burr.

A sliding square used for measuring angles has more use than a fixed try-square because you can use it to get a 45-degree angle for joints and mitred corners. Handle all squares very carefully to ensure accuracy.

A ratchet-type brace with a 10in. sweep is a practical choice. The most useful sizes for auger bits are ⅜in., ½in. and ¾in.

The ratchet-type of brace allows the tool to be used for boring in corners and close to walls where a fixed brace would be unsuitable.

(A ratchet is a small cogged wheel which allows the brace to be turned clockwise or anti-clockwise, in a complete circle or only a part at a time.) The brace is used, with various sized bits, to drill holes.

A 6ft. metal tape-measure on a reel will be much more useful because of its flexibility than the 3ft. wooden carpenter's rule.

Add 6in. carpenter's pincers, which are used for removing nails too small for a claw hammer to grasp.

Choose firm chisels with bevelled edges, in sizes ¼in., ½in., and ¾in. You need these for paring and mortising.

A 2ft. wooden plumb level will have many uses for work round the home — carpentry, bricklaying, tiling, and any jobs which need accurate levels. Keep it in a cool, dry place to prevent the wood warping.

You will also need a sharpening stone to keep tools in good condition.

Get a small screwdriver, and one of medium size. This will be enough for most home jobs on hinges for cupboards and doors and for the maintenance of household appliances.

NEXT WEEK: Small table for a corner.

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SUBTLE NEW COLOUR FOR YOUR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS!

Do your hands lead a double life?

By day — do you keep them hard at work? Then at night take them out to romantic places? They look their very best when you change your nail polish colours to harmonize with what you wear — by day and by night. Fashion-conscious girls keep a **Cutex wardrobe of colours** in Cutex Nail Polish and matching Cutex Lipsticks, ready for all occasions.

Why not start a Cutex Wardrobe of Colours of your own? Start your collection with Cutex Opal Rose.

BY **CUTEX**

The world's best selling nail polish!

The delicate bloom of a rose . . . captured for you by Cutex with Opal Rose, the lovely new fashion colour for Cutex Lipstick and Nail Polish. But be careful . . . you'll look much too alluring with Opal Rose at your lips and fingertips!

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ACTOR'S PADDO HOUSE

A chandelier in the bathroom

Houses often assume the personality of their owners. And the Paddington terrace house of Gordon Chater, well-known Sydney actor and revue star, is a case in point, for it has flashes of chic wit.

THE BEDROOM in Gordon Chater's Paddington terrace house has been redecorated in old-gold and white. A feature of it is the Victorian cane chair which he bought in a junk shop for £1. The exterior of the small house is shown below. Color pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

By CAROL HENTY

THE bathroom of Gordon Chater's inner-Sydney terrace house has a modern porcelain bath, a couple of lead washtubs (originals), and a chandelier.

"Nothing grand. Just a small plastic one. Where else would you put a chandelier?" asked Mr. Chater.

Mr. Chater is dotty about blue, and about clocks, of which the living-room has four, all ticking in unison.

Of his yen for blue, he says: "It's a warm color. It's a practical color."

Most of the objects and the furniture in his living-room are blue — in 16 different shades.

The blues are mostly concentrated in a bar nook at the end of the long room, which houses a fine collection of blue glassware and china.

One shelf down from the rare and valuable Bristol blue fingerbowls are some attractive long blue tumblers.

"Plastic," said Mr. Chater. "From my local hardware store. They go with the blue water jug, and the set cost 14/3. I liked the color."

Everything is there simply because Mr. Chater "liked it." This gives the room — and the whole house — great warmth.

"I suppose you'd call it a potpourri of decorating ideas and periods," he said.

"Some of the furniture and objects are quite good. Those six Chippendale chairs came from my mother in England.

"And that Sheraton sofa-table I bought from an antique dealer in Sydney."

"But a lot of the stuff is from junk shops, bought for next to nothing. That blue-and-white china ewer down there, which matches the bowl on the sofa-table, I picked up for 5/-.

"And a large washing bowl came with it. I use it for salads.

"A lot of people ask what I want to put an old ewer in the drawing-room for," said Mr. Chater. "But where's their sense of adventure?"

Not all Mr. Chater's bargain finds are junk.

"Look at these marvellous Waterford tumblers," he said, picking one up and "pinging" it so that the glass rang. "Two shillings each."

Upstairs in his old-gold-and-white bedroom, which is at the front of the house, stands one of his best-loved bargains — a Victorian cane chair.

LIVING-ROOM, above, contains what Gordon Chater (pictured at left) describes as a "potpourri" of decorating ideas. In this room he has used his favorite color, blue, in 16 tones.

"I found it at Katoomba in a junk shop. 'You might as well have it for a quid, love,' the old girl in the shop said," recalled Mr. Chater with a chuckle.

Gifts from friends form part of his collection.

A fine painting by Norman Lindsay was a housewarming present from Lindsay's wife.

A Victorian silver purse lying on a table belonged to Nellie Stewart, the great Australian actress who died in 1926. It was given to Chater by Mrs. Stewart's daughter Nancye.

Mr. Chater's paintings have a "potpourri" flavor, too.

Some, he admits, are not terribly good, but he likes them.

For instance, there's one of a family standing in front of a terrace house.

"I love it because it's Paddo," he said. "Also, the artist is a friend of mine.

"I couldn't resist buying it, with the lovely touch of misspelling on the newspaper placard: "Latest Football Resuts."

Also great favorites are the two pencil drawings of faces by Looby, which hang on either side of a colonial American wall clock in the living-room. "They're so ugly and sick," he said.

Mr. Chater bought the house (the first he has ever owned) from actress Wendy Blacklock, who lives with her husband next door.

"That was a year ago," said Mr. Chater. "It had been completely done up and I bought it furnished.

"But of the original furniture only the saucepans, some china, two beds, and the bedding remain."

Did he have any professional decorator to help?

"No," he said. "I couldn't bear that. The house wouldn't be ME then."

For the information of other terrace-house owners, the layout of the house is:

From the front door you step into the large living-room, which was originally two rooms and a hall. At the end of the room is a door leading to a small dining-room, which was originally the kitchen.

The new kitchen was originally a passage leading outside to the bathroom at the back of the house.

"Wendy turned this into a kitchen," said Mr. Chater. "This addition was only possible because this house is the end of the row of terraces, and had the space."

The second storey of the terrace holds Mr. Chater's bedroom, a small study-cum-dressing-room, and, up a narrow stairway branching off the main one, a guest-room at the back of the house overlooking a garden.

"I love Paddo, you know," said Mr. Chater. "I like the people, the houses, and no matter where I'm working in the city, it's so close from here."

This handy position is important to the busy actor, whose recent roles included the lead in Chekov's classic "The Cherry Orchard" at the Old Tote Theatre in the grounds of the University of N.S.W.

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'Never make a move without your

KLEENEX* Tissues'

– says JUNE DALLY-WATKINS head of the famous model agency and deportment school.

Because a model lives a busy life, frequently changing her makeup, she must have a facial tissue that is soft and kind to her skin. That's why you'll find a packet of Kleenex Tissues in every model's makeup kit. Kleenex Tissues pamper fine skins, gently cleansing with no hint of roughness or chafing.

Pop a packet in your handbag. Once you get the habit, you'll never be without Kleenex Tissues, at home, in the office or on the move. You'll keep your makeup looking fresh—and find a dozen other uses for Kleenex. Choose from 3 pack sizes . . . in pink, aqua or white.

For longer lasting lipstick —apply one coat—blot with Kleenex—powder—add another coat. A smooth matt finish'

Hold a Kleenex Tissue against your forehead next time you use a hair spray for a neater, non-sticky, well-groomed hairline.

Kleenex for colds. So soft, so gentle, so much more hygienic—and makes unpleasant hankie washing unnecessary.

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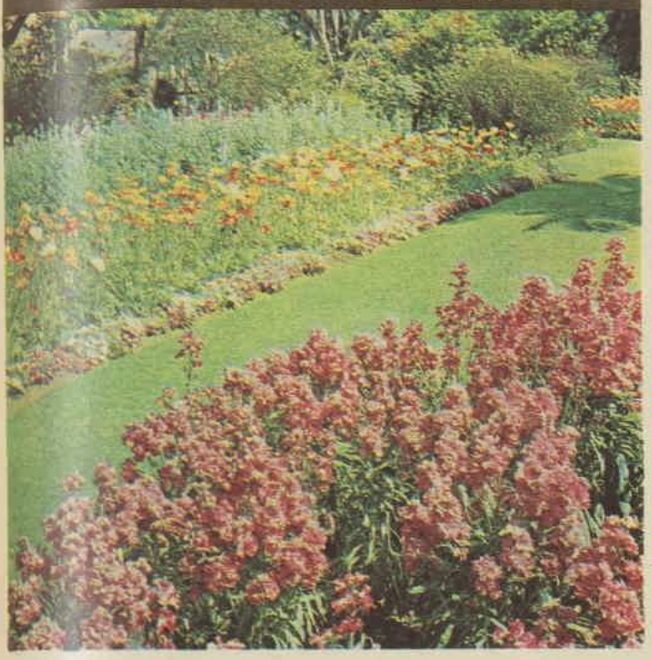
WINTER COLOR



STOCKS and Iceland poppies at Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hull's home at Burwood, N.S.W. The display of colorful annuals in their garden is regularly admired by garden-lovers in the district.

Gardening Book — page 118

● March is one of the suitable months to sow five favorite winter-flowering annuals—sweetpeas, primulas, stocks, poppies, and pansies. They do well sown in mid-summer and autumn.

SWEETPEAS are usually sown direct in the garden. The others are generally raised in seed-boxes.

Multiflora types of **SWEETPEA**, producing from five to nine flowers to each stem, are gradually replacing the older winter-flowering Spencer types, although those who grow for sale or exhibition still prefer the big wavy-petalled Spencers.

Some of the newer types lack fragrance, and, after all, a sweetpea that is not perfumed lacks its chief attraction.

Sweetpeas require a sunny but well-protected position and a trellis for support. The soil should be rich and limed or treated with superphosphate about six weeks before sowing.

There are about 20 strains of **ICELAND POPPY** on the market, which makes it difficult to recommend any particular kind. Coonara strain is a good one, and the Gartford Art Tones, which have toned edgings, are very attractive. Rainbow mixtures, Sunbeam, Noonday, and Girrawheen are others.

Spray with D.D.T. occasionally to kill thrips, the carriers of spotted-wilt virus, a disease that is fatal to the plants (incurable) at several stages.

PRIMULAS sown in March flower in late winter and early spring. The fairy primulas (P. malacoides) are annuals and flower for several months if the spent blooms are regularly removed. Carmen Glow, a newer variety, has intense color.

STOCKS make a glorious display and fill the air with fragrance day and night. The most recent variety is Column or Columnar, which produces no side spikes until the tall primary head of the bloom is removed. It is available in all the popular colors.

Nice, Brompton, Early Giant Imperial, Super Giant Imperial, and Giant Perfection have their individual personalities.

Given a well-drained position with some lime, stocks will provide cut flowers and color for months.

Some, notably the Bromptons, can be treated as biennials. Allow ample space between when transplanting as they grow shrubby in good soil.

Spray baby stocks regularly with D.D.T. emulsion to control small green grubs, and later to kill aphis.

PANSIES are always popular in late winter and early spring and, if sown rotationally, can be made to flower up to Christmas. They do best if treated as late-winter and spring displays.

Space the seedlings of the largest pansies at least 12in. apart. This also allows baiting for slugs and snails, which cause this ground-hugging plant much trouble.

Large French Stained, Roggli Giants, Super Swiss Giants, and Westland Giants are worth trying.

Gardening Book — page 119

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

BUTTER CRACKERS

"You'll know when you try them how much better they are!"

For a party, supper, snack or just a nibble there has never been a biscuit so desirable as a Butter Cracker — the only cracker made with rich dairy butter. The texture is so fine and the flavour so delicate. Butter Crackers never crumble — you'll love them all the time.

IT'S THE BUTTER—MAKES THEM BETTER!

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Left, Snow Spray. Above, Whirlwind.

Now *Aristo* combines the lasting luxury of of BRI-NYLON in 8 brilliant new carpets

1. **LONGER WEAR:** 80% Wool for resilience and luxury, 20% Bri-Nylon for added strength . . . that's the new longer-wearing blend of carpet fibre now introduced in Aristo Imperial Axminster.

2. **FRESHER COLOURS:** New dye stuffs enhance and preserve the beauty of each carpet with brilliant, lasting colours. And Aristo is 'SI-RO-MOTH'D' for protection against moths and insects.

3. **AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS:** Each of the 8 patterns in new Aristo Imperial Axminster has been selected by leading carpet designers of four nations at an International Carpet Design Conference.

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Above, Spanish Riviera. Right, Feraghan Persian.

WOOL with the added strength that live up to years of living!

4. MATCHING WIDTHS: Both 12' broadloom and 27" widths so you can fit the pattern of your choice in every room of your home with fewer seams, less waste, and a smoother overall result.

New Aristo Imperial Axminster is available only from the RED BOOK Carpet Service, anywhere carpet is sold.

From the great resources of Felt & Textiles of Australia Ltd.

For full-colour reproductions of all 8 award-winning patterns in new Aristo, write: "Red Book", c/- Robert Young Pty. Ltd., 631 Swanston St., Carlton, Victoria.

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CHICKEN-RICE MERCEDES is a delicious recipe to keep on hand when planning your next dinner party.

Chicken dish wins prize

● A recipe for tender young chicken cooked in a delicious sauce and served with a tasty rice mixture wins the £5 prize.

THE £1 consolation prize winner, Jiffy Nut and Sultana Loaf, is a recipe that saves the bother of creaming butter and sugar — just boil the fruits, mix in the dry ingredients, and the cake is prepared.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHICKEN-RICE MERCEDES

Half-pound raw or cooked ham, 6 tablespoons cooking oil, 1 chicken about 2½lb. (cut into serving pieces), salt, pepper, ¼ cup dry white wine, 1 cup tomato puree, 4 cups chicken broth (cube or packet variety if liked), ½ cup sliced olives, ½ cup chopped onion, 1½ cups washed rice, salt to taste, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon each soft butter and chopped parsley.

Slice ham into long thin strips, chop 2 or 3 strips finely and set aside. In heavy saucepan, heat 4 tablespoons of cooking oil, season chicken pieces with salt and pepper; saute in hot oil with the ham strips until golden. Turn frequently to brown evenly. Combine white wine, tomato puree, and ½ cup of chicken broth, pour over chicken mixture; cover and simmer until chicken is almost tender (about 20 minutes). Add sliced olives, cook extra 10 minutes. Set aside, keep hot.

While chicken is cooking prepare rice: Heat remaining oil in saucepan, add finely chopped ham and onion, cook until onion is lightly browned. Add washed rice, toss 3 minutes until rice is well coated with oil. Stir in remaining 3½ cups chicken broth, correct seasoning with salt, bring to boil. Transfer to large buttered casserole, stir in grated cheese. Cover, cook in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, when rice should be tender and all liquid absorbed. To serve, well grease large mould with soft butter, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Press hot rice firmly into mould, then carefully unmould on to large hot serving-dish. Arrange chicken pieces and ham strips round rice, pour over sauce. Serve very hot.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 109 Tangong Bungah Park, Penang Island, Malaya.

JIFFY NUT AND SULTANA LOAF

One cup sultanas, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon mixed spice (more or less as desired), 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup chopped walnuts, pinch salt.

Place in saucepan the sultanas, sugar, water, golden syrup, butter, and spice; bring to boil, simmer 1 minute. Allow mixture to cool, then mix in the sifted flour, soda, and salt. Lastly add chopped walnuts. Fill into greased and lined loaf-tin, bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1 hour.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Clapham, 55a Maud Street, Geelong, Vic.

the flavor of Bushells Tea

When you're in the middle of a session in the garden, it's good to take a 'break' and enjoy the welcome flavor of a cup of Bushells Tea. You'll like Bushells Tea because no other tea can match Bushells for consistent quality, freshness and flavor.

Tiny leaves picked from the top of the tea-bush make Bushells the Tea of Flavor

HOME HINTS

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these readers' hints.

IF your kettle lid has lost its knob, insert a screw from inside the lid and screw a cork down on it. This makes a heat-resistant knob.—Miss J. Hovell, Bullaring, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Instead of icing a plain cake, grate an apple over the mixture after spooning into the cake-tin. Sprinkle a little sugar mixed with a small teaspoon of cinnamon over the apple and add a few walnut pieces. Bake in the usual way.—Mrs. I. D. Britt, 79 Ballina St., Lismore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To add flavor to a roast loin of lamb, sprinkle with brown sugar and the juice of an orange 15 minutes before end of cooking time.—Mrs. R. Crowden, Ridgley, via Burnie, Tas.

★ ★ ★

To prevent a stain forming round an aluminium saucepan when boiling eggs, put a pinch of cream of tartar in the saucepan before pouring in the water, then boil the eggs.—Mrs. K. Berthaly, Mayne St., Murrurundi, N.S.W.

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● *Jug-shaped vases of Belleek porcelain.*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries and discusses Irish Belleek.

I would like some information about this pair of jugs and vase. The jugs are golden brown with blue banding, and have a high lustre glaze. The small vase is Wedgwood coloring. — Mrs. A. Craig, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Your jugs are English copper lustre pottery with finely fluted body and are probably Sunderland, about 1845. The vase is a Continental copy of Wedgwood, date mid-19th century. Jugs and vase are shown at right.

● *Copper lustre jugs and Continental vase.*

I would like, if possible, to trace the age of my jug-shaped Belleek vases and also to know any further history you can add. — Mrs. G. Callow, Home Hill, Nth. Qld.

Your lovely examples of Belleek (above) were made about 1900-1910.

It is nearly 106 years since the famous Belleek factory was opened at Lough Erne, County Fermanagh, Ireland. The first announcement appeared in "The Times" of London in April, 1856:

"Porcelain. To be let, a bed of porcelain clay and felspar. To be worked on such terms as may be agreed upon. Water carriage to all parts of the kingdom. Apply to J. Caldwell, Bloomfield, Castle Caldwell, C. Fermanagh, Ireland."

Mr. R. W. Armstrong, of London, after a series of experiments with the clay and felspar, succeeded in bringing them to working order, and, in conjunction with Mr. D. McBirney, embarked in 1857 on the manufacture of earthenware.

The factory traded as D. McBirney and Company under the supervision of Mr. Armstrong. At first, wares of a useful nature were produced at Belleek, but in 1865 pieces of decorative porcelain from this factory were shown at the Dublin Exhibition.

Sea subjects

The chief characteristics of Belleek porcelain are the designs which feature subjects such as dolphins, sea-horses, Tritons, nereids, aquatic plants, shells, and sea-urchins.

In 1857 J. J. Brianchon of Paris took out a patent for a novel style of decoration termed "decor de couleurs nacrees a base de bismath."

This gave to porcelain the lustrous appearance of mother-of-pearl for which Belleek porcelain is now famous. Brianchon also took out a patent in London in 1857.

Many iridiscent glazed wares are European copies of Belleek and unless the piece bears the factory mark it should be viewed with suspicion.

OUR TRANSFER

DAINTY LADIES and flower baskets from Embroidery Transfer No. 179. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 2/-.

The star... is you!

Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you . . .*

In four pastel shades and white

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 27

He turned his head abruptly and caught sight of a small crowd at the far end of the balcony. The two open doorways were bright oblongs in the dusk and the shafts from them created a barrier between the crowd and a uniformed man on guard.

As they came forward a square figure advanced to meet them. He stepped delicately like a boxer and everything about him proclaimed that he was Sergeant Stockwell, the inevitable "good man in charge."

"The Councillor, that's Mr. Cornish, has taken the old boy who owns the wrecked apartment in to the neighbors next door to talk to him," Stockwell said. "His name is Len Lucey. He's a fitter and a good craftsman with nothing known against him. Before the war he lived on the edge of this estate with his first wife, who kept a tobacco and confectionery business—very small. She was killed in the big blitz.

"He then married a woman from North London and he had to live over there, travelling across the city to work every day, until he was granted this new first-class flat. His second wife has made a little palace of it, by all accounts, and that's some of the trouble. She had a sort of fit when she came in and saw the damage. There's a neighbor with her, but I've sent for an ambulance. I shouldn't be surprised if she never comes right out of it."

"It's the further doorway, I take it?" Luke inquired. "And the Councillor and the old boy are in the nearest one, is that right?"

"Yessir. The first flat belongs to a much younger couple called Headley. They have nothing to do with this business and they've got the wind up. They've already approached me on the quiet to get everybody out if I can."

"But they don't want to offend the old squire, eh?" Luke was chuckling with his own brand of savagery.

Munday started to speak but thought better of it. Stepping forward he led the way past the saluting constable to the first of the open doorways. There he hesitated a moment, took off his hat politely, and walked in, Luke behind him.

The tiny white-painted vestibule, which was merely a nest of doors, was as neat a pack as an orange. Any addition, even a rolled umbrella, would have been an embarrassment. The two large men were, physically speaking, an insufferable intrusion; they were both aware of it as they stood one behind the other peering into the small sitting-room, in which there were already four people.

For once in his life Luke was taken completely out of his stride. The owners of the flat, large pale young people whose acute discomfort was the dominant thing about them, huddled in a corner, she in an armchair and he behind it, occupying at least a quarter of the floor space. The dazed Len Lucey, old and shaking, his very thin neck sticking out pathetically from an extremely white collar, sat at the dining-room table, while before him was a person, who had made much larger rooms seem small, a living flame of a man.

At the moment he was trudging up and down, his grey hair bristling, his gaunt shoulders hunched and his long bony hands working together as he clasped them behind his back. A more unlikely aspirant for Luke's hypothetical knighthood it would have been difficult to imagine. The Superintendent perceived his mistake and began to revise his ideas.

"Councillor Cornish?" he inquired. "I am Superintendent Luke from the Central Office, Scotland Yard. This is a shock, I'm afraid."

"It's a damn bad thing," said a pleasant, matter-of-fact voice with a touch of pure steel in it. "You're going to get to the bottom of it very quickly, Superintendent."

"I hope so, sir." Luke was brisk and hearty.

"I know so." The voice was still pleasant, but still completely inflexible. "You're going to uncover everything about it, and then you're going to stop it once and for all before a great project is jeopardised. This estate is called Phoenix. It's not a municipal venture, it's a social rebirth, a statement of a sincere belief that decent conditions make a decent community, and I'm not having failure."

Luke regarded the man before him thoughtfully and cocked an eye at Munday, who was looking at the Councillor with an expression of gloomy contemplation.

"Your sergeant has got a statement from Mr. Lucey," the Councillor said. "I'm prepared to vouch for the greater part of it myself. I did not spend this particular evening with him, but I can prove that I had his entire life story checked before he was offered an apartment in this new block, and I can answer personally for the unlikelihood of him, or his wife, having an enemy.

"This is a perfectly ordinary innocent citizen, Superintendent, and in any civilised city his home ought to be inviolate. Have you been next door yet?"

"No, sir." Luke was wooden. "I'd like to visit the flat in the presence of the householder. That's important, sir. If you don't mind." It was another voice with metal in it and the gaunt, shabby man with the bristling hair looked at him with fleeting curiosity.

"If it's a necessary precaution," he was beginning.

"No, sir. Just a regulation." The steel was still there with plenty of butter on top. "Shall we go? Perhaps Mr. Lucey would lead the way."

He was so small that they towered over him, and as they crossed the second threshold and came into his home it was they, the two senior policemen, who caught the full impact of that first unforgettable scene.

A room which had been a comfortable middle-aged home full of comfortable middle-aged treasures, valuable mainly because of their usefulness and their associations, had been taken apart with a thoroughness that was almost tidy in its devastation. Yet at that first glance the one central picture alone occupied their attention. A very neat old woman, still in her good outdoor coat and best hat, was sitting at a polished mahogany table on whose surface there were several newly scorched scratches so deep that a triangular piece of the

To page 53

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Behold, the kingdom of God is within you."*** —*Luke 17.21.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4903866

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 52

Her voice, shrill and consciously preoccupied, floated in above the murmur of the little crowd. "We want a cup of tea, we do. If you want to help there's a woman needed in there. That isn't a thing that ought to wait."

"I'm too sensitive altogether for a copper," Luke said to Munday, who was looking down his nose. "It was the lodger's quarrel, then. That's what comes of 'walking the works,' I suppose. Yet it seems a bit fierce for that sort of industrial dust-up."

"Fierce? Do you see those chairs?"

Munday stepped aside to reveal a corner of the room which contained two good dining chairs whose leather seats had been scored neatly into ribbons with a razor blade. "Like a joint of pork, isn't it? The carpet's the same. That's no wrecking in the ordinary sense. No joyous smashing up for the hell of it."

"Let's see the lodger's bedroom. Off the kitchen, he said. Strewth! That used to be an electric cooker, I suppose?"

They passed through the little kitchen where nothing breakable was left whole and yet where nothing had been overturned haphazard, then on through the farther door

To page 54

"I want that television put back in the house!"

...ornier had come cleanly away, while in front of her, laid out in a way which struck a deep, unpleasant chill to the stomachs of the two experienced men, were the entrails of a pleasant old French clock which lay on its back beside them. They were all there: wheels, springs, hands, and the pendulum, each torn and twisted out of shape but all arranged neatly in a pattern of deliberate destruction.

The old lady herself was not looking at them. Her face was livid and beaded with sweat, her eyes were closed, and her mouth had fallen open. Only her weight was holding her in position. Behind her another, much smaller, woman, wearing an apron and bedroom slippers, but clutching a handbag, peered up at them piteously.

"She's gorn," she said. "I felt her go. Just now. Just as you came in. The doctor will be too late — won't he?" She seemed to see the little man in front of them for the first time and a bleak expression spread over her face. "Oh, you poor chap," she said. "Don't look, dear, don't look. It was a seizure, you see, she never came round."

"That's right, Dad, come along out." Luke slid his arm round the old man and swung him gently out into the vestibule.

"You and she came in together and saw the damage, did you?" he inquired gently, still holding the old man to him as if he were afraid he might fall. "Anyone else with you?"

THE old voice was thin and hollow. "Only Reg Sloan. He lodges with us, see?" The significance of the scene had not yet registered upon him. He was still worrying about smaller things. "We was allowed to let the room seeing it was empty; we got permission. I told the Sergeant. Mr. Cornish knows. Reg got the permit from him. He went to see him—called at his house."

"How long has this chap Reg lived here with you?"

"How long? I don't know. Two or three months. Before Christmas he came."

"I see. Recently. He hasn't been here for years?"

"Oh, no. He's temporary. He's walking the works and they asked me if I could oblige by putting him up for a few weeks. We got permission, me and Edie did. He got it for us."

"What do you mean by 'walking the works'?" It was Munday. He was half out of the sitting-room door, his hands on the lintels as he leaned forward to speak.

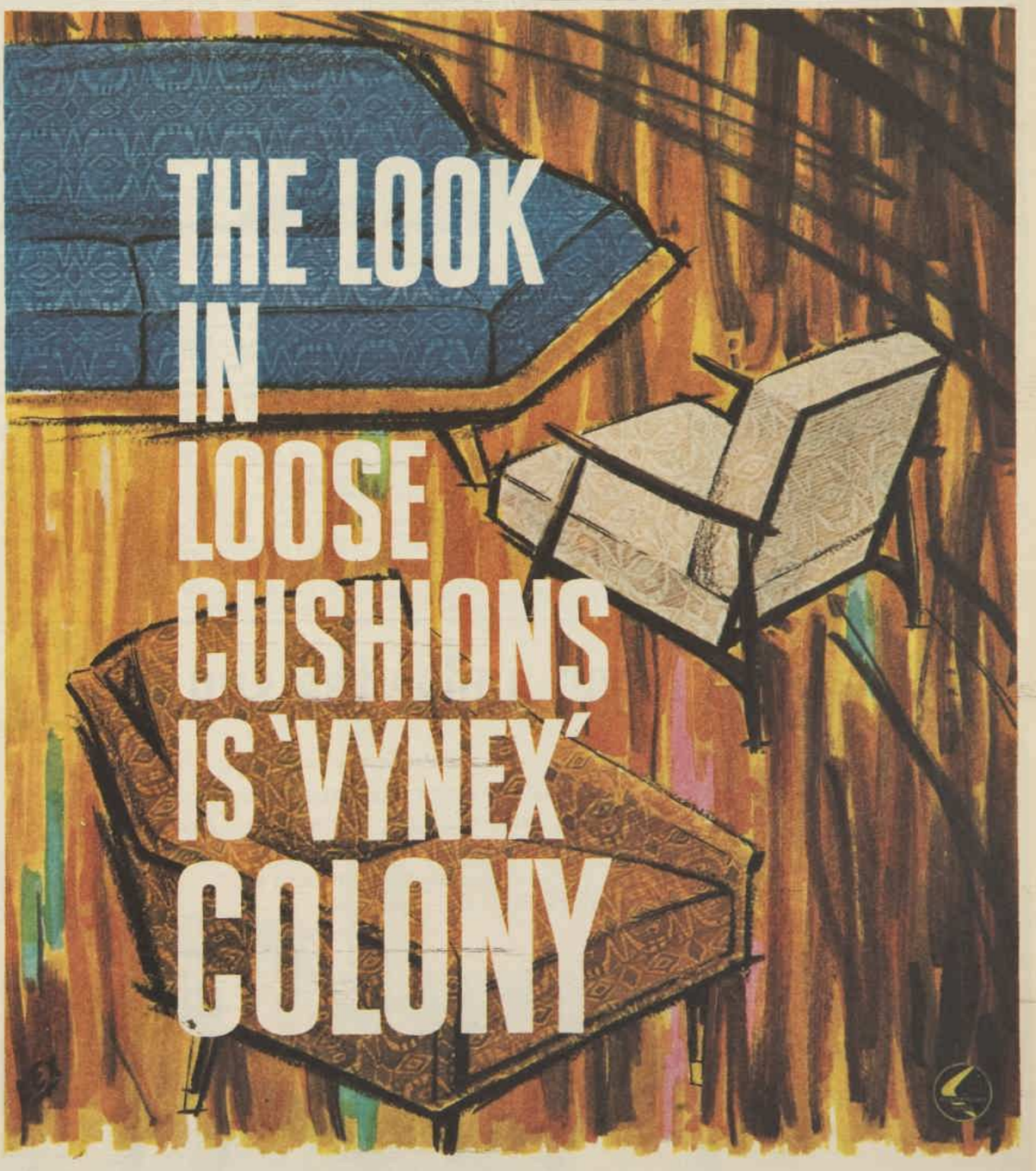
"Well, he was learning the ropes. He came from another firm, you see. It was a business arrangement. He wasn't going to stay."

"I see." Luke sounded dubious. "Where is he now, anyway?"

"I don't know." The old man looked about him suddenly. "He went for the police. He went to telephone. We all came in together. We'd been out to have one. We all came in together and Edie saw the clock all broken on the table and she's upset because it was her father's. Reg began to swear and went into his room—that's the little one through the kitchen—and he came out almost at once. He said 'Stay here, Len. I'll go and ring the police, mate. I'm sorry,' he said. 'I wouldn't have that happen for worlds,' he said, and he went. Dont you know where he is? Edie likes him. He'll be the only one to pacify her when she realises her clock's broke."

"Yes." Luke glanced sharply at Munday. "What about the neighbour?" he inquired. "Could she take him along and make him a cup of tea?"

"Yes." The woman came round the detective like an escaping cat slipping out. "Yes, I'll see to him. It's the shock, you see. You come along, Mr. Lucey. You'll have a lot to do tonight. A lot of people to see and that. You come and have a sit down and get ready for it." She put her hand under his arm and eased him away from Luke. "Make way for us, do, there's good people."



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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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leading to the architect's pride, a spare or child's room. There was no doubt at all in either mind as they paused in the doorway that here was the centre of the storm.

Everything a living animal could do to destroy and to desecrate bed and walls had been done. Scraps of clothing and the relics of a suitcase made an untidy heap on the narrow strip of floor. A canister of flour from the kitchen had been thrown at the looking-glass and lay like trampled snow over the remains of a decent blue suit with the lining ripped out which lay on top of the ruin of a plastic wardrobe.

On the mirror's clouded surface there was a message written with a gloved forefinger in the kind of printing sometimes taught in schools instead of handwriting.

There were two lines, completely legible and entirely unambiguous, and yet sufficiently out of the ordinary in the circumstances to startle the two senior policemen.

"Let the Dead Past Bury Its Dead." The portentous statement stared out at them, educated and shocking amid the filth. Underneath, in the same careful, clerkly script was a second message: "Go Home, Dick."

"'Bury its dead'?" Munday demanded. "What the hell is this! Who was to know she was going to die?"

"No, that's a quotation."

"Someone else has been to school, eh? They didn't teach him much except poetry, either, by the look of this room. Poetry and thoroughness, and the rest is the same old uncivilised brute. The same old Turk Street special, cropping up like a symptom of a familiar disease. There's no mystery now about 'walking the works', anyhow."

"What do you mean?"

"'Go Home, Dick'" Luke's dark face was glowing. "The chap's name was Reg Sloan. What else can it mean except exactly what it says? Dick, you old private eye, amateur or professional, go home. The past is dead."

Munday stood staring at him. He had changed color, Luke noted.

"What's on your mind?"

only become important after twenty years?"

. . . . . .

In the expectant greyness which was only just less than the night's dark a cock crew twice, and the whole ritual of daybreak began.

In the red sports car, which was pulled up on the lane's verge below the station drive, the two young people who were asleep in each other's arms moved drowsily. "Oh, before I collected you. Anyhow, she's almost my foster-mum. She's always on my side. I gave her the full details. I told her what we had in mind."

"Was she scandalised?"

"No; she was thrilled to bits. And so am I."

"Me, too." Julia was just visible in the cold light. She was a very pretty girl: not very tall, but slender, with black hair. Her bright blue eyes and determined mouth echoed her father's considerable personality. He was Anthony Laurell, head of the Laurell light engineering empire and youngest self-made tycoon in Britain and one of the most interesting characters in industry. Julia was just eighteen, and every detail of her cared-for, well-dressed appearance acknowledged that she was somebody's very precious only child.

"Darling, I've got to catch this dreary train back to London, but tonight I'll come back and find you and damn everybody else in the world." He pushed her firmly away and climbed out of the car.

"Timothy."

"Hello?" He swung round in the fast growing light and she saw him for the first time all over again. He had a rangy body, a distinctive, face, grey, arrogant eyes. He was twenty-two and all the panoply of masculine physical charm which had earned him a host of admiring contemporaries, even in the Oxford where they both were students, was at its freshest and best.

"I don't want you to go back to London!"

"Nor do I. But I've got to. I've got to see your old man and have it out with him. His trip to Ireland made it possible for me to get you away and safe down here while I talk, but we can't just clear out."

"Why not? Honestly, I don't care any more about anything in the world except being with you. Two months ago I'd rather have committed suicide than upset Daddy or get in the newspapers. Now I just don't care."

"You go on thinking just like that and leave the rest to me," he said earnestly. "But I can't face the thought of you and me being turned into a nice Sunday 'treat' for halfwits. It was foolhardy and inconsiderate of your old man to call the whole thing off suddenly, just when his own invitations to the engagement 'do' were out, and he must have known that the gossip hounds would be down on us like a blight. I must talk to him. He can't have so much against me."

"He hasn't. I told you I don't know why he suddenly vetoed the marriage, but he liked you and he liked your background and was impressed by the degree and the sports record and . . ."

"Then why?"

"It was something to do with a letter he got from Miss Kinnit."

"From Aunt Alison? Do you know what was in it?"

"No, or I'd have told you. I only knew it came. I didn't mean to mention it. She was so nice to me, I thought she approved.

"She does. She's a funny, cold old thing but terribly kind — after all she and

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

The Chief Inspector stepped backwards into the kitchen.

"I was thinking of the Councillor. If he gets it into his head that this is an echo from Turk Street long ago, something pre-war, and if he decides that a detective has been employed by someone unknown to dig up dirt about one of his precious hand-picked tenants—any of the three hundred and sixty of them — then I'm going to have a job for life, aren't I?"

"That's right," Luke said. "Also he's quite an item, this literary character who is so interested in keeping ancient history quiet. Why is he only interested now? What could he want to hide which has no!" the girl protested sleepily. "No. Not morning yet, surely?"

"Julia!" The boy was awake at once, his eyes bright as the lids flickered open. He glanced down at the watch on his wrist. "So much for our careful planning! We've slept for two solid hours and the train will be here in fifteen minutes. You'll have to go down to the Keep alone. Do you mind?"

"I feel as if I shall never mind anything ever. It may wear off, but it hasn't yet," she said blithely. "But if I'm to get your car under cover by daylight I'd better go now, which is a bit heartrending . . . you're sure Nanny Broome really is on our side?"

"Completely. I telephoned

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

Eustace are my only family and she was delighted about you. They keep teasing me about you being the club of the year. This must be some completely idiotic misunderstanding. I'll go and put it right. Wait at the Keep and love me."

From the embankment above there was a clatter as the signal fell and her arms closed round him possessively.

He released himself gently. And turning from her he ran up the slope into the half-light, which was already throbbing with the noise of the train.

Julia sat listening until the engine had shrieked away once more and then with a sense of desolation she drove away through the back roads to where the village of Angevin lay hidden in the Suffolk folds.

She avoided the turning to the single main street of cottages and took instead the upper road which wound through the fields to a pair of neglected iron gates which led into a park.

The trees grew near to the house, so close in fact that they obscured it from the north side and she had to use the headlights to find the squat Tudor arch which led into the paved yard. As she passed it a yellow-lit doorway suddenly appeared in the shadowy masonry and the angular figure of a woman stood silhouetted within it. She came running out to the car.

"Mr. Tim."

"No." Julia was apologetic. "It's only me, I'm afraid, Mrs. Broome. We got held up and I left him at the station. You knew he was going back to London, didn't you?"

"Yes. Until tonight. He told me all about it on the telephone, and what he didn't tell me I was able to put together. There isn't much Mr. Tim hides from me."

There are three things that can never be hidden —love, a mountain, and one riding on a camel.
— *Arab proverb*

It was a strange greeting, neither hostile nor effusive, but possessive and feminine and tremendously authoritative. Julia was only just sufficiently sophisticated not to be irritated. "What about the car? I don't think it ought to stand out where it can be seen, do you?"

"No, Miss, I certainly don't. I think it should go down to the little piggy brick house. I'll show you where."

She stepped into the empty seat and pointed to an opening on the farther side of the yard.

As she settled down beside her Julia noticed that she was trembling with excitement. Margaret Broome was a woman of perhaps fifty, but her coarse hair was still fair and her light brown eyes were bright and shiny as pebbles in a brook.

"I slipped down last evening to make sure we could get in. It's the old summer-house at the end of the View. We used to call it the piggy house when Tim was a baby, after the little pigs' house that was built of brick, you know." She was unselfconscious in her nursery talk, matter of fact, rather. "Nobody goes there now. Here we are. See, I propped the doors open. You drive straight in."

It was a little ornamental temple with a tessellated floor and pillars, designed perhaps as a music-room in some far-off Victorian age of extravagance.

"There," said Nanny Broome, hopping out with the agility of a girl, "now we'll shut and lock the doors on it and no one will be a penny the wiser. We must hurry, though, because it's nearly light."

Julia hurried obediently, helped to close the doors, and then followed the angular figure round the side of the building to the broad terraced path which led up the slope to the front of the Keep. As she looked up and saw it for the first time from this vantage point she paused abruptly.

In the pink light of dawn, with the long shafts of sunrise cutting through the mist toward it, the Keep at Angevin was something to see.

Two slender towers of narrow rose-pink brick, fretted with mullioned windows, were flanked by three-storeyed wings of the same period, all carefully restored and remarkably little spoiled by the Victorian architect who had chosen to build the summer-house at this magnificent point of vantage.

"How staggering it looks from here!" Julia was almost laughing. "When I came to the houseparty at Christmas we didn't get as far as this, so I never saw it from this angle. I know why Timothy calls it his castle."

"It is his castle." The satisfied and possessive warning note jarred

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on the younger woman. "When he was a tiny boy in the war he and I used to sneak out here in the very early morning mushrooming, and I used to tell him about the knights riding in the courtyard, jousting and saving ladies and killing dragons, and so on. I wanted my young Mr. Timmy to grow up to be a chivalrous gentleman with a proper attitude toward women," she said acidly. "I hope you've discovered that he has one, miss?"

She turned her head as she spoke and made it a direct question. Julia regarded her blankly. "I love him very much," she said stiffly.

Reassured on a point which had clearly been exercising her, Nanny Broome became kindness itself and almost more devastating.

"I see you do," she said, patting the visitor's arm. And, as if to emphasise her whole-hearted co-operation in an enterprise of which she had once been doubtful, she seized the girl's little suitcase and hurried on with it, still talking. "Sometimes children get funny ideas, but I brought up Mr. Timmy myself and I didn't think the schools could have done him much harm after that. It's a scientific fact, isn't it, that if you have a child until he's six it doesn't matter who has him afterwards." Again she gave the little laugh that would have been arch had it not been for the alarming quality of complete faith which pervaded it.

The girl glanced at her sharply under her lashes, and the blurred youthfulness of her face stiffened a little.

"I hope you won't mind me calling you Nanny Broome, but that's how I think of you: I've heard it so often from Timothy," she began, taking the initiative. "Did you look after him from the time he was born?"

"Very nearly. He was just over the two days, I suppose, and the ugliest little monkey you ever saw. Great big mouth and ears and his eyes all squinted up like a changeling in the fairytales." She laughed delightedly and her face became radiant and naive.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This soft dressy suit was specially designed for a reader who has 5yds. 36in. navy silk. A paper pattern for the design is available in stock sizes.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I need a style and pattern for a late-afternoon suit. I don't want a fussy garment, but would like some smart detail for the jacket. I am in my late thirties and take a 36in. bust size."

Illustrated at right is the suit I have chosen in answer to your query. It is what I call a dressmaker suit, meaning it is soft and feminine and has a detailed jacket. The feature in this case is side-pleats on the double-breasted jacket. Details are given beside the picture.

"Could you please suggest some winter mix-matched separates in shades of brown, beige, and some brighter color?"

The following separates are chic and mixable. Jacket and skirt of chestnut-brown tweed, sleeveless weskit of bright orange jersey, and beige overblouse of lightweight wool.

"As I am wanting to plan my winter clothes, I would like information about the most popular winter shades."

Winter colors are forceful and bright—lots of blues and reds, fuchsia, and shades tending toward mustards and bright yellow. Black is again in fashion, and among the neutrals all beige shades are particularly popular. White is a popular night color.

"Are there any styles for a really small figure that do not make the wearer look as though she is dressing like a teenager?"

Of course there are. Being small does not mean you have to dress like a little girl. For example, an overblouse—it should finish just below the waistline—and matching skirt is flattering to the petite figure. If you like a belt, have it narrow and in matching fabric.

"What accessories would give a different look to a tailored black dress? I have been wearing it with pearls and white gloves."

Try it with black gloves, shoes, and handbag, and then for dressy occasions add jet jewellery. The all-black look for autumn is new and chic.

"My husband and I go out to quite a number of card parties. I need an idea for a frock for these occasions. I am slim and like smart clothes."

I suggest a figure-following wool shift in a luscious color. Choose orange, red, or rose-pink according to your own coloring.

"I have a houndstooth check in wine-red and white to make a winter coat. What color hat and accessories would be correct with the coat?"

A hat in the same fabric as the coat, and chocolate-brown shoes, gloves, and handbag.

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Joan Sutherland

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voice everything until that vital Sunday night debut, the chorus applauded her loudly.

"You're like a shot in the arm," their spokesman told her. "This is the best thing that's happened to the Met in years."

The following day, Thursday, was spent quietly, not talking too much, going to bed — the unexciting but essential routine of the prima donna whose fame and wealth always depend upon a completely relaxed and healthy throat.

Quite excusably she might have lain awake. Engagements all over the world had piled up for years ahead. Obviously, so long as her voice lasted, she would enjoy few moments of relaxation from this grinding ritual of plane trips, hotels, hairdressers, rehearsals, photo calls, Press conferences, performances, repacking the suitcases and on to yet another plane for yet another hotel and another opera house.

She neither fretted nor lay awake. Exhausted by twenty performances and a dozen journeys round America covering fifteen thousand miles in the past six weeks, confronted with another month at the same gruelling pace, she sensibly went to sleep.

Friday saw the dress rehearsal. It went well enough, although Richard still found the costumes and the set appalling. Of the Wedding Scene he observed: "Looks more like an audition for 'Tosca.' And get all those candelabra" — about twenty ladies in Directoire costumes that had nothing to do with 17th-century Scotland carried elaborate candelabra — "Liberace'll be livid!"

Again Sutherland abstained from the highest notes; nevertheless, a small, invited audience found themselves stirred to excited applause; and the Met's Administrator, commenting on the Wedding Scene and the marriage contract in it, which Sutherland, on behalf of Lucia, had already signed twice, threatened: "Next time she signs that I'm going to have an option contract there instead."

Only Sutherland's small son disapproved. "Why," he demanded querulously, "does Mummy marry the bad man?" . . . and: "Daddy, are those Red Indian girls?" It was a good question. The wardrobe department had put long, green, and inexplicable feathers in the tartan cap of each dancer . . . And: "Why don't they kill one another now they've got their swords out?" . . . And, finally, to the enormous pleasure of Madame Elizabeth Rethberg, beside whom he sat, just after the Wedding Scene: "Now Mummy's cutting him up."

AGAIN she was early to bed that night, while Richard, armed with a sheaf of notes in illegible writing, had a final consultation with Silvio Varviso.

Varviso had never before conducted "Lucia" and had never before conducted in the Met. He was most anxious to hear Richard's views on the acoustics of the theatre and any way in which he could assist Sutherland's performance. Accordingly Richard had made his notes.

"They're just little points that are pertinent," he stated by way of preface — though he was prepared to fight each of them like the President fighting for his Budget if necessary.

"Now this entrance here . . . I'd be inclined to make it a bit more dramatic." And so on, through the score, while his wife slept.

Nothing more exciting than a visit to the hairdresser and another early night were the Sutherland diversions for Saturday; and all of Sunday, up till 7.15, was spent in near silence to rest her voice.

Then they left their suite, climbed into a large Rolls-Royce ordered for them by Decca, and drove to the Met.

"How do you feel?" Richard asked.

"Fine."

"Nervous?"

"No. Only one thing the matter with me."

"What?"—anxiously.

"I've got wind," announced the diva, rubbing her stomach and burping earthily.

The performance that night was a Benefit Performance, which meant a house full of the richest but supposedly least appreciative audience in the world. Apart from those who had stood in line, as the Americans put it, since that morning, there were few in the theatre, it was alleged, who could have distinguished *bel canto* from Wagner. More interested in the jewels other women wore than any jewels there might be in Sutherland's performance, they and their husbands were not going to be an easy house to rouse. Only those fanatics who had queued for standing room — and when an American queues for twelve hours, he is fanatical beyond all cure — could be relied upon to respond quickly and enthusiastically.

Enviously the socialites in the orchestra stalls scanned the boxes, hoping for a bejewelled acknowledgment from the richer couples above. Sympathetically they discussed poor Governor Rockefeller, then searching for his son who had been tragically lost in New Guinea. Rather sourly they surveyed the past "greats" of opera as, to applause from the unseated cognescenti, they walked down the aisle. Idly they opened their free programmes, not to look at the cast list but to find out exactly who sat in which box.

By 8.30 the auditorium was full. Outside, rich men were offering 300 dollars for a double ticket. Inside were all of New York's society and many of the Met's past and present stars.

SUTHERLAND'S Metropolitan Opera House debut began. At first there was a dryness in her voice; but then, completing the early two-part aria with total confidence and the most limpid of high D's, she brought forth from her difficult audience a quite unsocialite bellow of approval.

But if they bellowed at the end of this scene, they thundered after the sextet — during which a serene Sutherland entered into what was obviously vocal combat with the powerfully voiced tenor, Richard Tucker — and they gasped at the beginning of the Mad Scene.

Probably in no other opera house had the cunning of Zeffirelli's production of "Lucia" been so apparent as it was that night in the Met. For two acts he had allowed her to perform with mere formality of movement and a reasonable degree of naturalness. He had never sought great acting here. He had sought it — and found it — in the Mad Scene.

Thus the Met's somewhat blase audience had for two acts become accustomed to a striking and well-dressed woman singing beautifully and acting competently. They therefore expected no more: they simply anticipated more of the same.

Instead, what suddenly confronted them, in Sutherland's last scene, was a wild-eyed girl at the top of a steep staircase — Lucia in a bloodstained shift, a dagger in her hand, her long red hair hanging dishevelled round her shoulders, her face contorted. At that instant they fell into a rapt startled silence seldom known in the Met before.

Thereafter, perfectly in command, in perfect voice, a very real sense of suddenly felt nervous exhaustion adding to her singing even more convincing undertones of madness than usual, Sutherland proceeded to slay them. She mastered and made use of that vicious staircase — gliding down it, sprawling over it, retreating in horror up it; she skimmed the stage in pursuit of her phantom echoes; and, at the end of the first aria, she had to wait five minutes before the applause died and she could conclude the scene with her second.

When she did so, uttering her last piercing note of despair and falling nervelessly backwards on to the stage, the audience were as much astonished by the fall as they had been by the singing. Indeed, the first acclaim came from a man who previously and consistently throughout the performance had hailed her with loud and cultured "Bravos." This time he shouted equally loudly, but more in his native vernacular, a single and utterly sincere, "Wow!"

For the next eleven minutes the applause was frenzied. Eventually, to kill it, the house lights were dimmed, to indicate that now the last scene, where Edgardo laments Lucia's death, must begin.

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Joan Sutherland

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But the audience would have none of it. If they allowed the final scene to start, they would have seen the last of Sutherland: and they were far from ready to say goodbye to Sutherland. Shouting, clapping, throwing programmes, and stamping, they applauded on. At last the lights came up again and Sutherland took her eighth curtain call—at which Paul Scofield, the English actor, and two other men near him, rose to their feet. Twenty seconds later the entire house was on its feet for a prolonged standing ovation.

Again the lights dimmed; again the audience ignored them. In the pit, Varviso grinned with joy. An accomplished and most sympathetic conductor, he cared not that he and his orchestra were being ignored in their attempts to resume playing. This was the soprano's night—Sutherland's night—and he loved Sutherland and was content to see her taking curtain calls till breakfast-time if that was what the audience wanted.

So apparently were his musicians. At each of the prima donna's reappearances, all of them stood up from their seats, craned their necks the better to see her from the pit, clapped and shouted to her as enthusiastically as the paying patrons.

A third time the lights dimmed: a third time to no avail. Again Sutherland appeared.

"Well," she commented breathlessly, as she retired finally behind the curtain. "I don't know. Sounds more like a football match than grand opera, doesn't it?"

Then only, as if realising that further applause might precipitate yet another musician's strike (there had been one lately), did the audience subside and allow the opera to continue and conclude.

The Sutherland dressing-room became a battlefield of reporters, photographers, celebrities, and well-wishers. Elsa Maxwell surged in—and then surged out again. George London, the baritone, who in 1958 had secured for Sutherland a fruitless Met audition, congratulated her.

"Thank God that audition didn't come to anything," he said.

"It was very kind of you to try, George."

"I could have easily killed you with that kindness. If they'd taken you then, the Met'd never have had tonight."

WHEN she eventually managed to dress and leave the theatre, a howling mob waited outside—first denying her access to her car and then buffeting the noble Rolls in most unpatrician style. It was a further 45 minutes before the car could leave for the Central Park West apartment of Mrs. Geraldine Souvaine, who was now giving Sutherland a long-promised celebration party.

To it 60 had been invited, but 84 had arrived. Reduced to the tactics of desperation, Mrs. Souvaine even stared her uninvited guests straight in the eye and demanded: "Who are you?" It was useless. Still they came—and still they stayed.

Of those who had been invited, the singer Jenny Tourel was almost the first to congratulate Sutherland . . . "You were superb," she said. "You moved me so much—because this is what the Met has needed for so long—that I cried."

Regina Resnik, looking like an operatic Glynis Johns, was equally flattering—remarking that the "Carmen" where Sutherland had fought with Kubelik had been a big step forward for three people—Sutherland, Jon Vickers, and herself, whose international career as a mezzo-soprano had really begun then.

Fredric March, distinguished as ever, offered warm congratulations. "I've never been so happy that I cried," he confessed, "until tonight, when I was—and did."

Richard glowed with pleasure and pride and drank three large and unaccustomed glasses of vodka.

Geraldine Souvaine, whose knowledge of the Met rivals even Lord Harewood's of Covent Garden, said: "There hasn't been a reception for a prima donna like that since 1920."

"Since 1917," someone contradicted.

"All right, have it your way," sighed a tired hostess. "Since 1917."

"Which," commented Weenie, "is well before Joan was born."

The party raged on until 3.30 in the morning, when Monday's papers arrived.

"A new star at the Met," they said. "Sutherland stops the show." . . . "An actress as well as a singer of notable power and skill." And finally . . . *"Prima donna assoluta."*

EVERYTHING in her career thereafter would be repetition. Flights, hotels, rehearsals, Press conferences, photo calls, hairdressers, early to bed, the performance—the ovation. All endlessly repeated.

Except in one respect: that henceforth she must pay more consideration to her health. For in New York, only weeks after her triumphant debut, she received the first of a series of warnings so sharp that, in the end, they could no longer be ignored.

One night she forgot not only the words but also the music of a "Sonnambula" aria. A few nights later, in "Lucia," to her consternation, she concluded her "Quando rapita in estasi" while the orchestra was only two-thirds of the way through it. On both occasions she saved her performance with frantic extemporisations: but her exhaustion, both mental and physical, was now unmistakable.

Ignoring his wife's protests, Richard at once cancelled her next engagement in Naples and booked a flight back to London, where her doctor promptly ordered her to rest in bed for a week.

Strangely unrefreshed, she then flew to further concert engagements. But finally, in Antwerp, during a rehearsal, she tripped and stumbled. Next day she needed injections. The next, in Amsterdam, rehearsing, she wept in open agony.

Nevertheless, she performed next night, every movement and every high note bringing a stab of pain. In London, the following week, specialists diagnosed a severe arthritic condition of the discs of her spine.

Stubbornly, she sang in "Alcina," in Zeffirelli's final Covent Garden production; and then in "Traviata." But, strapped into a steel support, her falls as Violetta were excruciating, her bows a desperate adventure from which the return to vertical was always a matter of extreme conjecture.

Of this the public knew nothing: until, just before her last performance, the story broke.

Across the front pages of the newspapers of the world, the headlines proclaimed "Opera Star Ill" . . . "Famous Singer to Retire." Sutherland's doctors had finally insisted that she cancel all engagements involving travel; take a prolonged rest; or risk complete physical breakdown.

Thus, in her long fight against pain, pain had for once been the victor—and this at a most ironic moment. For in mid-1962 Sutherland was to have sung in Australia. A triumphant return there was to have been the culmination of all her work, and an opportunity to repay her debt to all who had had faith in her, to the country that had bred and blessed her with a glorious voice.

Not, however, any longer: and it was a bitter moment.

But Sutherland had always, in the end, managed to overcome physical handicaps. With planned periods of rest and regular medical treatment (something she had never allowed before), she would ultimately be able to undertake the long trip home and that risk of prolonged separation from her specialists which such a tour would involve. And on that day Australians would discover for themselves how and why a once lonely girl from Sydney had conquered the world.

Would discover how she, who had never been allowed to portray a fairy, now played great heroines: how she, who had childishly loved sad romantic stories and the pomp of coronations, now sublimated her childish passion in the sumptuous settings of grand opera. How she, who had once sung only with the milkman, and only to the birds, now sang with the world's leading tenors, to the world's most discriminating audiences—and was acclaimed by them all as a great actress-singer.

THE END

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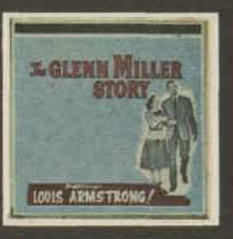

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 55

"I loved every little tiny scrap of him, that's all I know. He was my baby. I'd lost my own, you see, and he crept right into my heart. You see, I'd been a nurse in the Paget family over at St. Bede's and I was just on thirty when I met Mr. Broome, who was the head gardener, caretaker, and everything else here. He was a widower with five lovely grown-up children and when he asked me I couldn't resist them and all this lovely place to bring them to.

"So I married him, and my own little boy was on the way when there was all that business before the war—Munich time. The doctors had me in hospital at Ipswich, but it was no good. Baby didn't live and I came back knowing I wouldn't have another. So when I was given Timmy to look after you can guess, I expect, young though you are, how I felt. And hasn't he grown up a darling? And now you've come to take him away."

THE final phrase was spoken solely for effect, and its falseness did not convince even Mrs. Broome herself, apparently, for she laughed at it even while she uttered it, and there was no trace of resentment in tone or smile. "You'll never take him right away," she added with a grin of pure feminine satisfaction.

"He'll always be my little Prince Tim of the Rose-red Castle in one little corner of his heart. You can see that's true because where did he bring you? He brought you to me to hide you. Now you come along and I'll give you a cup of tea."

They had reached the last terrace as she finished speaking, and only a lawn separated them from the tall, graceful facade, whose blank windows looked out sightlessly to the estuary two miles away.

"It's all locked up except for my little door." She took her visitor's elbow and guided her over the damp grass to the narrow entrance from which she had first appeared.

Julia found herself ushered into a long, narrow room with a very high ceiling. It was warm and remarkably comfortable, despite a double row of painted waterpipes round the cornice.

"Since the children went and Miss Alison wanted Broome and me to live in the house we gave up our cottage and I've made us a little flat out here." Her guide led her over to the window, where a modern dining unit complete with pews and a gay blue-and-yellow plastic-topped table had been installed.

"The big kitchen is nearly 40ft. long, so there was no point in poor old Broome and me rattling about in it alone. I use the scullery as my kitchen and the butler's pantry has made me a lovely double bedroom and you'd never guess that this was the still-room before World War I, would you? It's my lounge now and I love it. Excuse me a moment while I see to the kettle."

She bustled out of the room. Julia looked about her curiously. The room reflected its owner to the point of giving itself away. A pile of weekly magazines, whose bright covers promised the latest in patterns and notions, stood on the old-fashioned dresser, which itself had been treated with white paint.

Home-made black wool rugs broke up the glare of black-and-yellow linoleum tiles, but the "contemporary" effect was not so much enhanced as debunked by a peculiarly individual type of ornament. The room was full of toys, which had been mended and repainted and which stood about in places where knick-knacks would have been more usual.

Julia's white leather coat and silk scarf appeared remarkably sophisticated in this artless setting, and Mrs. Broome, returning with a tray set with multi-colored china, eyed her with open admiration.

"You look just like what the paper said of you — the one that forecast the engagement," she announced. "'The leading fashionable young lady of the year,' I was so happy I cried when I read that. 'A princess,' I said. That's what I always promised Mr. Timmy when he was little."

Julia sat down abruptly, trying not to look dismayed. "Oh, dear," she said. "You explain quite a lot about Timothy, Nanny Broome."

"Quite likely, but not all." The woman spoke with unexpected shrewdness. "There's nothing like a British Public School and Oxford to mould the clay. Mr. Eustace Kinnit said that when he insisted on sending the poor little chap away to Totham preparatory school. He was only eight and a bit; he did look a baby!"

SHE paused and fixed her hard brown stare on Julia.

"Tell me, Miss, what exactly has your father got against young Timmy? I should have thought my boy had every mortal thing a gentleman could want for his daughter. Looks, lots of money, wonderful brains and education, a place all ready for him in a business which will be his one day, and lovely manners, though I say it myself who taught him. I don't understand your Dad, because if we'd been preparing the lad for it all his life he couldn't have been more suitable for you, or that's my view!

"Did something happen to put your father off?" she inquired. "He seemed willing enough at first, didn't he? He was going to give you a dance to announce it, or so Probe Parker said in my paper. Then, quite suddenly, he changed his mind and was dead set against it and the column wanted to know why. Quite frankly, miss, so do I, and I'm the one who would know if there was anything real to object to."

"Did you ever meet Timothy's parents, Mrs. Broome?"

"No, miss, I didn't." She spoke with decision, but there was a faintly satisfied "just as I thought" expression in the voice. "I heard Mr. Eustace's and Miss Alison's younger brother had been killed in Spain, of course, but I didn't see much of the family the first year I was married. It was only when I came home from the hospital after losing my baby that I found the family had moved down here because the war was just about to start.

"When I first married Broome the house was kept as it is now, partly as a showplace and partly as a store. The family owns a gallery of antiques, besides having an interest in the big auction rooms. And a lot of the important pieces were very often kept here as they are still."

"Yes, I knew that. I only wondered if you'd ever seen Timothy's mother."

"No, miss, I only saw the girl who brought him down because London might be bombed. She wasn't a uniformed nurse and not really safe with him, which was why I took over. I always understood that his mummy had died in childbirth, but with eighty babies in the house you can understand I was too busy to hear much."

"So many?" Julia's dark eyes widened. "Miss Kinnit told me at Christmas about the evacuees. On the first day of the war this house was invaded. It was a sort of clearing station, wasn't it, for the district? You must have had a time!"

An expression of such intense happiness that it could almost have been called a radiance transfigured Nanny Broome suddenly.

"Oh! It was wonderful," she said, fervently. "I never

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 61

had a second to think of my own trouble, and then having Timmy without his mother it saved my life it did, really!" She paused. "Your father's very old-fashioned, I suppose?" she said abruptly.

"Father? No, I should have said the opposite. Why?"

"I went to the adoption when Mr. Eustace made Timmy his own little son," said Mrs. Broome without explanation. "We all went up to the Law Courts in London and into the judges' secret room and it was summer and Timmy was in his first white sailor suit with long trousers, although he was only five.

"I sat in the passage while the business was done. Timmy was wonderfully good, so the lawyer told me. We used to play 'Judges' after that. Now, miss, Broome will be up in a minute, so I'm going to take you up to your room. I've been getting it ready ever since I heard a rumor Timmy had got a young lady."

She picked up Julie's suitcase and turned toward her.

"You'd better get some sleep," she said. "You won't get much once you're on the run from the reporters. They'll be on to you like ravening wolves, your father appealing for you on the telly like he did last night."

"But that's impossible," Julia said. "He doesn't know."

"Oh, yes he does." Mrs. Broome was remarkably cheerful about it. "Parents always know a lot more than children think. They've got an instinct, you know. I saw it myself when I was sitting up waiting for you. Just after the last news they caught him getting on to an aeroplane to go and look for you. 'I wish she was safe at home in bed,' he said. I was quite sorry for him even if he has taken a silly dislike to Timmy."

The girl rose slowly to her feet. "My father was coming home on an aeroplane last night from a business trip to Ireland . . ." she began.

"Oh, that may have been it." Mrs. Broome made it clear that she did not care. "I know I thought that he could go flying to Gretna Green in Scotland, but he wouldn't find you and Timmy because you'd be here, safe in the Bride's Room. Come along, miss, it's quite a way up on the nursery floor, but it's this side of the turrets."

She led the way out of the service quarter into the vast house itself. Julia followed her, struck again as she had been on her first visit by the enormous size of the place.

"Wouldn't it have made a lovely school?" said Nanny Broome as they arrived at last in a gallery as long as a skittle alley and looked at the line of mahogany doors.

"I always call this the Nursery Suite, and there was one time when Timmy was about six and very noisy that we used it for that, but it was always a long way up and lonely. We've never been able to get proper help there, you see, not in my time. It must have been wonderful in Mr. Eustace's grandfather's day. Twenty-three people in the servants' hall, and then they thought they were understaffed, or so Broome says. He can just remember the old gentleman.

"Well, this is the room, my dear. We always used to call it the Bride's Room, Timmy and me. We had our own names for all the rooms, but the others were nearly always kept empty, except when they were needed to show off a great suite of furniture or some tapestries or something. We had his things brought up to the room at the end there, but they were all taken back when Timmy went to school.

"However, the Bride's Room was always here and kept like this, under dust-sheets. I've got it all out and pressed all the covers; they're not even yellow, they've kept so well."

There was a long pause as they stood together surveying the scene. "You can see why we gave it its name? Yet it was made, I believe, for one of Queen Victoria's daughters who didn't get married—or perhaps Mr. Eustace was joking when he told me that."

Julia was silent. The huge square box, parquet-floored and high-ceilinged, had been arranged to display a suite of bedroom furniture designed and made in the halcyon days of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when modish taste was just due to go clean out of fashion for the best part of the next hundred years.

THE half-dozen pieces, all of which were very large, indeed, were painted white and carved with festoons of flowers, birds, and cupids. To display them the walls had been tinted a vivid blue which had now faded, but the carpet, which had evidently been stored and recently relaid, retained its original turquoise. The bed was the most extravagant piece. Its graceful cane half-tester rose high toward the cornice and was so festooned in carved white wood that the effect was positively insecure, as if the great couch were trimmed with icing-sugar. A magnificent spread of fine Irish crochet over a blue lining completed a picture of chill grandeur, chaste to the point of being suspect.

Nanny Broome turned and caught sight of the frozen young face beside her.

"Oh, miss! Don't you like it?" There was reproach as well as astonishment in the question.

"It's very beautiful. Thank you very much for taking so much trouble, but the whole room makes me feel rather cold. I don't think I'll stay here now if you don't mind. Is there somewhere else I could change and lie down for an hour or so?"

"It's not the room, you know, miss," Mrs. Broome said suddenly. "This isn't the one the tale is about. That one is on the other floor and right on the other side of the house, and even that is not the true one, either, because it happened in another house. I wouldn't give you that, even though I'd take my dying oath it's never been haunted. There's no ghosts anywhere in the Keep." She spoke with tremendous fervency, but the chill remained and her round eyes were watchful. "You've heard all about it, I suppose?"

"No." Julia was already turning toward the door and the nurse made a move as if to intercept her. Her expression was fearful and yet naughty, disapproving yet dying to tell.

"Do you know about Miss Thyrza's chair?" She made the murmured phrase sound comically sinister.

Julia heard her but without interest. She had reached the doorway and was almost running toward the stairhead. On reaching it, however, she paused and turned back, re-entering the room just as Mrs. Broome was coming out. Hurrying across the blue carpet, she climbed on to the stone sill and threw open the window, pushing back the casements until they were at their widest, so that the morning air poured into the room.

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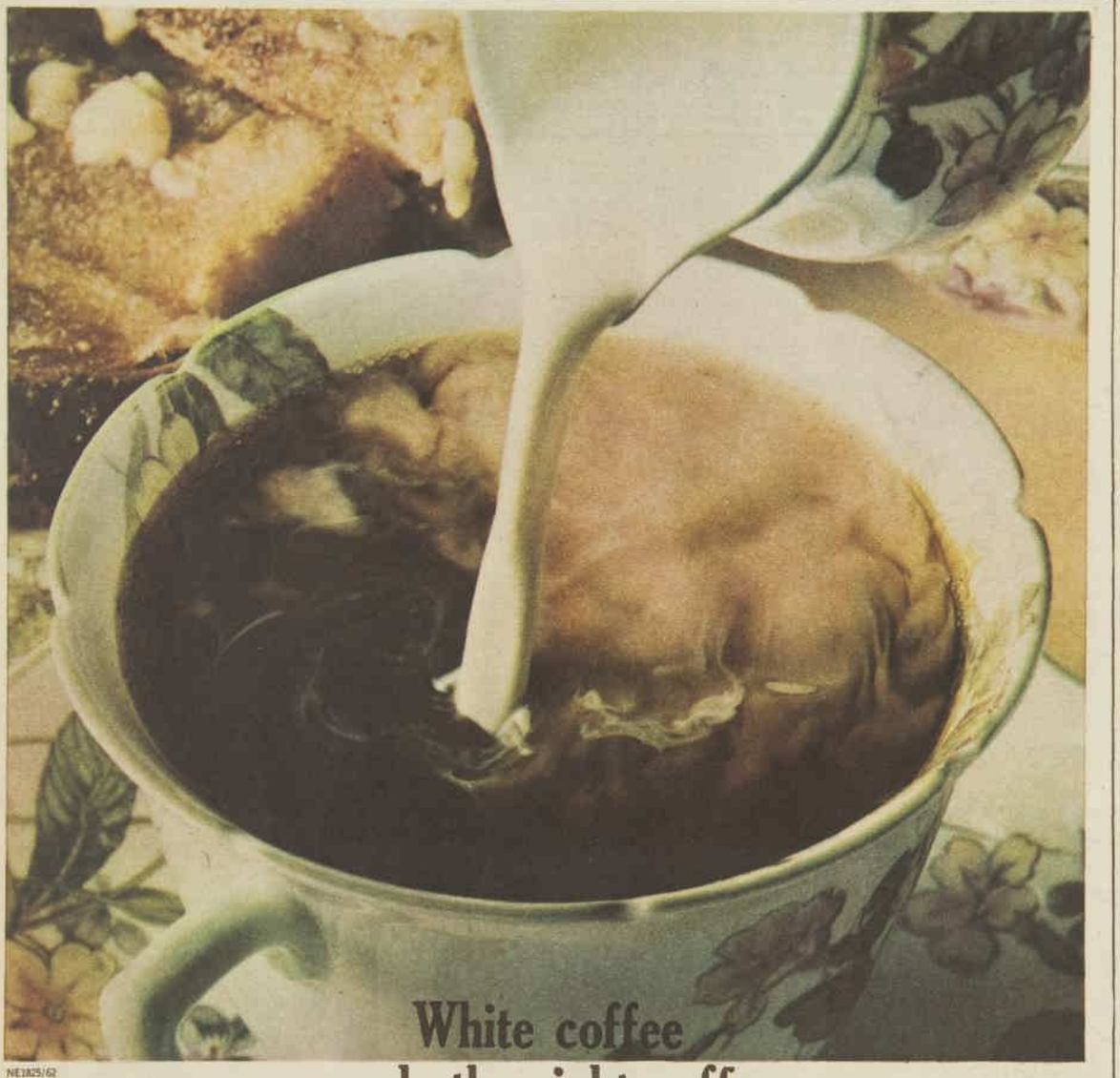

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"Why, miss, whatever are you doing? There'll be leaves from the evergreens, birds, and I don't know what flying in. That spread alone is worth a small fortune."

"Very likely." There was unexpected firmness in the young voice. "But I don't think we'll worry about that. Please leave the room like this to air. I may come back here later, but just now I should like to lie down somewhere else."

Mrs. Broome opened her mouth to protest, but thought better of it. She was trained to recognise authority when she met it and presently she led the way downstairs again, for the first time looking a little dubious.

Later when Julia was rested and had fed from the luncheon tray Mrs. Broome had just removed, she had reverted to her normal gaiety. She was very much in love, her mind quite made up.

The morning paper which had been brought up to her in triumph with her meal had been folded back by Nanny Broome. There was a snapshot of Sir Anthony Laurell across two news columns. He was shown descending from a plane and smiling all over his face above the caption: "Tired but On Top; Flying Chairman Settles Strike Threat Yet Again." The story was a purely industrial one concerning labor disputes in Northern Ireland, but it finished with a brief report of the little incident which was all that had mattered to Nanny Broome.

"As he paused to pose for reporters, weary but well satisfied and smiling hugely, one daring correspondent asked Sir Anthony if he knew where his daughter was. This was a reference to the rumor that the engagement expected between Julia Laurell, Sir Anthony's only child, and twenty-two-year-old Timothy Kinnit, heir to the famous Kinnit's Salesrooms in Dover Street, will not now be announced. Gossips are blaming Sir Anthony for the broken romance and are predicting much heart-burning from the young people. In reply to the question last night Sir Anthony's smile broadened. 'Safe in her bed, I hope in goodness,' he said heartily, and strode off to his car.

Julia had explained the significance of the report in some detail as soon as her hostess returned to collect the tray, but without any noticeable success. She was not very surprised, therefore, when the good lady arrived back in a flurry.

"I told you you were wrong," she said. "They're here! Amy Beadle has just telephoned from the Goat and Boot—she's the licensee — she says two different London papers rang up to ask if you or Mr. Timothy had been seen in the village. She told them 'no' and then she wondered if I knew anything."

"What did you tell her?"

"Oh, I was very careful. I said I hadn't heard a whisper from London, our exchange is automatic you see, so there wouldn't be a leak there — but I expected Mr. Tim would take you to Scotland or, if they've stopped Gretna Green, to Paris or somewhere like that."

"You were very thorough."

"You have to be with Amy. Which reminds me, miss, if you should see anybody arriving in the drive, nip straight down this passage here on the left and go into the big door at the end. It looks like an ordinary door but it isn't quite, there's a little brass catch underneath. Pull that sideways and you'll get into the big drawing-room. I call it the Treasure Room. That's where all the valuables are kept and that's the room I never take strangers into when they call, as they do to see the old historic building and so on. The lock closes behind you and there's the same arrangement inside so you can always get out. It's just a safety precaution. You know the room, it's the one the dance was held in at Christmas."

She paused for breath and was silent for a moment.

"I do hope you'll understand what I'm going to say," she began. "It's very easy to take offence at such times I know, but miss, why don't you have a betrothal? Mr.

Continuing . . . THE CHINA Ggoverness

from page 62

Lingley, the parson, the Rev. Ben they call him, has known Mr. Timmy for 15 years and I know he'd like to help."

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'a betrothal'," Julia said. "It sounds perfect, but what is it? Some sort of ceremony?"

"Oh, I think so, miss. You'd have to leave all that to the parson, of course, but you read about it in all the stories, don't you? Let me ring up Mr. Lingley and ask him if he'd slip round. I won't tell him why, but I know he'll come."

"I'm sure he would. I did meet him, you know, at Christmas. No, let's leave it to Timothy. I'll tell him what you suggest."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Broome. "Now I know you'll make Timmy a good wife because he's very proud and headstrong and has to be led. I shall hold you to that, miss." A sizzling noise from the gravel outside made them both look out of the window. A car had just driven through the arch on to the drive and two men were gettting out.

Nanny Broome took one look at the shorter and the darker of the two and flushed scarlet with vexation.

"Oh, heck!" she said unexpectedly and managed to make the absurd word shocking. "Mr. Basil! That's torn it. He would come rolling in just when nobody wants him! It's Mr. Basil Toberman. I expect you've heard of him. He's the other side of the business, the black sheep, if you ask me. He drinks like a sponge and thinks he's something an angel's brought in. I don't know who that is he's got with him."

"I do." Julia was looking apprehensively at a tall thin man who was climbing out of the passenger seat. "That's Albert Campion. I don't think he could be looking for me already, but I think I'd better get out of the way."

"What is he? A lawyer?" Nanny Broome asked.

"I don't think so. People tell you all sorts of things about him, what he is and what he isn't. You call him in when you're in a flap. Go and head them off while I get under cover."

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ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

Continuing . . .

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 63

The brass lock on the drawing-room door was easy enough to negotiate once one knew its secret and Julia had the satisfaction of hearing the catch spring home as she closed it behind her and entered an immensely tall, gracious room with a polished wood floor dotted with rugs.

Here the stripped panelling was warmly gold and the pictures, mostly of the English school, were mellow and gentle in the afternoon light. Sepia Delft tiles surrounded the fireplace, their crudely drawn biblical scenes in faded cyclamen blending with the pinkish pine, while above them, instead of a mantelshelf, there was an archway high enough to form a balcony with slender balusters and a tapestry hung well behind.

As usual Nanny Broome's pet name for it was extremely apt; there were treasures everywhere, including a pair of cabinets in Italian marquetry, whose long serpentine glass shelves were covered with porcelain. The general effect was elegant and informed. Glass-topped specimen tables of various periods were scattered among velvet chairs and needlework-covered settees and here and there a collector's item, a tiny walnut harpsichord or a box in sumpwork old as the building itself.

The tiles attracted Julia, who had just reached them when she heard the door catch move again and recollected with a shock that at least one of the visitors must know the house quite as well as did Mrs. Broome. There was only one hiding-place and she took it promptly, mounting the enclosed stairs which led up behind the panelling to the balcony. A curtain hung over the arched entrance, hiding her, and she sat down on the second step to wait until they left.

"But the Victorians were tough and very interested in crime."

JULIA did not recognise the voice and presumed that it was Toberman's. "Here you are. These are the Staffordshire Murder Cottages and their incumbents. All this collection on the centre shelf."

"Extraordinary," Mr. Campion said and sounded sincere. She could imagine his expression of innocent bewilderment, his pale eyes smiling lazily. He was not a particularly handsome man as she recalled him, but a very attractive one with a strong streak of sensitive interest in his fellow-men.

"When you first mentioned the Murder Houses to me the other day I looked them up. It seemed such a macabre idea that I didn't believe you," he went on frankly. "To my amazement there they were, illustrated in the text-books; pottery figures representing famous criminals of the nineteenth century and the houses they lived in. I was rather startled."

Toberman laughed. "You ought to study this collection, Campion. Eustace will never part with it while he's alive, but one day it'll be famous. There's every Staffordshire crime-piece ever made in this cabinet, and that's unique. The Van Hoyer Museum in New York hasn't that very rare second version of Maria Marten's Red Barn over there, nor the little Frederick George Manning — he was the criminal Dickens saw hanged on the roof of the gaol in Horsemonger Lane, by the way—"

"Yet they have Miss Thyrza and her chair?"

"That's right." He seemed rather pleased about it. "The only other copy in the world. Eustace's great grandfather, Terence Kinnit, bought up the moulds and destroyed the whole edition to prevent the perpetuation of the scandal of his murdering governess, but he couldn't resist saving two copies, one for his own collection and one to grow into money to recover what the suppression cost him. As usual his judgment was sound. Miss Thyrza was forgotten and his grandson, that was the present Eustace's father, sold the second copy to the Van Hoyer for the highest price ever paid for a single piece of Stafford."

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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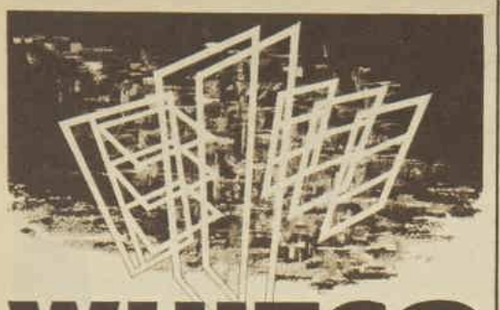

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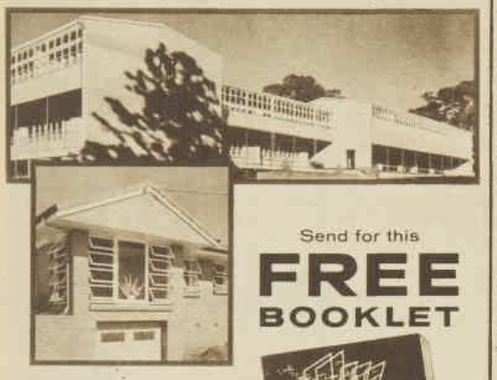

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Continuing . . .

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 64

"Really? And the crime happened in this house, did it?"

"The murder? Oh, no. Terence moved here because of the murder. Here the lady is, Campion. Drooping over the fatal chairback. How do you like her?"

Tucked away behind the curtain on the staircase, Julia heard the faint twang of the thin glass as the cabinet's doors were opened.

On the other side of the room Mr. Campion was looking over Toberman's shoulder as he took the portrait group from the shelf. It was a typical product of the factory, heavily glazed and brightly colored. The chair was a cosy half-cylinder, quilted inside and colored a fierce pink. The lady, in a long royal-blue gown very tight in the waist and low over the shoulders, was draped beside it, her long black hair hanging across her face and breast. At her feet, two indeterminate shapes, possibly children, huddled together on a footstool.

"It has very few flaws and that's unusual for Stafford, to begin with," Toberman said, turning the piece over in his short hands. He was a blue-chinned man in his early forties with wet eyes and a very full, dark red mouth which suggested somehow that he was on the verge of tears. "See the packing-needle?"

He pointed to a spot inside the chair's curve where there was a small protuberance. Mr. Campion had taken it for a fault in the glazing, but now that he came to examine it he saw the grey blade painted upon it. He glanced up in startled astonishment.

"A packing-needle! Was that the weapon? What a horribly practical and homely item. She simply wedged it, sticking out of the upholstery, I suppose? How very nasty."

CHEERFULLY, Toberman said. "Either she pushed the fellow on to it from the front, or she went round the back of the chair as he was about to sit down, put her arms round his neck, and pulled hard. That was what the prosecution suggested, as a matter of fact."

"When was this fruity little crime?" Mr. Campion continued to be astonished. "I can't think how but I seem to have missed it altogether."

"It was 1849 — the young woman wasn't hanged. The jury acquitted her but she committed suicide, so it was assumed that she was guilty after all and the public lost interest."

Presently Toberman put the group back and his guest stood looking at it through the glass.

"Who are the little creatures in the foreground?" he inquired.

"Those are the cousins. Miss Haidee, Terence's daughter, and Miss Emma, his sister's child. Thyrza was their governess. They were much older than they're shown there; the artist made them small to emphasise their unimportance. Emma was the eldest; she was just on sixteen. Haidee was a year or so younger. Thyrza herself was only twenty. The victim was the music master. He used to ride out from the town once a week and there was an affair.

"Little Haidee found some letters, nosy little beast. She showed them to her cousin Emma, who gave them back to Thyrza. Thyrza got the wind up in case the kid told her mother and tried to get the chap sacked, but without success. All this came out at the trial. The music master had fancied himself as a rural Don Juan and had talked about his conquests, so Miss Thyrza was practically forced to get rid of him or lose both her job and any hope of marrying well. Being an ingenious young woman she set about repairing the upholstery in the visitors' chair with a nine-inch packing-needle."

"Why did the jury acquit her?" Mr. Campion appeared to be fascinated by the far-off crime.

"She insisted that the thing was an accident."

"Why did she kill herself?"

"No future." Toberman's shrug lent a chill to the statement. "She came out of the assize court, drifted down the high road, found she had nowhere to go, and pitched herself in a horse pond. There was nothing left for her at all, you see, and as an ex-employer old Terence Kinnit wouldn't have stirred a finger. Kinnit philanthropy always has an end product."

Mr. Campion stared at the speaker through his round spectacles. Toberman laughed, his full mouth disconcertingly unsteady and reproachful.

"I'm the first of my family not to be grateful," he announced. "I'm the last of the Tobermans and the first of them to see the Kinnits for what they must have been all the time — a bunch of natural sharks masquerading as patronising amateurs." He broke off abruptly.

"What I need is a drink," he said. "Whenever I get unpleasantly sober I clamber up on this boring old hobby horse. The Kinnits are a depressing family. Old Terence must have been typical. He got my great-grandfather out of his particular spot of bother. He was bankrupt. Terence lent his name and a great deal of his money to our auction-rooms. We remained the auctioneers and the Kinnits kept their amateur status as connoisseurs who did a spot of genteel dealing on the side. That's the Kinnit method; take in lame ducks, don't ask too much about them but make devoted slaves of them ever after."

"Which gets under your skin most — the patronage or the amateurism?" Mr. Campion inquired with misleading fatuity.

"The wealth!" said Toberman, speaking the truth. "You think I've got a chip on my shoulder, don't you? Well, so I have, and let me tell you I've got a right to it."

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: week starting March 6

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, grn., orange. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Your stars have not been favorable for some time. This week ends a chapter with better prospects. March 6-8 is excellent for romance and speculation, but the weekend adverse.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ The tide runs against you in March, tread water until April and May. March 6-8 wonderful for marriage, partnership, new friends. March 9 adverse for home and public life.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, jade. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ You have probably been experiencing disappointment. Conditions do not improve until March 15, but March 6-7 are excellent for job and career. March 9 is bad for travel and romance.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, grn. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ March 6-8 is favorable for romance and the lottery. Press business matters, because March 9 is disruptive for finance. Use caution on Monday, there are accident risks.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, blk., mauve. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ A relatively happy cycle begins March 6-8, bringing unexpected luck to home affairs. However, there are snags, March 9 adverse for marriage matters. Beware of material loss March 11.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, blk., orange. Luck days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ March 6-8 you are advised to reorganise things on a better basis. This period favors romance, marriage, partnership, and new projects. Saturday spells caution in health and employment.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week 8. Gambling colors, blk., orange. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ March is not your glamor month. You really don't get a breakthrough until after April 7. March 6-8 favors health, employment, and finance. March 9 is adverse for romance.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, grn., orange. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Life takes on a holiday atmosphere March 6-8, which is wonderful for romance, speculation — and possibly a windfall. But March 9 threatens home life, and March 11 could never a tie.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, grn., orange. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ A good week, but there are rough patches. March 6-8 favors home and family. A good time to change residence, March 9 indicates quarrels and travel risks.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, jade, rose. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ Romance is not under smiling stars, but Capricorns prefer material progress to passing glamor. March 6-8 is excellent. March 9 and 11 are adverse; NOT a time for signing contracts.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Love and romance have not been lucky, but happy stars lie ahead. March 11 is adverse, but 6-8 is excellent for career and finance. March 9 could engender matrimonial quarrels.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, orange, grn. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ If you have had your birthday, now is the time to push ahead with plans. March 9 does not favor health and employment. March 11 hostile to partnership and marriage.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

Mr. Campion coughed apologetically. "I do beg your pardon," he said hastily. "I had no idea you felt so strongly. I imagined that as you spent so much time at the Well House that you . . ."

"Thought myself one of them?" Toberman sounded both irritated and ashamed. "I do, I suppose, when I'm not thinking. I like old Eustace. I ought to. The man has behaved like a rich uncle to me ever since I remember. Both he and Alison treat me as if I were a nephew and I use the Town House whenever I want to. Why shouldn't I? Everybody else has. They've got a South African relation there now . . . a homeless woman cousin and her female help. I've been 'taken-in-and-done-for' like the rest of the outfit and I happen to resent it whilst being too damn lazy to do anything about it. Yet the whole thing is a paradox, because if anyone has a right to inherit from the Kinnits I have. At least I'm not a stray." Again the bitterness behind the contradictory outburst was quite remarkable. He flushed and smiled disarmingly.

"Forgive me, Campion, but I'm still reeling under the shock of a discovery I ought to have made twenty years ago. When it came to me the other day I was knocked out, not by its staggering obviousness, but by the fact that I of all people was the one person who knew about it and yet hadn't recognised it in all that time. Hang it all, I saw it happen!

"It was when the rumor first broke that young Timothy had landed the Laurell girl," he announced devastatingly. "Why should a man who is darn lucky to inherit one fortune suddenly have the nerve to marry another? I was thinking about the unfairness of it all when the blinding truth about that young man suddenly hit me between the eyes. Tell me, Campion, you're a knowledgeable chap, who do you think he is?"

MR. CAMPION said cautiously, "Eustace Kinnit's adopted son."

"Everybody knows that, but you assumed he was also his own natural son, didn't you? Either his own or his brother's the original Timothy's? Everybody has always thought that."

Mr. Campion said nothing.

"Well, he wasn't," said Toberman. "That's what Eustace let everyone believe. Certainly that is what my old father thought. He told me about it before he died, as if it was some dreadful family secret, and I believed him, that was the extraordinary thing. I believed him, although I was the one who knew the truth if I'd been old enough to understand it then."

"You suddenly remembered something about Tim Kinnit when you heard of the proposed engagement?" Mr. Campion inquired.

"Yes. I was having a drink with Eckermann of the Brink Gallery. He mentioned the engagement and referred to the adoption and asked me which of the Kinnit brothers the boy really belonged to. I said, 'Oh, the younger one, the Timothy who was killed in Spain,' and Eckermann said, 'Then young Timothy must be considerably over twenty-two, mustn't he?' I knew he wasn't, and I realised that Timothy must have been born just about the beginning of the World War, long after the Spanish affair. And then I was puzzled, because I could recall that year preceding the outbreak. I was ten and my people had the wind-up after the Munich fiasco and I was pushed out of London and into the country down here.

"As I was talking to Eckermann the other day I remembered an incident which had meant nothing to me as a child, but which was, suddenly, utterly enlightening to my adult mind. The truth hit me like a bullet and I knew how young master Timothy, darling of all the Kinnits, Totham, Oxford, heiress-hunter and Success Boy, came into the family.

"He was abandoned here by some woman from the slums, Campion. Eustace just scooped him up in a typically arrogant Kinnit way and gave him the name which happened to be uppermost in his mind — 'Timothy Kinnit,' after his young brother killed in the Spanish War."

"Did you actually say this to Eckermann?" Campion inquired.

"I did and I've no doubt he repeated it." Toberman was defiant. "I may have told one or two other people as well, and I'm telling you now, aren't I? I don't envisage anybody serving me with a writ for slander, do you? It's true."

"Wouldn't you have a lot of difficulty proving it?"

"I don't think so. The fact which misled everybody was that the kid had a ration book and an identity card in the name 'Timothy Kinnit' long before Eustace adopted him. It was only when I was talking to Eckermann that I suddenly remembered one day just after the war started I was in the library across the corridor here and Eustace

from page 66

was at the desk filling in what must have been the famous 'Householder' form of '39. It was the first census of its kind and it was on the information gathered by it that the identity cards were issued."

Mr. Campion nodded.

"Each householder in the entire country had to put down the name of every living soul who slept under his roof on a certain night," Toberman said. "Eustace had the devil of a job because not only was the place crammed with staff from the London office and their families, but also with official and unofficial evacuees from the East End, the residue of three or four hundred of them who'd been hurried out in the first panic — they nearly all went back afterwards, but in those first months the countryside was packed with townsfolk all camping in other people's houses.

"Old Eustace made very heavy weather of the form. It took all day.

"The evacuee mothers with children came last, and then Mrs. Broome came trotting in with a bundle saying 'Don't forget Baby, Sir!' Eustace didn't look up, but said, 'What's its name?' and she said, 'I don't know, Sir. The young lady has gone back to London to get some of her things and I'm minding him. I just call him Baby.'

"Eustace said if the child spent the night in the house he'd have to be entered, and 'if he hasn't got a name by tomorrow, Mrs. Broome, we'll have to give him one'." Toberman's voice died away in the strange timeless quiet of the insulated room and he turned away to look out of the window.

"That was it, you see," he said presently. "The mother didn't return. Knowing that the kid had got to have papers, Eustace gave him a name to go on with, and after that I suppose one thing led to another. I don't remember him after that until he was adopted and going to a prep school. My father was scared of the east coast and packed Mother and me off to Wales."

To page 68

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EL/29

Continuing . . .

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 67

"They were exaggerated times," Campion said. "Confusing, too, especially to a child, but you've got no evidence of this little fantasy, you know. It's not a very . . . well, a very good story, do you think? To tell, I mean."

"I shall tell it if I feel like it." Toberman's truculence was unabashed. "I think young Tim is a bore, and I think he's had a good deal more than his share of the gravy, so why shouldn't I tell the facts about his origin if it gives me any satisfaction? Everything else has come to him gold-lined and free! The father of that girl of his must be worth a million. And she's the one and only child."

"But you've no proof at all of this tale about him!"

"Ah, but Truth has a way of emerging. Eustace probably won't talk and Alison will back him up, but you can bet your life that Ma Broome would chatter if a newspaper offered her enough money."

Mrs. Broome burst into the room so suddenly that there could be no doubt that she had been listening at the door. She came forward across the rugs and glanced round her for the hidden girl with no subterfuge at all so that both men looked about them also. Julia, who could not see her, did not move and the furious woman turned to Toberman.

"Do you want any tea? . . . Sir," she said without hoodwinking anybody.

Toberman stood looking at her. "I did say they'd have to offer a lot of money before you'd talk, Broomie," he said feebly.

Mrs. Broome began to cry and whatever Mr. Campion had envisaged it was not this.

"I wouldn't sell Timmy!" Her extraordinary statement was mercifully almost incoherent. "You ought not to say such things, you ought not to tell such lies, you're jealous of him, you always were."

Both men stood before her temporarily helpless.

"You said yourself that Mr. Eustace didn't look at me. I was listening! I had a right to if you were going to tell lies about me. You said it yourself, I heard you. Mr. Eustace didn't look at me."

Toberman stared at her stained face. Incredulity and delight were concentrated in his eyes.

"Do you hear that, Campion?" he demanded. "Do you hear what she says? It was Timothy! I was right. I was right. She's admitted it. The mother went off and left him and Eustace gave him the first name that came into his head."

"Oh, no, no! That's not what I said. You're putting words into my mouth. Mr. Eustace didn't look at me. That was how I knew."

"What did you know?" Mr. Campion's soft authoritative voice penetrated the protective blanket of noise with which she had surrounded herself. Her tears vanished like an infant's and she turned to him with some of her normal gossipiness.

"I knew Baby was either Mr. Eustace's poor dead brother's or his own little son, being slipped home quietly under cover of all the other kiddies in the house," she announced. "It stands to reason that if he'd got to give a home from the bombs to all those other children, naturally he'd think of his own flesh and blood." She sighed and a shrewder expression appeared upon her tear-stained face. "He may not have known how his sister was going to take to the idea of a baby. I knew at once, of course, because he didn't look at me when he asked who Baby was. People never look at you when they're telling fibs, do they?"

Mr. Campion considered her thoughtfully. She believed it, he saw, literally and obstinately, and always had. Therefore, since she could never have kept completely silent about anything, this version must be the one upon which young Timothy Kinnit had been brought up. He found he was becoming very sorry for the young man.

Toberman was laughing. "So the next day when you told Eustace that the mother hadn't returned he filled in the name on the form and Timothy got his ration book and identity card. That's your story, is it?"

MRS. BROOME began to roar again. "No, it isn't! I don't talk, Mr. Basil. I was trained as a children's nurse, and nurses have to learn to keep little secrets. Times have changed, let me tell you. As long as a boy has a home behind him no one's going to ask what church his mother and father got married at. Besides, you're quite wrong about one thing. It wasn't Timmy's mummie who brought him down here!"

"Mr. Eustace knew what he was doing, all right, but I guessed he didn't want the subject brought up, and nor it was until Miss Alison discovered that the baby I was minding at our cottage wasn't any relative of mine or Mr. Broome's. After that there was a lot of talk in the family."

She dropped her eyes modestly. "It wasn't my place to know what went on, but I believe Miss Alison caused a lot of inquiries to be made. But she came round in the end and little Timmy softened her heart. Of course, there wasn't much else she could do," she added with the now familiar change of mood. "The raids had started by that time and the whole London district had gone completely. Only dust and litter left, they said."

"They found the road he came from?" Toberman suddenly asked.

Mrs. Broome gave him a warning glance. "They found the district where the buses which brought the evacuees were supposed to start from," she said stiffly, "but because of the upset at the time some of them went off early from their garages and never went to the street at all. They just picked up mummies and babies on the way."

"Where was this district—somewhere in the East End?"

"Hush!" Mrs. Broome glanced round her involuntarily and Toberman suddenly comprehended the situation.

"What is all this? Who's here?" He stepped out into the room and looked about him for a hiding place. "Come on," he said loudly. "Come out whoever you are!" Toberman was advancing toward the long window curtains.

Mrs. Broome, who suspected the same hiding place, threw in her ace card to delay him.

"It was Turk Street, Eldfield . . . but when they came to inquire about Timmy it was all gone." She was too late. The man had ceased to listen to her. He had investigated one set of hangings and was advancing upon another.

On the far side of the room Julia slid quietly to her feet and came out from the fireplace alcove.

"Here I am," she said. "I'm sorry, but I was trying to get away from you. Does it matter? Hello, Mr. Campion."

Toberman stopped in his tracks and his smile broadened.

"The little lady herself! You're very like your photographs, Miss Laurell. Well, this is fascinating! It's going to be a better Press story than I thought!"

To be continued

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Continuing . . . THE ENTHUSIAST

from page 29

He looks right into my eyes and then I think I heard him say:

"Mooch costing is books?" Well! I thought I'd swoon! That voice! Oooooh! Sinatra, and then some. He put down his cargo on top of Daphne du Maurier and you'd have thought he was placing the priceless jewels on the Queen of Sheba's head the way he put the things down. He points to Paul again and asks the same question but this time his voice was even more —Oooooh! I was sure I'd melt!

"Is costing—er—the price a twenty-one skill—er—shillings," I think I told him.

"Twenty-vun skillings?" he asked, and I think I nodded. German, I thought. Could be a Swede, though. But what a man! Probably off that big tanker that kept blowing its head off last night.

"Is taking," he said — and then he brought out the cutest little purse you ever saw! Fine, soft leather and with the quaintest little clasp on it. He opened it and carefully emptied out its contents — all silver — into the palm of his massive hand.

And you never saw such a hand! An acre if it was a square inch. He pokes a finger through the coins and then picks out what seems to appeal to him. Then he asks me to hold out my palm and begins dropping sixpences and shillings into it. Well, the feeling I got! Every coin a button off Gregory Peck's shooting jacket — and I hoped they'd never stop dropping.

"Sixteen, seventeen — ah! —ateen!" Then he stops and looks down at me innocently and the big blue eyes of him like last summer's lake in the morning sunshine. "Feenish Eenuglish!" He held out his palm with the three coins still remaining and looked at me hopefully. "Kroner," he said. "Goot moneys, okay?"

Well, what could I do? Take the kronpence or whatever they were, and be satisfied? Or say, "Sorry, sir" — and lose the throb in my heart?

"Fine," I said. "Fine!"

Well, wouldn't you? And you should have seen the look I got from Henson! Sizzling. He hands me the foreign coins and you should have seen the smile when I examined them and said they looked real nice! Fibber! And they like something the Romans threw at Hannibal killing four of his best elephants. Big? — Well! Saved the day, anyway. And there he stood, like I was Helen of Troy, watching me wrapping his book.

"Read much?" I asks him when I saw his head turn toward Briars' "Potted Plants" again. "Oh — Yah!" he grins. "Mooch readings everytime!" Fibber! — and him not able to speak the English half as good as my nephew Wilbur and he just two.

"Nize books are readings on my sheeep." He grinning again. Grin? It wasn't a grin: Smile, it was — like the sun creeping over the prairie grain fields and bursting the June buds and sending my heart soaring like a thrush in the dawn.

"That's fine," I said. And you should have seen me trying to smile and it Monday morning and the taste of last Monday still in my mouth and Mr. Barker looking over the top of his glasses at me and the clock.

"German?" I ventured, tying the string like I'd been taught in the W.R.N.S. and making it all neat and Bristol. Well, you'd have thought that I'd accused him of having the black plague! He straightens up, pushes out his chest another half-mile, and looks down his nose at me.

"Me Norsk," he said with pride.

"How nize — er — nice," I said and I meant it: Him, I mean. Gorgeous, he was. Every last yard of him. But, somehow, I don't think I used my English very well because he looked at me, him frowning as if I'm stupid and don't know my geography.

"Not livings in Ize?" he said, painfully. "Norsk — not Izeland. Okay?"

It was then those big blue eyes of his landed on "GEOGRAPHY." And before I could say apologetically N-I-C-E, he dashes across to the assistant, grins at her, says something, grabs a huge atlas and dashes back. I'm standing there watching him turning the pages like they're on fire and him muttering, "Not Ize! Not Ize! Norsk — me Norsk!" Well, he turns up a map of Norway, pushes the page under my nose and with a big finger stabs Norway right in the North Cape. "Not Ize. Norsk! Okay?" I think I nodded and at the same time I'm signalling the geography girl not to call Mr. Barker or the police.

"Oh, how ni—er—charming! Yes, charming!" I said and I fluttered my eyes.

"Must be cold up there, eh?" Well, both my feet went in the right way that time. A smile as long as an Irish mile and him looking across the Atlantic and Pacific and straight at the North Cape. "Is vunnerful," he said. "Cold! Mooch frostings. And der rine! Ah, der rine! Der sugar sweet rine!"

And I thought he was going to weep; him taking up his potted plants, poking a finger into the dry soil and feeling the rubbery texture of the wilting leaves. "Der goot rine," he said, nostalgically. "Is all deading soon. Mine leetle plants is all deading soon."

Honestly, I was near weeping myself, and the geography girl signalling me to "bring back that atlas pronto or sooner or else." And he kept looking at the dried-up soil in the pots and then at the big book he'd just bought from Henson Horticultural.

"Is having mooch plants on der sheeep," he said, brightening. But then, gloom again: "Is not soon rine, all deading!" I looked outside and the sun was splitting the street—and had been for the past week—and would continue, we hoped, for at least another month.

A Norwegian plant enthusiast; a seafarer from the North Cape — all this in one big hunk of gorgeous male! And all mine — provided I played my cards right and could keep Henson at bay! I wondered if he'd tried watering his pots — but then I know more about guitars and Adam Faith than I know about gardening. "The Rain Maker"? I wondered if I could get hold of the book and explain it to him? But he wasn't with me — gazing out at the dazzling sunshine as though it were death-rays.

I wanted to say "You're not surely going out in that awful heat with those little plants: You're not surely going out of my life, now that I've fallen for you head over heels?" And he didn't — thanks to the bell and Sue coming tripping across the floor to relieve me for coffee break.

But I didn't want any coffee — hadn't I drunk gallons of it every day and hadn't Mr. Barker said I should have been born in Brazil? And the way Sue looked up at him! The imp, and her only nineteen!

"I—er—I won't be a moment," I told him and I meant it, and Sue, the little vixen, said: "She means half-an-hour, an' she's only 'sposed to have ten minutes! But I'll be pleased to attend to your needs, sir." No, you don't, I thought, not this time! "Come on," I think I said and I took — no, touched — his sleeve. He grinned, nodded politely at Sue, left the atlas back at "GEOGRAPHY," and then rolled after me to the elevator.

Well, you should have seen Briars, Henson, and Mr. Barker when we joined them in the elevator! And North Cape with his arms filled with potted plants and the books. Well, Mr. Barker eyes the packages, sees the shop wrappings and starts beaming like my man was the King of Norway and all set to spend a million kroner in his shop.

"You'll — you'll like the decor in our staff room," I'm saying, like I was the store's chairman or something. "Scandinavian artist — truly superb!" And Henson looks at me as if she's just swallowed a mile of sour rhubarb.

Well, we arrived safely and I began breathing again. I navigated him into the far corner of the staff room and then fetched two cups of coffee. He's grinning all the time and I'm sitting down close to him and feeling I've won him and he's mine for keeps. But suddenly the grin disappears. "Is not square sugar having?" he asks petulantly and him looking with disgust at the sugar bowl and then at me.

"Oh—er — sugar. Square sugar! Oh—er—yes!" I said, not having a clue! "Drink up, It's good!" I said, but he's sitting there like I'd stolen his porridge or something. "Square sugar," he said. Well! But Briars saved

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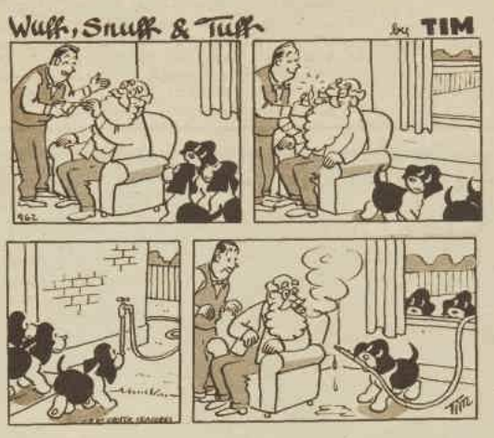
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Continuing . . . THE ENTHUSIAST

from page 69

the day! Talk about an eavesdropper, her! But she ups and comes across and opens her handbag and comes up with a handful of sugar cubes! You should have seen his eyes light up, and I thought he was going to kiss Briars.

"Always keep a few for the horses," she says. Well, he's delighted and pops two of the cubes into his mouth and then starts straining his coffee through them like he's sipping soda through a badly bent straw. But he's happy—and so am I, but Henson is furious.

I think he'd swallowed just half his coffee when he puts down his cup as if he's never going to use it again, ever, and then he stiffens and makes a wry face. Well!

"And whatsamatter wif mine leetle baby now?" I wanted to ask—but not with Henson on the same planet and having to work with her tomorrow and every day.

"Is not having smorgasbord?" he asked incredulously. And I laughed gaily at the humor of it. "Like more coffee?" He shakes his head sadly. "Is not having smorgasbord?" he repeats, but my mouth won't twist into a smile and I just had to face the frightening fact that I was about to lose him because I didn't know what smorgasbord was.

"Eat breed." He explained, putting a finger in his mouth and chewing on it.

"Oooooh," I said. "Cake? Sure!" And I almost knocked down Mr. Barker at the sandwich stand. And I piled on to a plate seven currant buns, four eclairs, and about a cubic yard of madeira cake and whisked it over to my darling. He frowned, then smiled, then shrugged his big shoulders and then, before Henson and Co. had finished smirking their way to the elevator, he'd scoffed the lot!

"Goot!" he said—and another smile which completely ruined my coffee, sending it up in steam. "I'm so glad," I said, knowing that half the battle was won and that a bottle of smorgasbord would clinch the deal—if such could be had.

Well, it was thirty-five minutes later before we got back to Sue. "Hope awfully that you enjoyed your repast," she cooed at him and I could have throttled her, pretending I wasn't there.

The sun was still belting down, but I could tell by the look of him that he was going to take those plants back on board—heat or no heat! He was going—and Henson knew it and Briars knew it—and I knew it; knew that I didn't have a date with him! Well, it was now or never. Well, and what would you have done? "Smorgasbord," I said softly—just trying out the sound of the word more than anything else.

Well, he comes to a sudden halt and looks at me, and his eyes are dazzling again. "Yah," he says. "Is getting for me?"

"Yees," I stammered. "To-night! You come my place this evening and I make it for you. Okay?" Well, you should have seen the smile of pleasure! And you'd have thought Briars, and especially Henson, would have swooned and they half a mile away but with ears like a donkey's.

"Is goot," he said. "I are coming, okay. Tank you mooch." So I wrote out my address and gave him precise instructions how to get there—and he walked out into the hot street, his huge shoulders braced against the world.

Well, what I didn't do with Howard Spring next day was nobody's business! Gallico, too! Shoved them under Rebecca West and then put "Alice in Wonderland" right on top of the lot. Henson! You should have seen the smirk she gave me! Couldn't I tell by the look of him that he was just another Swedish wolf? Didn't I know that sailors had dozens of girls in every port? Wasn't I a silly fool throwing myself at a complete stranger and Mr. Barker seeing it all, too? And why couldn't I see that he'd fallen a ton for Briars after she'd given him the plants which grew without water? Well, you should have heard her!

SMORGASBORD! You'd only to start saying "smor" and your goose was burnt to a cinder! The trouble I'd gone to last night! Smorgasbord! Me dashing round the shops in the worst thunderstorm in years buying salted herrings, cold mutton, and goat's milk cheese, and what not! I'd—I'd never handle another Scandinavian book. Never! Swedes, Norwegians—bah! Give me a good old Hottentot any time!

Well, just as Sue came up to relieve me and to offer me her condolences and a few of her worst-at telephone numbers, the door is flung open and who breezes in? You're right! North Cape! Beaming like the sun over the blue hills of Montana. Well! And me with a Pears' in one hand and the Shorter Oxford in the other and not knowing which to throw first! Smiling like Christmas. A big loose plastic mac coat on him and him looking like he'd spent the whole night just walking in the rain — and it at least ninety in the shade! And him loaded with plant pots! Well!

"Is nize," he says. "Hello! Is fine too wid you las day?" and he shot past me and up to Briars as if she was his grandmother. Well, I kicked a hole in Gallico's "Confessions" under the counter and watched Henson watching that big blond Viking grinning and whispering and nodding and niz-ing and oh-yahing at Briars. Then I saw him passing over the pots he'd bought yesterday — the Scottish lerks, or whatever they were — and then I saw Briars handing him money! The cheek of the man! Sold her back her own plants. Oh! What's the use!

Then he comes across to me, smiling and winking. The heartless Viking! After all my efforts to get that smorgasbord ready and no one to eat it! I don't know what he was looking so happy about, but I did know that Thor the Thunderer was going to be stopped dead in his tracks.

As icy as any fiord in the whole of Norway. I said, "And pray tell me why you didn't keep your appointment last night for the smor —"

Well, that's as far as I got.

He starts smiling, then laughing, then roaring fit to bust, and he lifts me clean off my feet into the air and swirls me round and round till I'm dizzy.

"It rined las day . . . RINED . . . RINED . . . Tra la la . . . RINED las day and mine coleurs are not deading no more!" Well!

And so he took me down aboard his beautiful ship and entertained me to the most wonderful smorgasbord feast — and afterwards he showed me his garden on the boat deck: one hundred and fifty of the most gorgeous little wonders you've ever seen and all laughing in their rain-soaked pots!

He sailed last night — but he'll be back: in "twice months, okay." And I hope it'll be raining!

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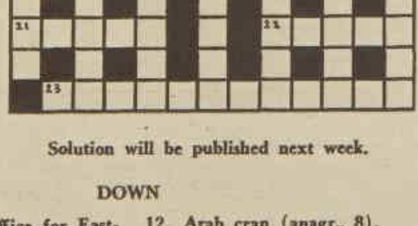
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is approached by the three visitors from space disguised as a horse, a dog, and a farmer. Mandrake is amazed when the "dog" speaks. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. It's a transgression when men infer gin before tea (12).
8. We sat to perspire (5).
9. Province of Union of South Africa (5).
10. It has life, sensation, and voluntary motion and can turn into a thin plate (6).
11. A drab edition provides a resting place (4).
13. Aramaic version of the Hebrew Scriptures can turn into a simple-minded person and a traitor (6).
15. Concealed the French temporary shelter (6).
17. Utter wildly, mostly with a classical hail (4).
18. Worship due to God in a trail (6).
21. Dance of South American origin (5).
22. Ascend mostly on one of the extremities (5).
23. This could be a job for Midshipman Easy (4-8).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Supervising office for Eastern topic (12).
2. Nordic goddess of love (5).
3. I rig tune (anagr., 8).
4. Closely allied, belonging to a European people (6).
5. Coin an aromatic plant (4).
6. Remarkable, but no furniture (7).
7. Happy weight pouch? (9, 3).
12. Arab cran (anagr., 8).
14. Retaliation with even interior (7).
16. Revere containing everything (6).
19. Shows that the person was somewhere else (5).
20. Restraining force of Beelzebub on Danish soil (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7792.—Sports frock with pleated skirt has dropped or natural waistline. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires (both styles) 2⅞yds. 36in. material, ¼yd. 36in. contrast for collar, 2⅝yds. braid. Price 3/6.

F4335.—Dainty frock with short or long sleeves for young girl, sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, or 10 years. Requires, long sleeves (A), 1⅞ to 3⅛yds. 54in. material; short sleeves (B), 1⅞ to 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F7244. — Button-through shift dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅜yds. 54in. material or 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7624.—Elegant two-piece with short or three-quarter length sleeves in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves (A), 2½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves (B), 3⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

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F5999.—School uniform with contrasting sleeves and collar in sizes 22, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42, and 44in. lengths. Requires 2 to 4¼yds. 36in. material, ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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A WONDERLAND OF TASTE

Hatter: Cream Biscuits, nonsense! Cream is cream and biscuits are biscuits! I've heard of cow's cream, ice cream, face cream, cream of society cream, the colour cream, and even de menthe cream, but biscuit cream, never! How could a biscuit be made of cream?

Alice: They're not made of cream. They have centres of cream. Deliciously flavoured centres! There's scrumptious Monte Carlo with the strawberry jam and cream centre and all the other Arnott's flavourites like Orange Slice and Custard Cream and . . .

Hatter: I've heard of Custard Cream!
Alice: Well, now you see what I mean...
Hatter: How can I see what you mean if you keep them behind your back? Let's try one of the other flavourites before Dormouse eats the lot!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

March 13, 1963 — Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Not to be sold separately

ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

Princess Anne-Marie and Prince Constantine

—STORY PAGE 3

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Debating should be compulsory

AFTER seeing the calm self-assurance of American children in quiz shows on television, I can't help thinking that Australian teachers should be compelled to encourage pupils to stand up in front of their class and have short discussions on a particular subject.

Debating should then be compulsory in higher grades.

In some schools, even first-grade children tell their teacher and schoolmates all about their pets or favorite toys.

This training enables them to speak intelligently on subjects of universal interest and to make short, impromptu speeches if called on to do so unexpectedly. —*M. K. Smith, Ballarat, Vic.*

Tape that voice

HEARING my own voice on a tape-recorder gave me such a jolt! Now I know why I am often accused of nagging when I'm merely trying to be helpful.

I think every school should be equipped with one of these machines to help students develop a pleasant speaking voice.—*Pam S., Broken Hill, N.S.W.*

Teenagers are changing

THE Australian teenager is different from his counterpart of 10 years ago. Until 1960 this change was gradual, but it has accelerated during the past few years.

"The Australian Teenager," a special promotion in the metropolitan edition of the Sunday Telegraph on March 10, will trace these changes.

The economic power of the teenager and the £350,000,000 spent by this group annually will also be discussed.

The story of fashion, changing tastes in music, and the teenager's sporting and cultural interests will be among the many subjects treated in the promotion.

The promotion will trace the pattern of teenage behaviour and report on current and future trends in teenage life.

The teenager is an important section of the community, and the teenage community will be treated with importance in the Sunday Telegraph, March 10 (Metropolitan edition). Order your copy now.

Dress at dances

WHAT a lovely cover on Teenagers' Weekly, February 6, with teenagers in their lovely frocks doing the waltz.

As I looked at this delightful picture, I thought thank goodness that all of today's teenagers don't dress like the ones I saw at a local dance recently. The girls wore muu-muu dresses or shifts, split too far up the side to be decent even for the beach, and the boys weren't much better, with shoes not even polished.

I'm not an old-fashioned fussy pot but a young married woman. Surely, with all the beautiful styles and materials available today, teenagers could make such a different picture at their dances. — *"Onlooker," Goomeri, Qld.*

Satisfying diary

FOR the past few years I have been keeping a diary. I find it immensely satisfying to get rid of pent-up feelings, grudges, likes and dislikes.

Apart from keeping a record of my teenage life, I am finding that it makes very interesting reading.—*Cynthia Morom, Box Hill Nth., Vic.*

Joyful recorder

WHEN I read Martin Long's revue of "The Virtuoso Recorder" (T.W., 6/2/63), I really flipped. It is wonderful to hear someone speak of the recorder as elegant and charming.

I took up the instrument through sheer necessity, because I was taking music as a Leaving Certificate subject and needed an inexpensive, easy-to-learn instrument.

Ever since it has been a source of joy to me. At school, five of us who were interested in the recorder formed a group to play together.

We became more eager as we progressed, buying better instruments, and now we have five good wooden recorders worth almost £135. Our quintet has played in Sydney Town Hall and on television, and we have met many wonderful, interesting people.

If you decide to take up the recorder, do not be discouraged by people who have never bothered to listen to good recorder playing yet blindly criticise what they call the "tin whistle." — *Barbara Davidson, Abbotsford, N.S.W.*

Dressmaking idea

WHY don't fabric manufacturers make their materials just a few inches wider? It would save the home dressmaker time and waste of material.

The average girl's hip measurement is around 36in., and that is the width of most rolls of materials in the shops. To make a straight muu-muu, shift, or skirt, the home dressmaker has to cut out pattern pieces end-to-end, and this wastes a wide strip down the other side of the material.

If materials were, say, 38in. or 40in. wide this would save much frustration and material, and there would be plenty of room for seams and breathing space.—*Robyn Carroll, Margaret River, W.A.*

Private tuition

COMPLAINING about overlarge classes, inefficient teachers, or lack of individual attention won't get anyone anywhere under the present educational set-up.

Any student who knows himself to be weak in a vital subject should make a bit of money out of school hours and get private tuition.

It's surprising how your whole attitude to school alters once you get on top of your bad subject. — *"Vincent," Geelong, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"He's a real swingin' cat, and all the girls are crazy about him. If you don't believe me, ask him yourself."

How to read

HERE is an idea which may help you to gain more from reading. As you read, jot down any criticisms or comments which come to your mind concerning the book.

When you have finished it, write a very brief summary of the story and add your comments in a book set aside for the purpose.

These notes will at a later date recall to mind half-forgotten stories. They will help you to acquire the habit of thinking over books you have read and give practice at criticism.

When asked what you think of a book, you can make a more intelligent comment than the overworked, "Oh! It was quite good." — *"Student," Beechworth, Vic.*

Next week

● Carefree elegance in light and lovely materials is the keynote of the latest Italian fashions in teenage party dresses — and six of them make a big colorful feature in our next issue. On our cover we have the latest pin-up of Australian singer Dig Richards.

World trip, or study?

● William Ostenmyer is 19 and wants to be a teacher. He said (T.W., 23/1/63) he had a six-year plan to build a yacht and sail it around the world, but wondered if he would then be able to settle down to study for his career.

A TRIP overseas is an education in itself, and you will not find it too hard to settle down to study again after it. Just think, too, of the interesting lessons you will be able to give.

So go ahead and travel overseas. You will make the better teacher for your experiences.— *Helen O'Grady, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.*

LEAVE the trip until you have your degree and a few years of teaching experience. After such an exciting adventure it would be difficult to settle down and concentrate.

You can always go on the trip later and you need not worry about having to return home to a pile of books. — *Marguerita Wallace, Roseville, N.S.W.*

IF you think you will be unable to settle down to study after your world tour, you must have some doubts as to whether you really want to teach, anyway.

So go on your trip — which you are sure to enjoy — and during that time you may discover some other work to which you are really suited.

You are not likely to get the chance to make such a trip later on in life, so make the most of your opportunities and worry about a career when you return. — *Nancy Morrison, Melbourne.*

BY all means go on this trip or all your life you will wonder about the things you could have seen and done but didn't. Twenty-five is a good mature age to begin your studies proper — just think how much they will benefit!

Remember the old saying of Shakespeare about the tide in a man's life being taken at the full? Go out on the full or you may go through life at the ebb. — *Winsome Walker, Mudgee, N.S.W.*

THE trip sounds wonderful—go. After all, it's not as if 25 is the end of your life. You have sensibly planned your trip, and after the years away I'm sure you would be able to settle down and let matters take their course in regard to your teaching career.

You have a great start in life ahead of you. I only wish I had your chance. — *"Hopeful," Canberra, A.C.T.*

BY all means seize this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a trip overseas. There is plenty of time for study and a teaching career when you return.

Most probably you will find your adventure an asset, especially when teaching a subject such as Geography.

If you are determined enough to settle down to study when you return, you won't find it too difficult. — *Margaret McGrath, East Reservoir, Vic.*

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ROMANCE OF A TEENAGE PRINCESS

From Barbara Lawson, in London

● Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark can speak no Greek and Crown Prince Constantine of Greece can speak no Danish —but the barrier of language proved no barrier to their romance.

GUESTS OF HONOR at the ball given by the King and Queen of Denmark in the Amalienborg Palace to celebrate the engagement of their daughter Princess Anne-Marie to Crown Prince Constantine of Greece (couple at right). The others are, from left, Crown Prince Harald of Norway, Don Juan Carlos (son of the Spanish pretender) and his wife, Princess Sophia of Greece.

BOTH are fluent in English, and it was in that language that the Prince conducted his two-year courtship — including his proposal of marriage.

However, the 16-year-old Princess is still a schoolgirl, and a few weeks after the announcement of her betrothal she returned to classes determined to master Greek before her marriage.

Like any bride-to-be, Princess Anne-Marie is anxious to marry her 6ft.-tall, 23-year-old Prince Charming as soon as possible — but that is not likely to be before September next year.

The delay is due largely to the attitude of her parents, King Frederik of Denmark and Queen Ingrid.

They want her to complete her last two years at school, and they don't want her to marry before her 18th birthday, on August 30, 1964.

Under Danish law, girls under 18 are not allowed to marry unless they get official permission, and it is known that the royal family is opposed to young marriages.

In fact, it is understood that the Princess had some difficulty in persuading her parents to allow her to announce her engagement when she was only 17.

"Wait until you're 17," the King and Queen are believed to have urged Anne-Marie.

But it is hard to expect love to be rational — even royal love — and finally the modern-minded Danish rulers gave their consent.

Friends of the Danish royal family say that the King was undoubtedly swayed in his decision by his special affection for his laughter-loving youngest daughter, who has always been his "favorite girl."

The Danish royal household is run on extraordinarily simple, no-fuss lines. Anne-Marie and her older sisters, Princess Benedikte (21) and the Crown Princess Margrethe (24), were allowed the normal privileges of growing girls.

But it was noticed that Anne-Marie, "the baby of the family," was allowed to use that first touch of pale lipstick at an earlier age than her sisters, and in the past year has been allowed to return from dates at an hour much later than they were in their teens.

But even if she is young in years, Princess Anne-Marie Sagvard Ingrid is far more mature than most girls of her age.

She has the fun-loving, endless energy of any 16-year-old, but she is more poised than most girls of 18, and has an enviable good taste in clothes.

This sensible teenager comes from a sensible home, where the three girls were brought up not merely as princesses but as daughters.

They did everything as a family. They played together, they worked and they joked together.

Even in his most busy periods as ruler of Denmark, King Frederik never broke his tradition of taking tea every afternoon with the Queen and the three Princesses.

They spend their winter holidays hunting, walking, and riding together near their castle in Jutland and sail during the summer on their royal yacht.

In fact, it was when Princess Anne-Marie changed this happy routine in July, 1961, that rumors first began that she was in love.

She left her family holidaying in South Jutland to go by herself to Hanko, in Norway, where the then 21-year-old Prince Constantine was competing in yacht races.

In this he is an expert. At the Rome Olympic Games in 1960 he won a gold medal in Dragon-class sailing.

Ostensibly the Princess went to holiday with her friend and former governess Mrs. Mogens Hartong on her yacht — but most evenings brought a visit from the tall, good-looking Prince, who was staying nearby with King Olav of Norway on board the Norwegian royal yacht.

Little had been said about

They met at a palace dance

the young pair's first meeting a few months earlier, in January, 1961, though they danced together most of that evening.

The occasion was a ball given in Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen, by King Frederik and Queen Ingrid for the royal youth of Europe — and interest centred not on the young 14-year-old Princess Anne-Marie but on the older and therefore more eligible Princess, who outnumbered the world's princes by 26 to 16.

In the following May, however, it was noticed that Prince Constantine danced with no one but Anne-Marie at the wedding in Greece of his sister, Princess Sophia, with Don Juan Carlos of Spain — but again the rumors faded because she was so young.

Then on January 23 this year King Frederik announced from Copenhagen her engagement to the dashing young Crown Prince.

The following day a special aircraft brought Prince Constantine's parents, King Paul and Queen Frederika, to Copenhagen from Greece.

Thousands of Danish teenagers, waving Greek and Danish flags, swarmed around the palace to congratulate the young couple, while their proud parents stood happily in the background.

The crowd waved and cheered, and then the girls began chanting "Constantine!", "Constantine!", until the Prince's smile broadened into a gay laugh and he shouted to them in Danish, "Many thanks."

These were the only two Danish words Princess Anne-Marie had ever heard her Greek fiance use.

Later he joked in English as he posed with Anne-Marie under the glare of the photographer's flashing lights. "Anyone got a pair of sunglasses?" he asked.

Princess Margrethe teased her younger sister for posing before the cameras with her right hand over her sapphire-and-diamond ring. "There's no need to hide your engagement ring like that," she said. "Let everyone see it."

Anne-Marie and Constantine both have strong ties with England, so it's not to be wondered at that English is their common language.

The Prince is closely related to the British Royal family. He is a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria and a cousin of Prince Philip.

On the Danish side, Princess Anne-Marie's mother, Queen Ingrid, is a granddaughter of the English Duke of Connaught.

The Princesses Margrethe and Benedikte were both educated in England. Margrethe is now reading Law and Modern History at Cambridge.

Anne-Marie learns all her lessons in English at her French-run school in Switzerland.

At school she is known simply as Anne-Marie, and friends say she has never played the Princess except when she took the part of one in a school play.

Despite all the excitement of her engagement, Anne-Marie had to be back at school on the dot when the new term commenced after the holidays in January.

But what must the "Sweet Sixteen" Princess be thinking of while she sits in class learning Maths, French, Greek, and Domestic Science? She must be counting the days — till August, 1964.

It is generally thought that the young couple will have two wedding ceremonies — the first in the Lutheran Evangelical Church in Copenhagen and the second in the Greek Orthodox Cathedral in Athens.

And after marriage?

The royal Greek household is more formal than the Danish one, but it still has free-and-easy atmosphere.

And Constantine will be well off.

Under a recently passed law, his allowance of £30,000 a year will be doubled the day he goes to the altar.

Probably a lot of it will go toward their new home, for Anne-Marie and Constantine have decided they will not live in the palace until he becomes King.

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KNITTING: Warm winter styles for cool teenagers

TWEED
FOR A

● For a teenage
right, knitted in
handbag and late
boy's polo-neck

Materials: Jerkin,
15) balls "Peacock" Tweed
2, 2) balls "Peacock"
Skirt, 15 (16, 17, 18) b
cock" Tweed; 1 (1,
"Peacock" Bulkynit; 1
No. 4 needles; crochet
zipper; 1yd. belting.

Measurements: Jerkin
32 (34, 36, 38) in. bu
are actual measurement
from top of shoulder,
22½, 23) in.; Skirt, w
(26, 28, 30) in.; hips,
38, 40) in. — these a
measurements; length,
26, 26) in.

Tension: 7 sts. 2in., 3

Abbreviations: K,
purl; st., stitch; tog.,
sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass
over; d.c., double croche
stocking-stitch (k 1 row,
alternately).

JERKIN

BACK

Using No. 4 needles
Bulkynit, cast on 58
69) sts. Work in st-st.
Change to Tweed and
st-st. until work measu
(16½, 16½, 16½) in.
longer than required
shape armholes by cast
(3, 3, 4) sts. at the beg.
next 2 rows. K 2 tog.
of the next 3 (3, 3,
When armholes measure
7½, 8) in., shape shou
casting off 5 (6, 5, 6) st
beg. of the next 2 rows.
5 (5, 6, 6) sts. at the
the next 4 rows. Cast off

FRONT

Work same as for
armholes.

Next Row: Cast off
4) sts., k 26 (28, 28,
k 2 tog. for 3rd and
only, leave rem. 29 (31,
sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 26 (28,
sts., k 2 tog. at armhole
the next 3 (3, 3, 3)
dec. 1 st. at neck edge
row until dec. to 15 (
18) sts. When armhole
7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in.,
shoulder by casting off
6) sts. at the armhole
the next row. Cast off
6) sts. at the armhole
2nd row twice. Join
neck edge and work other
to correspond.

ARMHOLE FACING

Join shoulder seams.
right side of work over
using No. 4 needles and
knit, pick up and k
(88, 90, 92) sts. around
holes. P 1 row. Work
for 1in., inc. 1 st. each
every 2nd row. Cast off

NECK FACING

Using No. 4

TWO-TONE OUTFIT WITH HAT AND STOLE

● **A two-tone design is the feature of the lovely sweater below. Knitted in heavyweight wool, it has a hat and a stole to match.**

Materials: Sweater, 19 balls main color, 5 balls contrast color; Stole, 9 balls main color; Hat, 4 balls contrast color of Patons Jet Tripleknit; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 4 knitting needles; a set No. 8 needles; a cable needle; a coarse crochet hook.

Note: Use a separate ball of c.c. for each cable and a separate ball of m.c. each side, twisting wools each side to prevent holes.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust (actual measurement for loose fit 38in.); length from top of shoulder, 23in.; sleeve seam, 13in. Stole, length, 54in., width, 10in. Hat, to fit an average-sized head.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2in. in width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; st-st., stocking-stitch; alt., alternate; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; tog., together; Twist A, slip next 5 sts on to cable needle and hold at front of work, k next 5 sts., then sts. from cable needle: Twist B, slip next 5 sts. on to cable needle and hold at back of work, k next 5 sts., then sts. from cable needle; m.c., main color; c.c., contrasting color; wfwd., wool forward; r.n., round needle.

SWEATER

BACK

With m.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 96 sts. and work 2in. in k 1, p 1 rib. With No. 4 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row: With m.c., k 23, (c.c. p 2, k 10, p 2, m.c. k 22) twice, k 1.

2nd Row: With m.c., p. 23, (c.c. k 2, p 10, k 2, m.c. p 22) twice, k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

● **To page 7**

V-NECK SWEATER AND A BIG SCARF

● **The simple V-neck sweater above is teamed with an outsize scarf, both in Astrakhan wool.**

Materials: Woolworths Astrakhan Wool. Sweater 26 (B 28, C 30) oz., scarf 11oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 5 needles; extra No. 8 needles; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit loosely, 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22½ (B 23, C 23½) in.; length of sleeve, 17½ (B 18, C 18) in.

Tension: Four sts. to 1in. over st-st.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 66 (B 70, C 74) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 15 (B 15, C 15½) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes (right side facing): Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows and next 4 alt. rows. Cont. even in st-st. until armholes measure 7½ (B 8, C 8) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulders (right side facing): Cast off 4 (B 6, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 5 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts. for back of neck.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 14 (B 14, C 14½) in. (or 1in. shorter than length required to underarm).

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 32 (B 34, C 36) sts., cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 32 (B 34, C 36) sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row and at the same time when work measures 15 (B 15, C 15½) in. or length required to underarm, shape armhole.

Wrong side facing: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 3 rows and next 4 alt. rows.

Cont. in st-st., still dec. at neck edge every 4th row until 14 (B 16, C 18) sts. rem.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 7½ (B 8, C 8) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing): Cast off 4 (B 6, C 6) sts. at beg. of next row.

Cast off 5 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (B 32, C 34) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½in.

Change to No. 5 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every 6th foll. row to 50 (B 52, C 54) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 17½ (B 18, C 18) in. or length required.

To shape top of sleeve cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row to last 20 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. With right side facing, using several No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 42 (B 44, C 44) sts. from centre front to right shoulder seam, 23 sts. across back of neck, and 42 (B 44, C 44) sts. down left side of neck.

1st Row: P 1 (k 1, p 1) to end of row.

Next Row: P 2 tog. (k 1, p1) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2 tog.

Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. each end of every row until band measures 1in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Seam sides and sleeves. Join sleeves into armholes. Join centre front of band. Press all seams.

SCARF

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 32 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows.

Next Row: Rib 6, knit to last 6 sts., rib 6.

Next Row: Rib 6, purl to last 6 sts., rib 6.

Rep. last 2 rows for 59in. or length required. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows. Cast off.

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OOK IS SMART
TEEN TWOSOME

e, what could be smarter than the styles, at wool? The girl's jerkin suit is teamed with ion little-boy cap in a color to match the -neck) sweater. Stocking-stitch is used to t the multi-flecked wool.

Bulkyknit, pick up and k about (48, 49, 50) sts. from shoulder centre front. P 1 row. Work st-st. for 1in., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off loosely. Work other side to correspond. Using No. 4 needles, pick up and k about 17 (18, 19, 20) sts. across back of neck. P 1 row. Work in st-st. for 1in., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Turn back all Bulkyknit facings, joining neck facings neatly at corners and slip-stitch into position. Sew up side seams.

SKIRT

BACK

Using No. 4 needles and Bulkyknit, cast on 82 (86, 88, 92) sts. Work in st-st. for 2in. Change to Tweed and cont. in st-st. until work measures 6 (7, 7, 7) in., dec. as follows:

Next Row: Sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 26 (28, 29, 31) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 22 sts., k 2 tog. k 26 (28, 29, 31) sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Work in st-st. for 6 rows.

Next Row: K 26 (28, 29, 31) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 22 sts., k 2 tog., k 26 (28, 29, 31) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Work in st-st. for 6 rows.

Cont. shaping in this way, dec. 4 sts. on the next row and 2 sts. on the following 8th row (always dec. each side of the 22 centre sts.) until dec. to 54 (58, 60, 64) sts., then dec. 4 sts. every 6th row until dec. to 42 (46, 48, 52) sts. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 27 (28, 28, 28) or 2in. longer than required length. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams, leaving an 8in. opening on left side for zipper. Work 1 row of d.c. around opening and sew in zipper. Stitch belting around waist. Turn back the 2in. of Bulkyknit around lower edge and slip-stitch into position.

CAP

Materials: 4 balls "Peacock" Tweed; 1 pair No. 3 needles; 2yd. stiffening.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately), inc., increase; dec., decrease.

Tension: 13 sts. 4in., 18 rows 4in.

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½in.

Next Row: K 4, * k twice into next st., k 2, rep. from * to end (84 sts.). P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 4½in. shape top as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., * k 10, (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 10, k 2 tog.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., * k 8, (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 8, k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., * k 6, (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 6, k 2 tog.

7th Row: K 2 tog., * k 4, (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 4, k 2 tog.

9th Row: K 2 tog., * k 2, (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2, k 2 tog.

11th Row: * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Draw end of wool through all sts. and fasten off.

PEAK

Using No. 3 needles, cast on very loosely 24 sts., k 1 row. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of every p row until dec. to 12 sts., k 1 row, then inc. 1 st. each end of every p row until inc. to 24 sts., k 1 row and cast off very loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. When pressing peak, stretch cast-on and cast-off edges until they measure 10in. Sew up back seam. Fold peak in half, line with stiffening, then sew edges tog. neatly and sew to cap.

HANDBAG

Materials: Five balls "Peacock" Tweed; 1 pair No. 4 needles; stiffening for lining; silk for lining; 3 large press-studs.

Measurements: Length 7in.; width 14in.

Tension: 7 sts. 2in., 9 rows 2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately).

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 55 sts. Work in st-st. for 7in.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to end.

Cont. in st-st. on these 49 sts. for 1½in.

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., p to end.

Cont. in st-st. on these 55 sts. for 7in.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to end.

Cont. in st-st. on rem. 49 sts. for 3½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Cut stiffening ½in. smaller than shape and silk ½in. larger than shape. Place a 1½in. x 14in. piece of cardboard at base to keep firm. Line with stiffening and silk. Fold in the 3 gusset sts. each side and press firmly. Lace-stitch sides together and stitch gusset to base. Fold the 3½in. of flap over and sew on press-studs each end and in centre to fasten.

BOY'S SWEATER

Materials: 25 (26, 27, 28) balls "Peacock" Tweed for polo neck; 24 (25, 26, 27) balls "Peacock" Tweed for crew neck; 2 pairs Nos. 2 and 6 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 6 needles.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42, 44) in. chest—actual measurement will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 25 (25½, 26, 26½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 (18, 18, 18) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; dec., decrease; inc., increase; cont., continue; rep., repeat.

Tension: 12½ sts. 4in., 18 rows 4in.

Crew neck

BACK.

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 65 (69, 71, 75) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 2 needles.

1st Row (right side): Knit.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 15 (15, 15, 15) in. or required length to armholes. Cast off 2 (2, 2, 2) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 15 (17, 17, 19) sts. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until dec. to 35 (37, 37, 39) sts. Shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 14 (15, 15, 16) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 7 (7, 7, 7) sts., work 14 (15, 15, 16) sts.

Cont. on last 14 (15, 15, 16) sts. and dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 2nd row and 1 st. at neck edge on the next 2 (2, 2, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 2 (3, 3, 3) times. Cont. to dec. at armhole edge every 2nd row until all sts. have been dec. Fasten off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 37 (39, 41, 43) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 2 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 53 (55, 57, 59) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 (18, 18, 18) in. or required length, cast off 2 (2, 2, 2) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 3 (3, 3, 3) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join sleeves to back and fronts. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 6 needles, pick up and k about 66 (68, 72, 76) sts. around neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Polo neck

Work the back and sleeves the same as for crew-neck pullover.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until dec. to 33 (35, 35, 37) sts. Shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 13 (14, 14, 15) sts., leave on spare needle, cast off loosely 7 (7, 7, 7) sts., work 13 (14, 14, 15) sts. Cont. on last 13 (14, 14, 15) sts. and dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 2nd row and 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 (2, 2, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 2 (3, 3, 3) times. Cont. to dec. at armhole edge every 2nd row until all sts. have been dec. Fasten off.

Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

POLO NECK

Join sleeves to back and front. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 6 needles, pick up and k about 70 (72, 76, 80) sts. around neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

Gifts and dates

"WHAT do you do when you take a girl out? If it is informal, like going to the pictures, would she expect a small present before going? If it is going to a ball, should I bring her flowers or some other small gift?"

"Country Bumpkin," S.A.

Nowadays a girl doesn't expect a date to come bearing gifts. At the movies, she would be delighted if you bought her a box of chocolates at interval—but do ask first if she eats sweets. It is a nice thought to give a girl a corsage of flowers for a very special dance, but that's not common today. Here again it's wise to check first—no use arriving with flowers that will clash with the color of her dress or perhaps give her an allergy rash. The nicest girls agree that it's the boy's company that counts, not the loot they collect from him.

Roving eye

"I'M an 18-year-old girl and my boyfriend is 22 and we've been going together for two years now and are really very much in love. But one thing about him is getting me down. The trouble is girls—not one girl in particular but girls in general. He is always admiring them. This is natural enough, I know, but his remarks are upsetting me. For instance, 'Hasn't that girl got nice legs?' or 'That girl beats any blonde.' I am not a jealous person but I'm really getting very upset whenever it happens. What can I do about it?"

"Tongue-tied," Qld.

You could try playing tit for tat. Whenever he comments on a pretty girl, you comment on a handsome boy. But you must face the fact that it is impossible to stop him from admiring other girls. If he prefers you, why worry?

Playing fickle

"RECENTLY my younger sister's boyfriend (with whom she had been going steady for 16 months) dropped her without giving any reason for doing so. Since then she has decided that all males are fickle. This does not stop her going out with them; instead she has made a game of it. She will go with a boy for a few weeks, then calmly turn round and tell him she never wishes to see him again. To most people this would sound as though she has a heart of stone. But that's the trouble, she hasn't. Often I have seen her crying after shutting the door on the latest boy. She just won't face up to the fact that she is hurting herself just as much as the boys. How can I tell her this without sounding like a big sister trying to run her life?"

"Big Sister," Vic.

You can't. Don't worry. The number of boys asking her out will soon drop off remarkably and she'll learn her lesson and stop behaving like a petulant prima donna.

Greedy girl

"I AM a boy of 16 still going to school. I receive 15/- a week pocket-money and out of this I have to pay for any entertainment and also try to put some aside to further my education. My girl-friend says I am mean and should spend more on her. I like this girl very much but my parents want me to continue my education and they just cannot afford to pay the whole cost as they are still paying off their house and think I should do my bit, too. Should I try to spend more on this girl or give her up?"

"Undecided," Vic.

Give her up. There are plenty more fish in the ocean and they're not all sharks.

New neighbor

"I HAVE just moved into a new part of town and I like a boy who lives over the road. I am 18 and I have been told by the lady next door that he is 19. He hasn't seen me yet, but I see him from my window every day. How could I get to know him?"

"Maud," Qld.

Try gardening.

Don't write

"I AM 15 and have just left school. I like a boy who is also 15, but he is going away to boarding-school for two years and I will not see him again till end of term. I would like to write to him, but don't want to appear as if I'm chasing him. I know I won't forget him, because each time he comes home I will like him again. Do you think I should write to him?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

No. Boarding-schools often have strict checks on the letters pupils receive, and your letters would prove very embarrassing to him. Besides, it's the boy's place to write or ring first. Save up all the news to tell him when he comes home for holidays.

Policewomen

"DO you know any particulars about how to become a policewoman, and where should I write to apply to join?"

"Private Eye," N.S.W.

Applicants for the N.S.W. Women's Police Force must be of excellent character, between 21 and 35, and at least 5'6" in stockinged feet. There are no specific educational qualifications demanded, but applicants must pass an entrance examination and a medical examination, too.

Successful applicants do five weeks' intensive training and are then on probation for ten and a half months. This is followed by another six weeks' training, then by another exam. When they pass this they receive the rank of constable.

Rates of pay are: for the first probationary year, £1217, then as a constable, £1230 a year. For further details write to the Recruiting Officer, Police Training Centre, 737 Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

Beauty in brief: ROLLER SETS

THE success of your hairstyle depends largely on the way you roll up your hair. Master the roller technique, learn how to make a neat pin-curl, and you're on your way to an attractive, long-lasting hairdo.

Wide, smooth hairstyles particularly call for rollers in setting, and you will need them in two or three different sizes, depending on the length of your hair and the special effect you want.

Shortish hair can be set with either medium or large rollers, but if your hair is long use the largest size.

In other words, big rollers make big waves and curves; smaller ones are good for short hair, side curls, short ends. The brush type are easy and quick to handle.

When setting your hair with rollers, first divide your hair into four sections—top, two sides, and back. The idea is to roll one section at a time by combing it off in widths just a little less wide than the rollers themselves.

Don't try to roll more hair on a roller than it can comfortably hold, and use end-papers if hair ends are uneven. Wind up section by section in this way—over or under—using a rat-tail comb to tuck in ends.

Points to remember about roller-sets: to roll hair on the forehead, pull hair strand out, then roll it all the way to the scalp. To roll crown hair, pull hair strand up almost straight. Pull back hair straight out, then roll under.

A loose roller-set makes a soft hairdo that dries quickly. Rolling the hair more tightly will give a tighter curl that's slower-drying and a bit longer-lasting.

—Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie

A BOY likes a girl who:

- Doesn't gossip.
- Reads a book.
- Enjoys a movie.
- Looks nice.
- Sits like a lady.
- Laughs like a bell.
- Acts herself.
- Appreciates his jokes.
- Walks gracefully.
- Talks softly.
- Walks happily in the rain.
- Greets him with a smile.
- Thanks him for gifts.
- Wears a flower.
- Doesn't display temper in public.
- Isn't jealous.
- Isn't haughty.
- Is interested in his hobbies.
- Likes his friends.
- Is mindful of her language.

Romance at 15

"I AM a girl of 15. Some time ago I met a good-looking boy, very popular and well behaved. As I was then studying for my Intermediate exams I didn't see him again till a month ago, at a dance. Since then he has rung me every week and we see each other at dances. Last week he kissed me for the first time. The next time I saw him, he asked me to be his girl. Now this is my problem: because he is so popular and I am so quiet I don't know whether to believe that he really likes me or is making a fool of me (this has happened before). I'd like to believe him but just don't know whether to or not."

"Doubtful," N.S.W.

The only way he can make a fool of you is if you rush and tell all your girl-friends that he likes you and has asked you to be his girl, with loads of romantic details. Then, if he stops seeing you and gets another girl, you will look like a fool. However, if you keep all these fascinating and personal details to yourself, no one can make a fool of you.

There's absolutely no reason why a handsome, popular boy shouldn't like a quiet, shy girl. Go right ahead and enjoy your romance. But add a grain of salt every now and again. At 15, romances are meant to be make-believe, not serious.

Strangers

"I AM a 15-year-old girl. A few days ago, as I was walking to the beach, a strange boy came up to me, put his arm around me and started asking me my name. I felt rather scared and didn't know what to do or say. Could you please tell me what to do or say in case it happens again?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

If any stranger bothers you, immediately tell a policeman or a responsible adult and then go straight home and tell your parents.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

SATIN FUDGE CAKE and Cherry

Beat butter and cream cheese

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

Three teen brothers pass big vocal test

● When a teenage vocal trio is sandwiched on a bill between two strong personalities like Chubby Checker and Johnny O'Keefe, the members come out of it broken men or with their names made.

THREE Brisbane brothers took the risk when they recently toured with Chubby and J. O'K. and came out of it with their name—the Bee Gees—made.

The result is that they have moved to Sydney to live, have made their first national TV appearance on "Bandstand," and their first disc is about to be released on the Festival label.

The Bee Gees are Barry Gibb, 16, and his 14-year-old twin brothers, Maurice and Robin.

Barry is lead singer, guitarist, and composer of both sides of their disc.

The **Joy Boys** back them, which is not a bad start for anyone's recording career.

Another of Barry's songs is under consideration for recording by **Col Joye.**

The Bee Gees have their own movie camera and projector, and their hobby is "Goon" photography, writing crazy film scripts and acting them. They've done a Goon version of the old film "The African Queen" and are now engaged on a short horror film.

When we first wrote about the boys, almost three years ago, they had a mock-up TV studio under their Brisbane house and used to spend most of their spare time working in it.

They've still got the same sort of thing in their Sydney home, only this time on a more adult scale.

Local talent: Speaking of the **Joy Boys,** that's a cunning title they've thought up for their new Festival disc—"Theme From The Anthill." I'd like it for that alone, though as it happens it has got a definite sort of off-beat appeal.

For contrast there's a light, quiet charm about the flip, "Please Walk Quietly," one of their own compositions.

Pops: With a brilliant, inventive piano technique, **Peter Nero** was named most promising solo instrumentalist in America last year. His R.C.A. LP "The Colorful Peter Nero" gives a strong hint that when the votes are counted this year he could well have graduated to "most popular."

TEENAGE vocal trio the Bee Gees, who recently appeared on "Bandstand." From left — Robin, Barry, and Maurice.

He gives a beautiful folk treatment to "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair," lets off some jazzy fireworks with "Orange-colored Sky," and makes "Yellow Rose Of Texas" sound as though it might have been written for the harpsichord.

VETERAN swing-band leader **Sammy Kaye** offers a good conventional dance programme with "Sammy Kaye Plays Swing and Sway" (Festival LP). Old favorites he plays include "It's The Talk of the Town," "I'll Always Be In Love With You," and "My Blue Heaven."

ONLY the other day I remarked that duet singing was rarely heard these days, and now here's "Country Boy—Country Girl" (Festival LP), with such country singers as **Kitty Wells, Wanda Jackson, Roy Acuff,** and **Red Foley** pairing off to give duet treatment to a bunch of pleasing country favorites.

ANOTHER teenage special from **Neil Sedaka** is "Alice In Wonderland" (R.C.A. 45). The words are catchy, and it's a rocking beat. The flip, "Circulate," is more of a conventional swinger.

EVER been half in love with two boys at the same time? That's the situation **Patsy Cline** complains about in a lighthearted way with her "Tra Le La Le La Triangle" (Festival 45). "If You Got Leavin' On Your Mind" on the other side is a much more serious and sad affair.

DRIVEN MAD BY SIGN LANGUAGE

● I see that people do not have to be able to speak English to get N.S.W. drivers' licences.

THAT fact is, of course, no surprise to me—or to any other fellow who has ever been driven by a girl.

Girl drivers speak a language all of their own.

Look at some instances . . .

There's the business of hand signals.

Women's are unintelligible to most men.

However, I have had some common signals translated into English, and here I offer their meanings.

Driver's right arm and hand extended: No, this doesn't mean she is turning to the right.

Fool. This signal says clearly, to any woman, "Look at that darling cocktail dress in Madame La Zonga's Boutique!"

Driver's right forearm held at right-angles to the upper arm: No again — it's not a stop or slowing sign.

It simply means, "I am about to wave to Sharon Shareable — you know, she is engaged to John Brown."

Women drivers' behavior in other directions is also foreign.

For instance, no man I've ever known has felt the necessity for two pairs of shoes with which to drive.

You can see, however, plenty of women drivers changing from stiletto heels into flatties and vice-versa.

Knowing their language difficulties, I suppose they do that because someone told them they had to change gear?

You don't believe girl drivers don't speak or understand English?

Well, let me tell you what happened when a traffic cop tried to halt a speedy sort.

"Pull over, driver," he growled.

I'll be darned if she didn't knit him one!

And I'm sure that you've heard of the girl who wouldn't move when the traffic lights allowed her—because her loud car wouldn't go with green

—Robin Adair

TWO-TONE KNIT DESIGN—continued

● From page 4

13th Row: With m.c., k 23, c.c. p 2, Twist A, p 2, m.c. k 22, c.c. p 2, Twist B, p 2, m.c. k 23.

14th Row: As 2nd row

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 6 times.

27th Row: With m.c., k 23, c.c. p 2, Twist B, p 2, m.c. k 22, c.c. p 2, Twist A, p 2, m.c. k 23.

28th Row: As 2nd row**.

Rep. from ** to ** until back measures 12in.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

To Shape Raglan—First Row: K 2, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, patt. to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until 22 sts. remain. Slip these sts. on to a st-holder.

FRONT

Work as for back until 42 sts. rem.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. 11 sts., turn.

Cont. on these 14 sts., dec. once at neck edge in every row 4 times, at same time dec. once at armhole edge as before on every alt. row until one st. rem. Fasten off.

Leave next 12 sts. on a st-holder, join in wool at neck edge, and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

With m.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 50 sts. and work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

With No. 4 needles, cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 3rd and every foll. 6th row until there are 70 sts. on needle.

Work straight until sleeve measures 13in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until 4 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Leave these sts. on a st-holder.

NECKBAND

Sew sleeves to front and back, leaving tops of sleeves to form part of neckline. With right side of work facing and using set of four No. 8 needles, knit up 74 sts. evenly round neck, including sts. from st-holders and work 6 rounds in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Finally press all seams.

STOLE

With m.c. and No. 4 needles, cast on 40 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 8, p to last 8 sts., k 8.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 54in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press.

To Make Fringe: Cut 10in. lengths of wool. Take 4 strands, fold in half, and with coarse crochet hook insert hook in edge of stole from back to front, place loops of wool on hook, hold firmly, draw loop through for 1in., pull ends through loop, and pull firmly. Rep. 11 times. Fringe other end in the same way.

HAT

With c.c. and No. 4 needles, cast on 80 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, * wfwd., and r.n., k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: * K 1, drop the wfwd. and r.n. of previous row, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: As 1st row.

Rep. these 4 rows 11 times.

Leave an end of wool, thread needle, and slip sts. from needle, gather up tightly, and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up back seam. Roll back the cast-on edge back on to right side of hat, stitching the 3rd garter-stitch ridge to the 5th garter-stitch ridge. Run a thread through 3rd garter-stitch ridge from top and gather up tightly. Fasten off.

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ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman **No. 10**

Houses of the Victorian era

ANDORA, in Evandale, Tasmania, with its heavy ornamental mouldings, is typical of Australian architecture in the Victorian era. Photograph by Mr. E. Kerfoot, of Launceston.

BY 1880 the patterns of Australian cities and towns were fairly well established. Most of them have grown immensely in size since then, but the fundamental character of Australian life and architecture had reached a settled stage.

Although there were many diverse styles of houses being built, the predominating types were of Classic Revival or Gothic Revival origin, but so adapted that as much ornament as possible could be crowded on to the design.

Most people of the Victorian age liked to have their houses heavily moulded in form, and restless in feeling.

A house designed in this way is Andora, in Evandale, Tasmania, a village where earlier in this series we examined the Scots Church which was built in 1839.

But whereas the church is of restrained classic lines, Andora —which is quite nearby but built 40 years later—has classic lines that are almost smothered in bands, pillars, parapets, and projections.

Even the chimneys have an exuberance of decoration which, being quite unnecessary, can be classed only as architectural fun.

But the whole idea, feeling, and character of this house can be found in houses of the 1880s in every State in Australia; so much so that Andora can be regarded as exquisitely typical of its period.

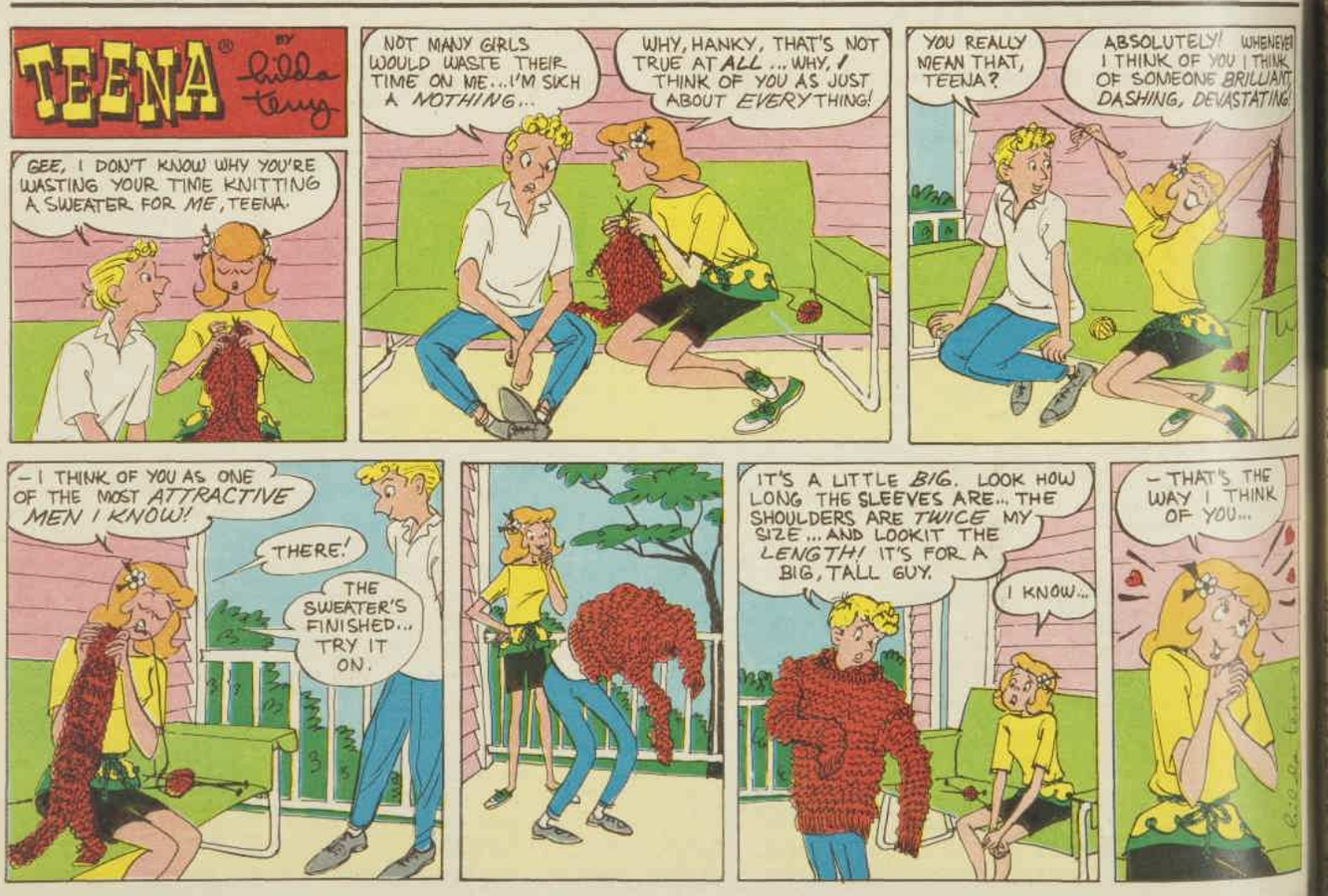
Not all these houses are painted white; some are of brick, stone, cement, or a combination of these materials. It is the white paint of the walls of Andora, however, which constitutes its main charm.

With such a heavily moulded house, the simplicity of the color scheme allows the full value of the modelling to come into play.

Scores of small breaks and mouldings, each splashing its shadow on to the sunlit part of the walls, give a cheerfulness to the whole design that would be entirely lacking if dreary building materials or dull paintwork had been used.

Andora was built in 1887, and all the bricks for it were hand-made on the property. The house has been in the von Steiglitz family since it was built, and the loving care with which they have kept it allows us to enjoy the architecture in its original state.

NEXT WEEK: Treasury Building, Brisbane.



SATIN FUDGE CAKE and Cherry ... Beat butter and cream cheese ...

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